

Brazil, Au, Revoir, Mr. Mercury

Mr. Mercury, (U.S. patent No. 55453xx54), a cast iron steam machine,
Made the morning tea for the Admiral Gabardine
Went out on an errand but came back too late
The runabout was idling behind the gate

Mr. Mercury, his dials and his springs,
Set out for Mr. Quick (U.S. patent No. 353480723x0894)
By following the oil slick

Mr. Mercury, he asked, Why did they all leave? Could it be I wonder, a strange disease? Because

The was overheard and the city streets were dead
They heard a soft alarm that was set by Mr. Arm (patent pending)

Mr. Mercury, he asked. Why did they all leave? Would they be, I wonder, all overseas? Because

I believe we are through if no one tells us what to do, said Mr. Arm.
Thats what automata do.

Follow me, answered Mr. Mercury. I will take you to the admiral. He will tell us what to do.

You can tank Smythe and Tinker for your curious demeanor. (He is a patented Marvel) They no lon

Are you getting existential in your clockwork differential? (Hes a patented Mechanical Marvel!)

Our serial numbers are etched in ours thumbs. Send someone who could us a good Automaton! W

And so it was.

Mr. Mercury, theres not much use for us three. Ill turn your On switch Off if youll do the same for m