

# Helpless Automaton

## Men at Work

I stay in my room,  
All alone in the gloom,  
What need I of light?  
Machines they can see in the night,  
And I feel no pain  
Metal heart and a metal brain,  
But something is wrong  
'cause I still feel that signal coming in so I stand at your door,  
I guess I'll wait a moment more  
Your hall light comes on  
And now my turn to fire upon  
But I wheel away  
Defer my plight, for another day  
To dream of your face  
But a video screen takes its place Hey, oh it's true  
I'm a helpless automaton, Make an ultimatum to you  
Hey, it's true  
Machinery in my pocket, I've even got a docket from you I went to the man, I told him a robot is what I am,  
But he just smiled, said I was a fractious child  
"Distrusted not Rusted" That's why I feel so disgusted  
But I know he's wrong, 'cause I haven't felt this way for very long

Songwriters

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