

robot love

he wanted to call it robot
love, but i should have told him
robots can't love. they just
know how to fake it.

one evening he said, "Come
here, honey, and let me play
with your hair," but i should have
known from his icy stare, that
girls like me would find

no warmth there.

His hand in my hair, his hand
on my knee, but he does not care
for me. it's just all part
of the program.

"You're so pretty, you're so strong,
your words are to me the most
badass song. So, come here, honey
let me play with your hair,
but don't ever love me,
don't ever dare."

this is all just
part of the program.