

# Joy, The Mechanical Boy

Self

Wired up to the system is the father  
Plugging in, cueing up, making digital whoopie  
Never before in the history of all  
Has organic and mechanic come together so sweetly  
Now computing in italics and write protected  
Reading out - its a boy!  
She's faxing and having a baby  
The father stumbles to the ground  
Gasps for air but makes no sound  
Dies thinking it was impossible

Half machine and half of me  
Wonder what he'll grow to be  
The boy don't dig no jazz 'cause he's joy

Hiding out, underground, raving in techno fashion  
Always out all night cause robots don't sleep  
Embraced by all of the freaks calling him  
The terminator  
He gave them piercings for free  
Part of the scene, a wirey structure  
Only problem seems, he has no culture  
Dead stereo panned, joy's mechanical pride  
Vacuum tubes and vcr's make jill the mechanical bride

Half machine and half of me  
Wonder what he'll grow to be  
The boy don't dig no jazz 'cause he's joy

Look inside his motorola mind  
Know there's nothing interesting to find  
The boy don't dig no jazz 'cause he's joy

No sense of smell  
No change in mood  
No sense of taste  
Joy, he don't need food  
He can't be stopped  
Immune to the digital cancer  
No sense at all  
Joy, the new romancer

Look inside his motorola mind  
Know there's nothing interesting to find  
The boy don't dig no jazz 'cause he's joy!