

## Armchair Cynics

### "Drones"

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Let the drones go free  
Open up the back door to the alley  
Will they act like men  
Or build weapons against the Americans  
Will we build them with our own bare hands  
One quick decision  
We can tear them to the ground

I'm so mechanical, rational  
For the automatic slave  
Where the trick's makin' myself believe  
I am truly free  
So line me up in the streets and malls  
Where I'm a number, not a name  
And we'll be selling conversations soon  
There's nothing left, nothing left to save

Let the drones go free  
Live the rest of their lives happily  
In the motor heart  
Lined up in a row symmetrically  
So just follow me down the production line  
Where robot arms with memories build us to another  
time

I'm so mechanical, rational  
For the automatic slave  
Where the trick's makin' myself believe  
I am truly free  
So line me up in the streets and malls  
Where I'm a number, not a name  
And we'll be selling conversations soon  
There's nothing left, nothing left to save

[instrumental interlude]

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For the automatic slave  
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And we'll be selling conversations soon  
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