

12=3

Ima Robot

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A line wrapped around a string  
Girls in the classroom  
Concentrate, boy

A line around gravity  
Spiritual individual  
Corrosion and humanity  
The mathematics of love and the science of sanity

Living it up in the atmosphere  
Nobody dies if the heart is here

Kiss me goodbye  
For the doctors are comin'  
We all know why  
Because I wasn't born

Here we go again  
As time passes by here  
We don't live and lie here  
We're all going to die in the end

Standin' on the corner  
Holes in my shirt  
Girls drivin' by  
Oh come here, don't flirt

'Cause she's never had a girlfriend  
And I don't want one either  
And I don't want the people  
Knowin' that I was smoking ether

I've been thinking about science  
In my spare time  
I've been thinking about the reason  
To the rhyme, heck, yeah

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Rock science  
And people talk, talk science  
And people see stars sometimes  
And some people raise cadavers

But not me, I see  
The sun is made of string  
Lights out from the underworld  
People talk about God

Are they insane? I don't think so  
I say they're maybe spreading some love