

## Automatic, The "Seriously... I Hate You Guys"

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Intoxicated by this sound  
Nothing but a fever, going round  
Concentrated on the tones, that ring dead  
Leaving you at home

That's the happiest you've looked all day  
That's the happiest you've looked all day  
That's the happiest you've looked all day  
That's the happiest you've looked all day

Fall out, picked up on a plate  
Break down, the crashing of her page  
Tick tock explosions in your ear  
Their emotion, moved you here

That's the happiest you've looked all day  
(repeated)

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