Todd the T1000

Jonathan Coulton

Sometimes I kind of miss the old XJ-9 that we used to call Jane
Really good at cleaning and we got along fine so I couldn't complain
Lately she'd been getting tangled up in the shag rug
And finally one wheel just wouldn't spin
So we said our goodbyes and I traded her in

This new one's kind of creepy, makes me shudder inside with his idiot grin
He's head to toe with muscles and they ripple and slide under translucent sk
in
Sometimes he'll stand for hours looking into the mirror
And flexing like some guy at the gym
And I'm easily ten inches shorter than him

Todd the T1000 scares me
I don't think he knows I've got a right to exist
And he sits in my favorite chair and dares me
And when I look over he is making a fist
One finger at a time

I ask him if he'll vacuum and he doesn't respond, but I know that he heard
I turn and catch him looking when he thinks that I've gone and he flips me t
he bird
I asked him when we started, please stay out of the bedroom
But I don't think I'm safe anywhere
When I wake in the dark I can tell that he's there

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So I live like a ghost while he's living like me
It's not my house anymore
And I sneak out the door while he's watching TV
Head down to the cyborg store
I get some new arms installed at the store
Buy the biggest ones I can
Head back to my house, Todd answers the door
He sees more than just a man

My right arm is a smasher like the trunk of a tree and the left one's a saw
I cut the couch in half and then I smash the TV with my big smashy claw
He's standing still and silent, I can't tell what he's thinking
He blinks a single glowing red eye
So I give him a shove and then Todd starts to cry

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