

Men At Work, Helpless Automaton

I stay in my room,
All alone in the gloom,
What need I of light?
Machines they can see in the night,
And I feel no pain
Metal heart and a metal brain,
But something is wrong
'cause I still feel that signal coming in so

I stand at your door,
I guess I'll wait a moment more
Your hall light comes on
And now my turn to fire upon
But I wheel away
Defer my plight, for another day
To dream of your face
But a video screen takes its place

Hey, oh it's true
I'm a helpless automaton, Make an ultimatum to you
Hey, it's true
Machin'ry in my pocket, I've even got a docket from you

I went to the man, I told him a robot is what I am,
But he just smiled, said I was a fractious child
"Distrusted not Rusted" That's why I feel so disgusted
But I know he's wrong, 'cause I haven't felt this way for very long

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