

Sherman Allan, Automation

AUTOMATION

(Alan Sherman)

It was automation, I know

That was what was making the factory go

It was IBM

It was Univac

It was all those gears going

Clickity clack, dear

I thought automation was keen

Till you were replaced by a ten-ton machine

It was a computer that tore us apart, dear

Automation broke my heart.

There's an RCA 5-0-3

Standing next to me, dear, where you used to be

Doesn't have your smile

Doesn't have your shape,

Just a bunch of punch cards and light bulbs and tape, dear

You're a girl who's soft, warm and sweet

But you're only human and that's obsolete

Though I'm very fond of that new 5-0-3, dear Automation's not for me.

It was automation, I'm told That's why I got fired and I'm out in

the cold How could I have known When the 5-0-3

Started in to blink it was winking at me, dear

I thought it was just some mishap

When it sidled over and sat on my lap

But when it said "I love you" and gave me a hug, dear

That's when I pulled out. . . its plug.

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