

Everyday Robots

[Damon Albarn](#)

(They didn't know where he was going but they knew where he was, wasn't it?)

We are everyday robots on our phones,
In the process of getting home.
Looking like standing stones,
Out there on our own.

We're everyday robots in control,
In the process of being sold.
Driving in adjacent cars,
'Til we press 'restart.'

(They didn't know where it was going on, but they knew what it was, wasn't it?)

Everyday robots just touch thumbs.
Swimmin' in lingo, they become,
Stricken in a state of sleep.
One more vacant seat.

For everyday robots getting old,
When our lips are cold.
Looking like standing stones,
Out there on our own.

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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