

# The Incredible String Band, Robot Blues

Down in Robot City, you might think it's play play play  
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But a Number 5 Robot he must work in all the night and day

Number 1 come by, he give my work to me  
Oil the flowers, fix the showers, clean the electronic trees  
Shine the light, fix it right, now listen carefully  
Don't you go romancing with that pretty Number Three  
and that's why, why I got the Robot Blues,  
Down in my heart compartment  
Down in my old magnetic sole shoes

When I see that Number 3 I get charge all in my dial  
When I see that Number 3 my piston fills with oil  
You know what I'm talking about  
But she likes that number 1 because he's rich with  
all my toil toil toil

That Number 3 she charm the heart of any robot man  
Moving her body like an old tin can  
If I could get my claws on her  
I would lubricate her free  
I've got a perfect action why won't she play with me

and that's why, why I got the Robot Blues,  
Down in my heart compartment  
Down in my old magnetic sole shoes

Well I think I'll get a ray gun  
I will see what that will do  
I think I'll get a ray gun  
I think I'll get a ZZ Special Q  
I will blast the Number 1's gaskets  
and his coils I will refuse to renew

He seen me coming, sneak up from behind  
switched off my vision and he left me stone blind  
I could not see to blast him  
here's the ending of my tale  
He went of with Number 3 and I cursed to no avail

and that's why, why I got the Robot Blues,  
Down in my heart compartment  
Down in my old magnetic sole shoes