Just a Machine

Adolphson & Falk

I was built by Mr Jones
And he's an awfully clever man
He's regarded as the foremost in his field
His command of all God's science
Is renowned throughout the land
My existence is his craftmanship revealed
He has etched my nerves of silicon
And stitched my nylon skin
Designed my megabrain
And all the thoughts within
With unsurpassed precision
I've been put through every test
And charged with the mortal gift of life
I was made with such perfection
I am complete in every way
I'm guaranteed to never ever fail
I simply can not falter
As humans often do
Like the men who start me up and turn me off
I find it very frightening
The disorder of their plans
And I wonder at the use that's made
With the info they demand
But I have no right to question
The decisions which they make
My fate is not to reason why
I'm just a machine
I'm just a machine
They speak with all respect of Mr Jones
Despite all my perfection
I can never intervene
I'm just a machine
I'm just a machine
[The Swedish lyrics had better rhymes, but the meaning is more or less the same.]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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