

Richard McGraw, Plans To Escape My Programmed

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.