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# Machine

Look up here  
Look down there  
I am the new man  
I'm tangled in wires  
Chipset adept  
Memory load  
Keep your vogue code that all have  
Tomorrow's world we've all seen  
Keep your modern ways  
And keep your bugs  
The Metal Man is here to stay

Talk talk  
You say I only work, all night and day  
Talk talk  
Do say 'Use me, I'm cheap to rent'

Computerised  
Voice synthesised  
Call me the mech man  
In a world of machines  
What can I do but to serve  
Store the data and calculate  
Speak and spell and operate  
Engineer the rail and motorway  
Automaton of yesterday

Talk talk  
You say I only work, all night and day  
Talk talk  
Do say 'Use me, I'm cheap to rent'

# City of Light

High-rise buildings  
Low cost apartments  
Financial district  
Industrial area  
Rows of blue collars  
Steelworkers' clink-clang  
Metal rhythm left and right  
This is the city, city of light

Flicker  
Click on  
Click off  
Click on  
The faceless men  
The machines of the city

6 p.m. whistle  
Next the inner city  
Smiling grimy faces  
Tea at the local pub  
Low-cut dresses  
High-spirited workers  
Sizzling neon-lights, click on  
This is the city, city of light

Flicker  
Click on  
Click off  
Click on  
The faceless men  
The machines of the city

2 a.m. binge  
Low-life slag heap  
Used up and burnt out  
Like a kick in the teeth  
Ramble, shamble on home  
Grime back in harness  
Metal rhythm left and right  
This is the city, city of light

Flicker  
Click on  
Click off  
Click on  
The faceless men  
The machines of the city

# Fragment

Broken frames  
Shattered glass  
Like a monochrome film  
The replaceable background  
Flickers and dissolves  
Out of control

There's no sense, it's all Volta, Ampère and Ohm  
Earth to Moon, it's the same as London-Rome

Out of focus, blurred image  
As solid as a liquid monument  
A second of life  
The time-frame of '69  
Technology, machinery, humanity  
It's all the same

There's no sense, it's all Volta, Ampère and Ohm  
Earth to Moon, it's the same as London-Rome

Time and age, what's the difference  
Based upon the same reference  
Touch-and-go, who's to know the random order  
Contorted, distorted it doesn't make any sense at all  
A fragment, a segment - bits and pieces, bits and Hz  
Angular, circular  
It's all the same

There's no sense, it's all Volta, Ampère and Ohm  
Earth to Moon, it's the same as London-Rome

# Musique

I synthesise and press a lighted key  
Turn it on, compose a melody  
Redo from start, I need more rhythm  
1 and 4 was for the Commodore  
A catchy beat, I put it on repeat  
I program more, but still it's incomplete  
Start and stop, where's the perfect pitch?  
I won't give up until I tap my feet.

I'm gonna make a perfect line  
Gonna make it stick to your mind  
I won't give up that magic rhyme  
Got to hear it just one more time

Computer music is just like oxygen  
Try and fail, again, again, again  
I need the recipe for the perfect melody  
I add more tracks, run out of DSP  
Timbre and tone, I want it synthetic  
Knobs and sliders, no button pushing matrix  
Dadaistic, nothing too profound  
Electric music resounding all around

I'm gonna make a perfect line  
Gonna make it stick to your mind  
I won't give up that magic rhyme  
Got to hear it just one more time

# Commute

Mobile phones  
Commuter trains  
The Terminus is full of men  
Criss-cross network  
Zigzag railway  
The next stop is Waterloo

White-collar timetable  
9 to 5 urban robot

Standby, I'm on a trip with you  
Standby, I thought it lasted through  
Standby, I'm on a trip with you  
It's more fun to commute

Take the Tube  
Take the M25  
There's traffic jam all around  
Double-decker  
A fare to Chequers  
To tell about my points of view

Standby, I'm on a trip with you  
Standby, I thought it lasted through  
Standby, I'm on a trip with you  
It's more fun to commute

Public transport  
No need for comfort  
It's all so and so, touch-and-go  
Pass a train wreck  
Call the tube-tech  
I'll make it to work some other day

