Queen

"Machines Or Back To Humans May Taylor"

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It's a Machine's world Don't tell me I ain't got no soul When the machines take over It ain't no place for you and me.

They tell me I don't care
But deep inside I'm just a man
They freeze me they burn me
They squeeze me they stress me
With smoke-blackened pistons of steel they compress
me

But no-one, but no-one can wrest me away Back to Humans.

We have no disease, no troubles of mind No thank you please, no regard for the time We never cry, we never retreat We have no conception of love or defeat.

What's that Machine noise It's bytes and megachips for tea It's that Machine, boys With Random Access Memory Never worry, never mind Not for money, not for gold.

It's software it's hardware
It's heartbeat is time-share
It's midwife's a disk drive
It's sex-life is quantised
It's self-perpetuating a parahumanoidarianised.

Back to Humans Back to Humans.

Back to Machines.

Living in a new world Thinking in the past Living in a new world How you gonna last Machine world...
It's a Machine's world...

Change.

Back to Humans

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