

Helpless Automation

Men at Work

I stay in my room,
All alone in the gloom,
What need I of light?
Machines they can see in the night,
And I feel no pain.
Metal heart and a metal brain,
But something is wrong,
'cause I still feel that signal coming in, so...I stand at your door;
I guess I'll wait a moment more.
Your hall light comes on,
And now my turn to fire upon,
But I wheel away;
Defer my plight for another day,
To dream of your face,
But a video screen takes its place. Hey, oh, it's true,
I'm a helpless automaton, make an ultimatum to you.
Hey, it's true,
Machinery in my pocket, I've even got a docket from you. I went to the man, I told him a robot is what I am,
But he just smiled, said I was a fractious child;
"Distrusted not rusted," that's why I feel so disgusted,
But I know he's wrong, 'cause I haven't felt this way for very long.

Songwriters

HAM, GREGORY Published by

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