

Primitive Radio Gods "Automatic"

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Where the Colorado River disappears
Everything is organized
And everybody fears
Not that the limits of the pavement have been reached
Where is the wall that can be made that can't be
breached?

Then after pondering the question in is chair
Is there a world in a world without you there?
Devised an elaborate and complicated plan
But they were just kids
And couldn't understand
We heard the news a bit confused
Exact and lean and looking for new haunts
In the red, fully fed
Full of wants

And automatic

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