

Robots

The Slackers

For years I have heard of
The coming of robots.
But now I know that
The robots are here.
Either automaton
Or else humble servant.
Either way they are robot
Either way they're not human.

They need electronic impulse to provide information
They need electronic impulse to provide relaxation.
They need electronic impulse to make every decision.
If that's not a robot, then tell me what is.

See I've read of cyborgs
In old science fiction.
Those partly human
And those partly machine.
That when they are commanded,
Ooh, they do what they're ordered.
The machine is strong
As the human is weak.
So now I'm talking to cell phones
I'm using microwave ovens
From automatic tollbooths to banking machines
My mind is clouded
With digital static
With more information
Man, than I can receive.
So I'm runnin' for cover
Out to the country
Beneath the cover of treetops.
And under the leaves.

I know up in the heavens
The little cameras can see me
That if I step foot on
the old civilized streets
See, I must escape from
The mechanical army
Their cold eyes staring
And hard x-ray beams.
Their mind's a computer
I know they mean to harm me
As I skirt past the laws
And I slip through the seams.

See I've only heard of
The coming of robots
And now the robots
Are all that I see
I see them wearing the t-shirts
And by in the concerts
They're being just where they're
They're supposed to be.
Drinking the coffee
and eating the sugar

Ooh, I look in the mirror
It*s you and it*s me.

See, I am a robot. (I am a robot)
I am a robot. (I am a robot)
I am a robot. (I am a robot)
Listen to me.
I am a robot. (I am a robot)
I am a robot. (I am a robot)
I am a robot. (I am a robot)