

# Hawkwind "Robot"

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Nine to five or ten to six, up to the city and back to the sticks

You've got to unwind your mind, you've got to unwind your mind

Sit back, switch on, your face has got a twitch on

Your fuses are blown out in a double bind

Air-conditioned, psycho-analysed, you're very nearly human,

you're so well disguised

Robot, Robot, you're a Robot, Robot

You're warm when it's cold, you're cool when it's hot

Your life is recorded on a micro-dot, Robot, Robot

You'd hold the whole world in your metal claws

if it wasn't for the three laws of robotics

Automated homunculus, you queue for the paper

You queue for the bus, you're a "good morning" machine

You're a "how are you?" device

Sit back, light up, never put a fight up

Sit there fuming until your face goes green

Air conditioned, and desensitised, you're very nearly human

You're so well disguised

Robot, Robot

I am a robot

I am your slave

I can not harm you

I can only obey

The Three Laws

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