Vibrators "Automatic Lover"

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Automatic lover Automatic lover Automatic lover Automatic lover

Here she comes, she's crazy But she knows the scene Carries an automatic pistol She ain't got my magazine

Run for cover, girl, run for cover She's the kinda thing I was warned of by my mother

Automatic lover Automatic lover

Well, here I am Outta my brain Everything is comin' Back 'round again

Well, there you are Movin' real, real fast It's a long, long night I don't think you're gonna last

Run for cover, girl, run for cover She's the kinda thing I was warned of by my mother

Automatic lover Automatic lover

Automatic in her hand She wants to wear the pants [Incomprehensible] Give me half a chance

Automatic lover Automatic lover, alright You talk about This or that glory But me, honey I'm a different story

When you go mad And start countin' up to ten I'm outta that door And on the street again

Run for cover, girl, run for cover She's the kinda thing I was warned of by my mother

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