

Robot Blues

The Incredible String Band

Down in Robot City, you might think it's play play play
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But a Number 5 Robot he must work in all the night and day

Number 1 come by, he give my work to me
Oil the flowers, fix the showers, clean the electronic trees
Shine the light, fix it right, now listen carefully
Don't you go romancing with that pretty Number Three
And that's why, why I got the Robot Blues,
Down in my heart compartment
Down in my old magnetic sole shoes

When I see that Number 3 I get charge all in my dial
When I see that Number 3 my piston fills with oil
You know what I'm talking about
But she likes that number 1 because he's rich with
All my toil toil toil

That Number 3 she charm the heart of any robot man
Moving her body like an old tin can
If I could get my claws on her
I would lubricate her free
I've got a perfect action why won't she play with me

And that's why, why I got the Robot Blues,
Down in my heart compartment
Down in my old magnetic sole shoes

Well I think I'll get a ray gun
I will see what that will do
I think I'll get a ray gun
I think I'll get a ZZ Special Q
I will blast the Number 1's gaskets
And his coils I will refuse to renew

He seen me coming, sneak up from behind
Switched off my vision and he left me stone blind
I could not see to blast him
Here's the ending of my tale
He went of with Number 3 and I cursed to no avail

And that's why, why I got the Robot Blues,
Down in my heart compartment
Down in my old magnetic sole shoes