

# Adolphson Falk, Just A Machine

I was built by Mr Jones  
And he's an awfully clever man  
He's regarded as the foremost in his field  
His command of all God's science  
Is renowned throughout the land  
My existence is his craftsmanship revealed  
He has etched my nerves of silicon  
And stitched my nylon skin  
Designed my megabrain  
And all the thoughts within  
With unsurpassed precision  
I've been put through every test  
And charged with the mortal gift of life  
I was made with such perfection  
I am complete in every way  
I'm guaranteed to never ever fail  
I simply can not falter  
As humans often do  
Like the men who start me up and turn me off  
I find it very frightening  
The disorder of their plans  
And I wonder at the use that's made  
With the info they demand  
But I have no right to question  
The decisions which they make  
My fate is not to reason why  
I'm just a machine  
I'm just a machine  
They speak with all respect of Mr Jones  
Despite all my perfection  
I can never intervene  
I'm just a machine  
I'm just a machine  
--The Swedish lyrics had better rhymes, but the meaning is more or less the same--