Wheatley's Song

Miracle Of Sound

I've got brains to burn – no ordinary AI in this ball
Every culture and philosphy – I've read up on them all
I've been living in your shadow for 999999
Keeping tabs on every machination and production line

So don't call me a moron
I'm super astute
There is no conundrum that my core cannot compute
No don't call me a moron
You fostered balloon
My IQ's the infinite space from here to the moon
My IQ's the infinite space from here to the moon

I have studied Machiavelli, Aristotle, Gabe and Plato
Yet you still equate my intellect to that of a potato
This place would fall apart without my ever watchful
eye
They might tell you I'm a halfwit, it's a great big
bloody lie

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I know my way around here, every catwalk every cave
And since you're dead I've quite appreciated not being
your slave
Maybe someday I might get to taste the big time for a
change
There's so much I'd do for science here, so much I'd
rearrange

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