

When I see you in the hall  
You turn your head around  
Do I have to ask for you  
At the lost and found

On the pictures you never seem to look happy  
Sad taste of mango and strawberry  
I want my robot, I want my robot

You'll never be eight years old anymore  
I know a wrinkle will make you jump out the window  
If they were like clothes  
I would wear other parents to replace yours

I want my robot, I want my robot  
I want my robot, I want my robot

You used to follow me you fool  
Every where I would blow  
To take you to places I never go like  
I don't know  
But one day you got tired of me  
In the cupboard, you locked yourself up  
I miss your running around me  
Searching for your robot