

Futurama

"Robot Hell"

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From *Hell is Other Robots*

Robot Devil: Gentlemen?

[Music starts]

Bender:

Aw, crap, singing. Mind if I smoke?

Robot Devil:

Cigar's are evil, you won't miss 'em.
We'll find ways to simulate that smell.
What a sorry fella! Rolled up and smoked
like a collicella, here on level one of Robot Hell!

Gambling's wrong and so is cheating, so is f
orging phony I.O.U.s. Let's let Lady
Luck decide what type of torture's justified,
I'm pit force here on level two!

Ooh, deep-fried robot!

Bender:

Just tell me why!

Robot Devil:

Just read this fifty-five page warrant.

Bender:

There must be robots worse than I!

Robot Devil:

We checked around, there really aren't.

Bender:

Then please let me explain, my crimes were merely
boyish pranks.

Robot Devil:

You stole from boy scouts, nuns and banks!

Bender:

Aw, don't blame me, blame my upbringing!

Robot Devil:

Please stop sinning while I'm singing!

Selling bootleg tapes is wrong,
musicians need that income to survive.

Beastie Boys:

Hey, Bender gonna make some noise!
With your hard drive scratched by the Beastie Boys!

(Record scratching sounds)

That's what-cha what-cha what-cha get on level five!

Fry:

I don't feel well!

Leela:

It's up to us to rescue him.

Fry:

Maybe he likes it here in hell?

Leela:

It's us who tempted him to sin.

Fry:

Maybe he's back at the motel?

Leela:

Come on, Fry, don't be scared! I'm sure at least one of
us will be spared, so sit back and enjoy the ride.

Fry:

My ass has blisters from the slide!

Robot Devil:

Fencing diamonds, fixing cockfights,
publishing indecent magazines.
You'll pay for every crime! Knee-deep in
electric slime! You'll suffer 'till the end
of time, enduring tortures, most of
which rhyme, trapped forever, here in
Robot Hell!

