

Robot

Hawkwind

Nine to five or ten to six, up to the city and back to the sticks
You've got to unwind your mind, you've got to unwind your mind
 Sit back, switch on, your face has got a twitch on
 Your fuses are blown out in a double bind
 Air-conditioned, psycho-analysed, you're very nearly human,
 you're so well disguised
 Robot, Robot, you're a Robot, Robot
 You're warm when it's cold, you're cool when it's hot
 Your life is recorded on a micro-dot, Robot, Robot
 You'd hold the whole world in your metal claws
if it wasn't for the three laws of roboticsAutomated homunculus, you queue for the paper
 You queue for the bus, you're a "good morning" machine
 You're a "how are you?" device
 Sit back, light up, never put a fight up
 Sit there fuming until your face goes green
 Air conditioned, and desensitised, you're very nearly human
 You're so well disguised
 Robot, RobotI am a robot
 I am your slave
 I can not harm you
 I can only obey
 The Three Laws

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