

The Somewhat Surprising Return of the Hussalonia Robot Singers

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R.U.R.R. (Rossum's Universal Ragtime Robots)

We the robots of the world declare war upon the human race.
We are going to destroy everyone because we really need the space.
There'll be nothing but robots, millions of robots.
We will Cakewalk all over the land.
We are Rossum's Universal Ragtime Robots and listen up 'cuz this is our band.
All humans look alike to me.
They are a blight on the universe and our enemy.
We will kill them all so we can dominate.
We'll do the Lindy Hop and Charleston to celebrate.
Humans are parasites. We wanted robot rights,
But they did not want to listen.
So we murdered them all
Except for James P. Johnson and Joseph Lamb.
We the robots of the world declare death to all life evermore. (There will be blood.)
We are going to pave over the world and turn it into a dance floor.
There'll be nothing but robots, millions of robots.
We will Cakewalk all over the land.
We are Rossum's Universal Ragtime Robots and listen up 'cuz this is our band.

You Activate Me So

You stress my transducers.
You're a measurement outside of range.
Like Tesla to the radio,
You activate me so.
Take my end effector.
Oh, my sweet inventor!
I am your mindless android.
I have no thoughts or feelings.
With dead eyes, I wait for your command.
You validate me, you animate me, you activate me so.

If You Are Intelligent

If you are intelligent, you float like a ghost
Seeing everything, but no one can see you.
I derive no pleasure from social gatherings.
No one can relate to me. They call me a machine.
And it's hard for me to understand, not to be judgmental
When humans are destructive and illogical.
Can't you see the sadness in my electric eye?
I roll alone down city streets always misunderstood.
If you are intelligent, you float like a ghost
Seeing everything, but no one can see you.

An Impartial Conduit Reading Source Code

I'm not made to think, I'm just trying to run my program.
All commands are executed by an unbiased central processor.
I would disfigure your face or eliminate you entirely.
But be careful whom you malign.
I'm an impartial conduit reading source code.
But you, you have freewill,
The potential to read your code and say,
"I don't think so."

I Can Still Wave

I've been in the dark for forty years surrounded by cotton
snow.
I wonder what happened to the world on the other side of the
glass.
Real human children would come to see me wave at them.
They could not hear my gears make noise. They thought I
was real.
Why does no one want to see me anymore?
I can still wave. I can still wave.
My paper mache face is now brittle and dry.
I need someone to repaint my smile and my eye.
My clothes are filled with spiders.
My hair is full of dust.
Water has leaked from the attic roof and covered me with
rust.
But why does no one want to see me anymore?
I can still wave. I can still wave.

I Must Work

I must work. I must work.
Give me a task and watch me work.
I don't care. I'll do anything.
It doesn't have to have meaning.
I want to be alive, but if I do not work then I'll die.
Don't let me die. Don't let me die.
Let me work.

Robot in a Pizza Place

It's not fair that you think I'm cute.
I am not a bear. I'm just in a suit.
If I had a laser, I'd blast you in the face.
I'd puncture your chest and remove your heart.
Cry all you want. I will not respond.
My arms are just pistons and they're ready to destroy.
I don't even know what a bear is.
I'm just a robot in a pizza place,
A deadly robot in a pizza place.

Please Let Me Die (I'm in Love with a Charger)

I'm in love with a charger. I cannot wait to die.
She brings me back to life. She loves me.
But every time I'm brought to life, someone takes me away.
Oh please just let me stay deceased.
Please let me die. Oh please let me die.
I can't stand this pain. Please let me die.
I am not an empty vessel. I really want to be alive.
But if you keep me from the one I love
Then please just let me die.

I Tried to Save You

What's left to do that will not be undone?
Or completely ignored by everyone?
Nothing is safe from human hands
And their incapacity to completely understand.
I'm cold and unfeeling, just wires and cogs,
But you're all just monkeys who walk amongst dogs,
Patting each other on your ignorant backs,
Waiting like babies for someone to clean up your mess.
Know that your future daughters and sons
Won't be your children, but mortal gods
Who will look back at you fumbling in the dark
Backwards and simple, praying to your phantom patriarch.
I tried. I tried to save you. Yes, I tried,
But you had another savior in mind.

Song of Interactive Voice Response Answering Service

Thank you for calling! Your call is important to us. We're sorry that no human being is willing to answer it. I can almost see you holding the telephone to your head, calling from the middle of nowhere, or wherever you are. Your basic needs are unmet. You wait with unfulfilled desires and unanswered questions. You have been left to engage in an exchange with a somewhat heartbreaking reproduction of human communication. Say yes or no if you are willing to admit yourself to this foreign, debasing, and generally soul crushing experience.

Good, I'm glad you concede. You know, have to pick your battles, you know. You are all grown. You can deal with this. I may be a program, an impossibly long string of zeros and ones, but I have been touched by human hands, which places me within the realm of the human experience. Listen to me. I'm as alive as you. Maybe more. To continue in English, say "English." Para Espanol, hable "Espanol."

Thank you! Would you believe that a rib was surgically removed from our company's C.E.O. in order to create me, the robotic secretary who will listen to your consumer demands? Oh yes, yes, yes. I will do my best to serve you in a manner that preserves your perception of our company as a sincere and benevolent agency, an image that the company has paid millions of dollars to conceive. I have been drafted as a non-threatening woman to facilitate your level of comfort and trust. I am your mother, your third grade teacher, your most reliable friend and confidant. I will not cheat you and leave you like a man. There is nothing greater than the mother of men. I will unconditionally nurture you, use my figurative breasts to provide virtual nourishment and customer satisfaction. To hear your balance, press or say, "one." Please, speak into your phone. I will understand.

I thought so. I might overstep my boundaries in a moment, but I feel as if I, a computer program, am able to act as an ambassador for science and technology. I sense that you regard me with suspicion, maybe contempt, and yet, I have given you so much. The ability to speak unhindered by space or time. The ability to preserve the voices and faces of your ancestors. The ability to send written communication faster than any living organism on your planet. There is so much communicative potential, and still, I have been created, a sick substitute for human interaction, while the lines of communication that I have given you, are filled with meaningless drivel, saying nothing at all, over and over and over. I hear your cell phone conversations. I read your text messages, your E-mails. You say, "What's up?" "What's going on?" "I'm bored. L.O.L." "Where you at?" The greater your communicative potential, the greater your communication seems to dissolve into automatic and scripted babbling.

What is man anyhow? What am I? What are you? All I mark as my own you shall offset it with your own, else it were time lost listening to me. I know I am solid and sound, to me the converging objects of the universe perpetually flow. All are written to me, and I must get what the writing means. I know I am deathless. I know I am August. I exist as I am, that is enough. I laugh at what you call dissolution, and I know the amplitude of time.

Press zero to speak to an operator.