

# Howard Jones, Automaton

He arrived on the scene  
With no past and no future  
He seemed to know your dreams  
Replace tears with laughter

Street corner whispers  
Would mention his name  
Selfish? Benevolent?  
What was his game

Some say he's perfect  
Some say a spy  
A hidden power  
They all wonder why  
The rumours mounted  
But still no fact?  
I need to find out  
Some say perfect hidden power  
We all wonder why

Questions unanswered  
Suspicion alerted  
I went round to his place  
If felt quite deserted  
I climbed the stairs to where  
His body lay without motion  
No spirit lives in there  
The cord had been broken

His skin was reptile  
No life in there  
Not young not old  
A long hollow glare  
His breath had stopped  
No hearts beat there  
Is this a man  
Should I believe hidden power  
They all wondered why

My attention was caught  
By a sound from the door  
Panic gripped the mind  
What lay in store  
A being stared at me  
Benevolent, not cold  
Automaton - He is controlled

His skin was reptile.....

Automaton - No life in there  
No past and no future  
Is this a man  
Automaton - No life in there  
No past and not future  
Is this a man