

## Helpless Automation

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.

Hey, 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'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.  
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.  
From you.  
From you.