White-collar timetable  
9 to 5 urban robot

Standby, I'm on a trip with you  
Standby, I thought it lasted through  
Standby, I'm on a trip with you  
It's more fun to commute

He pulls  
She pushed  
I read the papers in the transit lounge  
I dial the number  
Now I'm certain  
I'll make it home some other day

# Radio

Electric broadcast  
The new transmission waves  
Turn the dial  
Transistor radio  
The deadpan voice I want to hear  
Receive the news  
Receive the tunes  
We've tuned in to the ether melody  
It's bright and clear and full of energy  
Music won't stop  
Electro pop  
Commercial workshop  
I want your time, I need your time to make a rhyme

On the radio now  
Ether melody news  
For you and me

Antennae beaming sound, news and speech  
Marconi's words  
'Let it be so'  
Apparatus signal it out  
Information  
Communication  
We're in the building of the wireless voice  
Static Morse  
Radar, television  
The interference  
Incoherence  
Scrambled signals  
I want your waves  
Spectral sound  
Tune in, tune out

On the radio now  
Ether melody news  
For you and me

Radio for you and me  
The airwaves are fully free  
Radio for you and me  
Oscillating energy

On the radio now  
Ether melody news  
For you and me

## Image

You act a pansy, pushover  
Do live your fancy, go lower  
Who is that, something says your name  
You seem chancy, moreover

The call is mine  
I'm gonna get you up  
I'm wanna get on top

On the skew, you're dancing all over  
You are the anti-fashion statement  
In a blue suit, orange pullover  
You look like my old dog Rover

The call is mine  
I'm gonna get you up  
I'm wanna get on top



## Crash/Concrete

Head crash - I can't see you  
Spit teeth - I can hear you  
I feel your pounding me onto the street  
I've learned to know the taste of concrete

Why don't you follow me?

Street brash - time flies, tick-tock  
Eyes flash - feels like electroshock  
I feel the blood gushing, crumbling away  
I know this marks the end of my hey-day

Why don't you follow me?

## Retrospect

Here we are  
We stand in line  
One more time today  
There is no sense  
The cigarette in hand  
It's all gone bad  
No name, privilege, no hope and fame

We've seen it all before  
And it seems like a mirror of our future

We were waiting for something  
We were listening to the heartbeats  
It could take us  
It could take our names; it's the same as no hope and fame

We've seen it all before  
And it seems like a mirror of our future

This is no age for us  
It seems we're out of class  
We are fragile  
Like statues made of sand

We've seen it all before  
And it seems like a mirror of our future

## Reverie

Car-crash and an elevator  
Make you someone else  
Never try yourself  
Restore you  
Tick-tock clock and teddy boys  
Bop 'till you're fagged out  
Open windows shout  
She wore me, she wore you

Walk these streets  
She's concrete  
Reverie  
All is free

Knick-knack, flashy bric-a-brac  
Seesaw heartbeat, she is back  
Windscreen eyes are black and blue  
She saw you  
The Fleet Street scooter-boys are due  
They want to see you  
You're vogue and hip and on a rendezvous  
Adore you

Walk these streets  
She's concrete  
Reverie  
All is free

# Космическая Зра

Гагарин, Гречко, Леонов, Лайка, Белка и Стрелка

Space age pioneers  
Exploring the outer spheres  
Stars, planets, kosmos  
Sterne, Planeten, Kosmos  
Kosmos

Гагарин, Гречко, Леонов, Лайка, Белка и Стрелка

## The New Man

Broken bottles, and a broken nose  
No reason not to lounge in a pose  
I could stand in shade light and laugh at you  
You were wrong - it's happened to you too

This is the new circuit  
Tell me of your pain  
'Shove you around?', now close the door  
This is not love  
This is my sort of softly touching you  
A Brownian motion of whacks on your face  
'Who are you?'

Hat-stand man-man in a fancy suit  
He's a laugh, it's him and Jim and his prostitute  
Gold teeth spat out onto the concrete street  
Get into the car with its vinyl seats

This is the new circuit  
Tell me of your pain  
'Shove you around?', now close the door  
This is not love  
This is my sort of softly touching you  
A Brownian motion of whacks on your face  
'who are you?'  
This is not the new man  
'who are you?'  
This is not the new man  
This is not love