

I'm a Robot Like You

The Wombats

I'm a robot like you
A maze of coiling wires held in with glue
I'm a robot like you
Born of a soldering iron and some unfaithful screws

I'm an artificial man with some artificial plans
That I dress to the nines for you
I've got a tin box of plastic bags that I shove down my rucksack
So it bulges like I've got something of importance to do

Perhaps I have
But this programme only ever lets me follow suit

I've got some artificial friends engrossed in artificial trends
They wear their hair quiffed up like it's leaving their heads mid-flight
There's a procedure to self-implode
But too many glitches run throughout the code
So I turn the lights down and pleasure myself to pass time

I know it's sad
But in this programme it's really quite a highlight

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I'm an artificial man with some artificial plans
That I dress to the nines for you
I work for a local think tank, I do no research and I avoid the tax
Still I feel I need a drastic change of route

I know I can
But this damn programme only ever lets me follow suit

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