

The Automatic Automatic "Rats"

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Have I become a recluse?
What is it that other people do that doesn't leave a
bruise?
He's smirking under his skin
Our divide is steel but paper thin, I'm breaking through

I remember someone say that there's always a rat
close by
I remember someone say that there's always a rat
close by
And I think it's time that you made up your mind
Decide who's still on your side?

I'm six feet over my head
The concept of privacy is dead but I'm here alone
If everyone in the room
Could hear themselves sing out of tune then they'd feel
like I do

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