Joy, the Mechanical Boy

sElf

wired up to the system is the father
plugging in, cueing up, making digital whoopie
never before in the history of all
has organic and mechanic come together so sweetly
now computing in italics and write protected
reading out - its a boy!
she's faxing and having a baby
the father stumbles to the ground
gasps for air but makes no sound
dies thinking it was impossible
- chorus -
half machine and half of me
wonder what he'll grow to be
the boy don't dig no jazz cos he's joyhiding out, underground, raving in techno fashion
always out all night cause robots don't sleep
embraced by all of the freaks calling him
the terminator
he gave them piercings for free
part of the scene, a wirey structure
only problem seems, he has no culture
dead stereo panned, joy's mechanical pride
vacuum tubes and vcr's make jill the mechanical bride
- chorus -
look inside his motorola mind
know there's nothing interesting to find
the boy don't dig no jazz cos he's joyno sense of smell
no change in mood
no sense of taste
joy, he don't need food
he can't be stopped
immune to the digital cancer
no sense at all
joy, the new romancerlook inside his motorola mind
know there's nothing interesting to find
the boy don't dig no jazz cos he's joy!

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