Queen, Machines (Or Back To Humans)

(May/Taylor)

It's a Machine's world
Don't tell me I ain't got no soul
When the machines take over
It ain't no place for you and me.

They tell me I don't care
But deep inside I'm just a man
They freeze me they burn me
They squeeze me they stress me
With smoke-blackened pistons of steel they compress me
But no-one, but no-one, but no-one can wrest me away
Back to Humans.

We have no disease, no troubles of mind
No thank you please, no regard for the time
We never cry, we never retreat
We have no conception of love or defeat.

What's that Machine noise
It's bytes and megachips for tea
It's that Machine, boys
With Random Access Memory
Never worry, never mind
Not for money, not for gold.

It's software it's hardware
It's heartbeat is time-share
It's midwife's a disk drive
It's sex-life is quantised
It's self-perpetuating a parahumanoidarianised.

Back to Humans
Back to Humans.

Back to Machines.

Living in a new world
Thinking in the past
Living in a new world
How you gonna last
Machine world...
It's a Machine's world...

Change.

Back to Humans.