

## Michael Penn

### "On Automatic"

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I'm on automatic  
And you gotta flip the switch.  
Baby there's a box in the attic  
But I couldn't tell you which was which.  
It's all become a running joke.  
I'm what you might call simple folk.  
But everything'll turn out fine.

Things are looking up.  
In the meantime  
Things are looking up.

I'm swinging through the top of the valley,  
Felling like the missing link.  
But there's another schematic  
and look, she's getting me a drink  
While putting flowers on his crypt  
'Cause Valentino's lost the script.  
But everything'll turn out fine.

Things are looking up.  
In the meantime  
Things are looking up.

You blew another ring.  
I thought you'd quit.  
Along with calling misfits  
But it's me your looking up.

I'm on automatic.  
The only person left to frisk.  
I know I'm being over-dramatic  
But I think I'm going to run that risk,  
Of walking down the same old plank.  
And maybe I'm about to tank,  
But everything'll turn out fine.

Things are looking up.  
In the meantime  
Things are looking up  
In the meantime.

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