

## **Stereo Three-sixty "Automatic"**

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I Don't want to pay the rent  
I don't want to wake up bent again  
I don't want to end up downtown tonight  
I'm on fire

I'm on automatic  
No matter what you feed me

All I do is lay around  
Don't know how to live a better way  
I don't see the room around me tonight

I'm on automatic  
No matter what you feed me

I'm on automatic  
No matter what you feed me

Oh oh  
You're better looking  
Oh oh  
You make more money than me  
Oh oh oh  
You're better looking  
Oh oh  
I guess it really doesn't matter to me

Feels like every other day  
Make a break and finally get away  
I invented what surrounds me at night  
I'm on fire

I'm on automatic  
No matter what you feed me

I'm on automatic  
No matter what you feed me

Oh oh  
You're better looking  
Oh oh  
You make more money than me

Oh oh oh  
You're better looking  
Oh oh  
I guess it really doesn't matter to me

You are the reason I'm alive  
No Fighting  
No police in sight  
The birds are freezing in the sky  
There's nothing left of me die

Oh oh  
You're better looking  
Oh oh  
You make more money than me  
Oh oh oh  
You're better looking  
Oh oh  
I guess it really doesn't matter to me

I guess it really doesn't matter to me  
I guess it really doesn't matter to me

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