

Charles Manson

"Mechanical Man"

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I am a mechanical man, a mechanical man
And I do the best I can
Because I have my family to look out for
I am a mechanical boy
I am my mother's toy
And I play in the backyard sometime
I am a mechanical boy
(Garbled)
The past is an illusion
Postulated mocked up through confusion
(Garbled). . . in your illusion
You live in your illusion
Ban won't wear off
I had a little monkey
And I sent him to the country
And I fed him on gingerbread
Long come a choo-choo
And knocked my monkey cuckoo
And now my monkey's dead
Ban won't wear off
'Cause my monkey's dead
Ban won't wear off you
'Cause my monkey's dead (my data is running out)
There's a feather bed in your head go in and lay down
I wonder how a brown cow
Could say moo
Down the road come my jungle partner
London bridge is falling down
Your karma's turning
Your love is burning
Hey you're goin' the wrong way
I see you out there Joe
And you think your name is Joe
I see you out there Sam
And you think your name is Sam
You ain't Joe
You ain't Sam
You just am
Have you got a level?

