

# Robot Song

Kenickie

I wish I had a heart  
I'd call it tiger  
And wrapped in silver thread  
I'd tie it to my chest  
To bring you home

I wish I had a car  
And bits of wire  
To tie you to the seat  
I'd drive you to the beach  
And keep on going

And I know when I've been stung  
When I'm trapped inside my bed  
Feel my flesh begin to swell  
I'm an evil shade of red

I hate the taste of skin  
It's terrifying  
Reminds me of the truth  
That biting bits of you  
Can bring you home

And I hate  
One sweet taste  
And these miricals  
I feel it in my skin  
Know in my head  
When you touch me

I am still awake at night  
in my dreams  
When my eyes are full of  
Pictures of the day  
But not quite right  
just to bring you home

I'm so lucky  
I can pick my feelings  
I never want to cry  
I'm so ugly  
But I want to pick my feelings  
So I choose not to mind  
It's true  
To you  
It must seem sad  
I know  
It all  
But I'm not sad believe me  
'Cos I choose not to be

I wish I had the skill  
To stop my thinking  
Concentrate each breath  
To make sure that it's done  
It's not instinctive  
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