

Robot Song

Kenickie

I wish I had a heart
I'd call it tiger
And wrapped in silver thread
I'd tie it to my chest
To bring you home

I wish I had a car
And bits of wire
To tie you to the seat
I'd drive you to the beach
And keep on going

And I know when I've been stung
When I'm trapped inside my bed
Feel my flesh begin to swell
i'm an evil shade of red

I hate the taste of skin
It's terrifying
Reminds me of the truth
That biting bits of you
Can bring you home

And I hate
One sweet taste
And these miricals
I feel it in my skin
Know in my head
When you touch me

I am still awake at night
in my dreams
When my eyes are full of
Pictures of the day
But not quite right
just to bring you home

I'm so lucky
I can pick my feelings
I never want to cry
I'm so ugly
But I want to pick my feelings
So I choose not to mind
It's true
To you
It must seem sad
I know
It all
But I'm not sad belive me
'Cos I choose not to be

I wish I had the skill
To stop my thinking
Concentrate each breath
To make sure that it's done
It's not instinctive
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