

Washing machine, space age dream
Let me serve you, keep me clean
Rinse me plain, spin me sane
I'll trust my dirt to only you

Automobile, see me kneel
I'll scrub your back, I'll buy your meal
I'll choke your start, I'll warm your heart
I'll dream of dying just with you
See me wish from 8 to all day long
Got no time, not inclined to hum a song
Just like a robot waiting for a fuse
I'm too crazy to even have the blues

Instant, instant, instant poetry
Too hot, to be continued next week
Instant, instant, instant poetry
Too slow, too slow, to be tongue-in-cheek

TV syndrome, holy custom
Millions squeeze you to their bosom
You're always welcome, drive out boredom
You're one eye's all the art we need
See me wish from 8 to all day long
Got no time, not inclined to hum a song
Just like a robot waiting for a fuse
I'm too crazy to even have the blues

Instant, instant, instant poetry
Too hot, to be continued next week
Instant, instant, instant poetry
Too slow, too slow, to be tongue-in-cheek