

# Feeder, We The Electronic

See us on the underground  
Packed up in our sardine cans  
Tailor made with suits and shades  
Lipstick teeth and waxwork hands

Electronic, we're electronic

Jumping on conveyor belts  
Escalators in our heads  
Programmed for another day  
Talking to a faceless friend

Electronic, so moronic  
We're electronic, we the electronic  
Electronic

Hear the ticking in our beds  
Find the balance in our heads  
Wishing we could make a change  
See the morning coming in

Electronic, so moronic  
We're electronic, we the electronic  
Electronic  
Electronic, so moronic  
We're electronic, we the electronic  
Electronic  
Electronic, so moronic  
We're electronic, we the electronic