

# Pete Miser, Scent Of A Robot

More human than human  
I can do it all  
French kiss, Smoke a split ,Givin' a shit about baseball.  
I come home at night to my robot wife  
drink a light beer and watch me a DVD  
I look good, you can't even tell, they had me fooled!  
Implanted memories of puberty and preschool  
Girls that broke my heart and dark nights in the summer  
Just a string of primary numbers  
Didn't bother me none before I knew  
I'm a slave it's okay I got things to do  
but then I'm sitting there at work when my email blinks  
and it's from the big boss but it wasn't for me  
It's just another memo about our robot lines  
See taskomatic's detailing the robot mind  
and I find when I look close all I see  
is a blueprint to manufacture me.

I'm a robot, programmed not to know that  
I'm a robot.  
But some bonehead emailed me the  
computer code that makes up my soul.  
Now I run around trying to forget what I know.

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Man, stunned. A little bit hurt.  
How many people at work know what I just found out?  
Roundbout noon my boss calls, wants to see me in his office  
but I stall for as long as I can but the man comes  
down on my floor before I throw a tantrum.  
I can't run so I sit there with his hand on my shoulder saying,  
"Listen Pete, you've been a real soldier."  
Said he was sorry that I saw that email  
and he was hoping that I wouldn't quit the firm.  
He told me that I was a joy to work with and brownnosed me so hard I started to squirm.  
Concerned looks on the faces of the people I work with  
and lots of small talk with the robot issue skirted  
Made me nervous so I rolled up and I asked my boss if I could have the afternoon off.

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Pete Miser, keep cats guessing and wondering what's next.  
Pete.

Lucky for me it was a Friday so I stayed away from the office for the whole stinking weekend.  
My dark mood deepened into a dull depression  
leaving me with even more damn questions, like:  
"What the hell do I tell my robot kids?" and  
"How long does a healthy robot live?" and

"How did I make it through the airport x-ray -  
or was that one of those fake memories?"  
It ain't easy knowing the truth,  
I'm blowing a fuse.  
My soul feels funny, like there's a hole in my shoe.  
I need a moment or two. Let me go over the clues.  
I drank a case of bud light and still it's sobering news.  
I got a few things to do and even more to put in order.  
Walk into the kitchen, trip, and there's my wife and baby daughter.  
And they can see by the look on my face  
so I sit 'em down and tell 'em I've got something to say.  
"Honey?"  
"Yeah?"  
"Snookems?"  
"What?"  
"... You're not going to like this."  
"What did you do this time?!"

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"That's - that's the biggest thing I want to impress on you  
is that we want you here, we need you here. So, just take some time off,  
take the day off, take the week off. And just sleep on it and think about it.  
And come back fresh on Monday and I know, I know what your answer will be.  
I want to stay, I'm happy here."