

I'm building a clinkety-klankin' machine,  
Of its like in the world has never been seen:

It's got hundreds of gears,  
And thousands of knobs,  
And millions of somesuch kajiggerybobs.

Got a few lines of code,  
And some ol' magic smoke,  
That I bought off a witch the last time I went broke.

It's made from fine steel,  
And fine tape and fine spit,  
And it whirrs and it beeps and it throws a small fit.

I'll sell it to the government,  
For a million bucks,  
They'll haul it in pieces, in dozens of trucks.

What? Now you're asking me  
"But what does it *do*?"  
Uh, hmm... now you mention it, that's a good question too.