

# Richard McGraw, Plans To Escape My Programmed Heart

Your holy town, the resting place  
Mine is but a prison  
And every woman is a prison guard  
Yet I still want to kiss them

Am I still on your side?  
Am I still on your side?  
Still on your side

Plans to escape my programmed heart  
The boy that you moved in with

He makes love like he's falling apart  
And I hope soon that he does

Because I'm still on your side  
I'm still on your side  
Still on your side

Your status high in robot minds  
My programmed heart is human  
And scraps of men as you left them  
Are waiting for me to join them.