

# Robots

## The Slackers

For years I have heard of  
The coming of robots.  
But now I know that  
The robots are here.  
Either automaton  
Or else humble servant.  
Either way they are robot  
Either way they're not human.

They need electronic impulse to provide information  
They need electronic impulse to provide relaxation.  
They need electronic impulse to make every decision.  
If that's not a robot, then tell me what is.

See I've read of cyborgs  
In old science fiction.  
Those partly human  
And those partly machine.  
That when they are commanded,  
Ooh, they do what they're ordered.  
The machine is strong  
As the human is weak.  
So now I'm talking to cell phones  
I'm using microwave ovens  
From automatic tollbooths to banking machines  
My mind is clouded  
With digital static  
With more information  
Man, than I can receive.  
So I'm runnin' for cover  
Out to the country  
Beneath the cover of treetops.  
And under the leaves.

I know up in the heavens  
The little cameras can see me  
That if I step foot on  
the old civilized streets  
See, I must escape from  
The mechanical army  
Their cold eyes staring  
And hard x-ray beams.  
Their mind's a computer  
I know they mean to harm me  
As I skirt past the laws  
And I slip through the seams.

See I've only heard of  
The coming of robots  
And now the robots  
Are all that I see  
I see them wearing the t-shirts  
And by in the concerts  
They're being just where they're  
They're supposed to be.  
Drinking the coffee  
and eating the sugar

Ooh, I look in the mirror  
It\*s you and it\*s me.

See, I am a robot. (I am a robot)  
I am a robot. (I am a robot)  
I am a robot. (I am a robot)  
Listen to me.  
I am a robot. (I am a robot)  
I am a robot. (I am a robot)  
I am a robot. (I am a robot)