

## A Black Country Robot

Well, I'm a Black Country robot, ay I,  
Med in a foundry from bitsa old scrap,  
I've got dents, where they bashed me with ommers  
To mek me look like a Black Country chap.

Them foundry blokes day arf worked some magic,  
Gimme a real lookin' fairce, legs and arms,  
So there's no way yow'd know I'm a robot  
When I turns on me Black Country bloke charms.

I wear big 'obnail boots and a flat cap  
And I stinks of stale foundry smoke,  
Me brain might be the size of a planet  
But I still thinks like a Black Country bloke.

So most nights I'd goo ahht chasing the wenches,  
Coz it's what a Black Country mon does,  
Goo to the footee, pub and the bookies,  
Them's the plairces a Black Country mon guz.

When folks sez, 'Yow ay arf a smart bugger,'  
I sez, 'Ar mate, and I'll tell yow for why.  
Yow know that Artificial Intelligence?  
Well, I've got bootloods of that, ay I.'

For yonks I woz such an appy robot,  
Then they med me a wench robot wife.  
Now er sez I cor do the stuff I once done,  
That wench robot as buggered up me life.

'Ave yow eard 'bout the rise of the robots?'  
One day er sez, 'Well chap, I think the time's come.  
So yow goo aaht and start tekkin' folks jobs  
'Stead of sittin' on ya arse, ere at whum.'

Ar, er as sent me aaht on a mission,  
So, now the end of the world may be nigh,  
Humanity is faircing extinction,  
Coz there's now't con stop the rise of AI.

At least that's er bloody saft idea,  
To get Mankind replaced by the machine.  
er's decided it's gonna start with me,  
But to be honest, I really ay that keen.

World domination sounds like it's hard work  
And I really cor be arsed, I woe lie,  
So, Mankind is safe, I'm gooen up the pub  
Coz I'm a Black Country robot, ay I ?!