Dr. Steel, Lullabye Bye

There once was a boy, a robotic boy,
With a crank sticking out of his brain.
He never performed with sadness or joy,
He was just simply programmed to sing.

So he sang.
So he sang.
So he sang.
So he sang until one day.

With no-one around, this robot fell down,
And the crank, it broke off of his head.
With the jar to his hard drive he felt all alive,
The old robot he used to be, dead.

There was rage in his brain!
There was pain in his frame!
There was love, there was hunger and strife!
He felt lonely, rejected, at times disconnected!
No answer to the meaning of life!

So he sang.
So he sang.
So he sang.
So he sang.

Sweet dreams are made of this,
Who am I to disagree?
Travel the world and the seven seas,
Everybody's looking for something.