Automation

Eric Framond

It was automation, I know.
That was what was making the factory go.
It was IBM, it was Univac.
It was all those gears going clickety-clack, dear.

I thought automation was keen,
Till you were replaced by a ten ton machine.
It was that computer that tore us apart, dear.
Automation broke my heart.

There's an RCA 503
Standing next to me where you used to be.
Doesn't have your smile, doesn't have your shape.
Just a bunch of punch cards and light bulbs and tape, dear.

You're a girl who's soft, warm and sweet.
But you're only human, and that's obsolete.
Though I'm very fond of that 503, dear,
Automation's not for me.

It was automation, I'm told.
That's why I got fired, and I'm out in the cold.
How could I have known, when the 503
Started into blink, it was winking at me, dear.

I thought it was just some mishap,
When it sidled over and sat on my lap.
But when it said "I love you" and gave me a hug, dear, That's when I pulled out its plug!

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