## Martha Tilston "Artificial"

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I turn awake
I'm just sleep rising
Put on my clothes
Sleep gliding
On to the bus
Sleep riding to work again
To work again

Swipe in the door
Sleep lifting
Up to my floor
Sleep drifting
Number twenty-four
White coffee with a sweetner
A sweetner.

This artificial me
I'd like to show you what I really could be
Want to run across the office tables
Singing 'No you won't hurt me
No, no you won't hurt me
No, no you won't hurt me
No, no you won't hurt me
And I'll keep running 'til I reach the sea'

I switch on my machine
Sleep typing
Answer the phone
Sleep hyping
Am I alone?
I don't really know what I'm selling
I'm selling

And the boss wants a word
I've been daydreaming
Boss wants a word
Clockwatching
I wish I was a bird
I'd fly right out of the window
The window

This artificial me

I'd like to show you what I really could be I'd like to run across the office tables Singing 'No you won't hurt me No, no you won't hurt me No, no you won't hurt me No, no you won't hurt me And I'll keep running 'til I reach the sea'

I turn awake
I'm just sleep rising
Put on my clothes
Sleep gliding
On to the bus
Sleep riding to work again

Swipe in the door
Sleep lifting
Up to my floor
Sleep dritfing
Number twenty-four
White coffee with a sweetner
A sweetner.

This artificial me
One day I'll show you what I really could be
I'll run across the office tables
Singing 'No you didn't hurt me
No, no you won't hurt me
No, no you won't hurt me
I'm not your company policy
A little more humanity please
I'm not your company policy
A little more humanity
I'll keep running 'til I reach the sea

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