

Crack The Sky, Robots For Ronnie

Oh, dad, what will we do?

I got another letter from Ronnie's teacher at school.

She said, it's almost cruel

None of the other kids thinks Ronnie's cool.

The guys think he's a queer because he doesn't drink beer or watch football.

And all the little girls stay away because he's just too fat,

A fat little brat

Chorus:

I guess we need robots for Ronnie

A stainless steel group of chums

Robots for Ronnie

A boy and a girl

Maybe an aluminum cat

Every day he's in his room

He doesn't lock the door because he knows it's really no use

I mean, nobody's even been up there

If Ronnie were to blow up, I don't think anyone would care

He doesn't brush his teeth because he never talks to no one.

He doesn't wipe his feet because he's never coming in.

Comin in?

Repeat chorus

We can talk about the old days,

With parties and dances and leads in class plays;

But all of the memories he'll have

Are plugging in a friend and shining up a cat.

Repeat chorus