

Robots For Ronnie

Crack the Sky

Oh, dad, what will we do?
I got another letter from Ronnie's teacher at school.
She said, it's almost cruel
None of the other kids thinks Ronnie's cool.
The guys think he's a queer because he doesn't drink beer or wa
tch football.
And all the little girls stay away because he's just too fat,
A fat little brat

I guess we need robots for Ronnie
A stainless steel group of chums
Robots for Ronnie
A boy and a girl
Maybe an aluminum cat

Every day he's in his room
He doesn't lock the door because he knows it's really no use
I mean, nobody's even been up there
If Ronnie were to blow up, I don't think anyone would care
He doesn't brush his teeth because he never talks to no one.
He doesn't wipe his feet because he's never coming in.
Comin in?

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We can talk about the old days,
With parties and dances and leads in class plays;
But all of the memories he'll have
Are plugging in a friend and shining up a cat.

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