

The Red Tornado

HORSE the band

the red
TOR NA DO
the red
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the red
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the red
TOR NA DO
circuitry and sympathy
are two different things
but they come together
in a robot who dreams
round and round
and round he goes
TOASTER FOR A BODY
TORNADO FOR A SOUL
He's lightning in a bottle
tornado in a cage
he sees no prison in the lines of his face
TOR-NA-DO
Ah
TOR-NA-DO
AH
His emotions spin at destructive speeds
that he needs to control
the cumulonimbus inside the machine
he's half robot and half tornado
so sad the cyborg cyclone seems
drifting through the sky
a willful wisp of machinery
not born but devised
still the cyborg cyclone cries
coolant drips from his eyes
plastic hands on his heart
that slowly....
tear him apart
tornado tornado tornado go
tornado tornado tornado go
wild winds whip when he wishes
that he were real
he rarely rusts
but he's never had a real meal
by saving the world
he's saving himself
a machine that is selfish
just like everyone else
tornado tornado tornado go
tornado tornado
go go red tornado