## **Robot Blues**

## The Incredible String Band

Down in Robot City, you might think it's play play play Down in Robot City, you might think it's play play play But a Number 5 Robot he must work in all the night and day

Number 1 come by, he give my work to me Oil the flowers, fix the showers, clean the electronic trees Shine the light, fix it right, now listen carefully Don't you go romancing with that pretty Number Three And that's why, why I got the Robot Blues, Down in my heart compartment Down in my old magnetic sole shoes

When I see that Number 3 I get charge all in my dial When I see that Number 3 my piston fills with oil You know what I'm talking about But she likes that number 1 because he's rich with All my toil toil

That Number 3 she charm the heart of any robot man Moving her body like an old tin can If I could get my claws on her I would lubricate her free I've got a perfect action why won't she play with me

And that's why, why I got the Robot Blues, Down in my heart compartment Down in my old magnetic sole shoes

Well I think I'll get a ray gun I will see what that will do I think I'll get a ray gun I think I'll get a ZZ Special Q I will blast the Number 1's gaskets And his coils I will refuse to renew

He seen me coming, sneak up from behind Switched off my vision and he left me stone blind I could not see to blast him Here's the ending of my tale He went of with Number 3 and I cursed to no avail

And that's why, why I got the Robot Blues, Down in my heart compartment Down in my old magnetic sole shoes