

T.S.O.L. (Tsol) "Automatic"

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Driving to the crime of the time
I manufacture my mind
Till we stop
Till the real man comes on top
And now you'll really be dropped

Fading in the lane with the brain
That can never be tamed
I got the car
Got the 21st century car
Well now I know who you are

You're so automatic
The way you bleed
You're so automatic
The things you need
You're so automatic
And you still are

Standing in the field what a deal
Will you get out and kneel
Where you are
Where the blood doesn't get on my car
It's such a beautiful car

Dropping of the shot with the pop
Makes me wonder and stop
What you got
What you really got coming along
And now you really are gone

You're so automatic
The way you bleed
You're so automatic
The things you need
You're so automatic
The way you see
You're so automatic
You're just like me
You're so automatic
And you still are

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