

# Hawkwind, Robot

Nine to five or ten to six, up to the city and back to the sticks  
You've got to unwind your mind, you've got to unwind your mind  
Sit back, switch on, your face has got a twitch on  
Your fuses are blown out in a double bind  
Air-conditioned, psycho-analysed, you're very nearly human,  
you're so well disguised  
Robot, Robot, you're a Robot, Robot  
You're warm when it's cold, you're cool when it's hot  
Your life is recorded on a micro-dot, Robot, Robot  
You'd hold the whole world in your metal claws  
if it wasn't for the three laws of robotics

Automated homunculus, you queue for the paper  
You queue for the bus, you're a "Good morning!" machine  
You're a "How are you?" device  
Sit back, light up, never put a fight up  
Sit there fuming until your face goes green  
Air conditioned, and desensitised, you're very nearly human  
You're so well disguised  
Robot, Robot

I am a robot  
I am your slave  
I can not harm you  
I can only obey  
The Three Laws