Network, Reto

Reto,
You're a technical whiz,
Masturbating with computers
For a legion of kids.

Reto,
You're a solid state,
A microchip and designer tape.

Oh Reto,
Where did you come from?
With transistors and a keyboard
You're a virtual gun.

Reto,
Is there something wrong?
The bigger wired robot
Is still using its probe
When life's behind the screen
Of an agorophobe.

Oh Reto,
Artificial life,
A new computer and a brand new wife.

Oh Reto,
Can you process this?
A girlfriend in a coma having cyber sex.
Gamble it away with computer chips.

Oh no

Knowing where we're going
(Where do we go?)

Oh Reto,
Are you future smart?
Fiber optics cybercloptic digital heart.

Reto,
Can you cypher me?
Eight zero two eleven B.

Oh Reto,
It's a stripped down world
Like muriatic acid in a toilet bowl.

Reto
It's an SOS
We're microwaving signals like a scientist.
Our bit-rate is shrinking to a non-existant.

Oh no
Knowing where we're going
(Where do we go?)

Where do we go, Reto?