

Pointed Sticks

"Automatic"

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Look what you're doin'to me
I'm utterly at your whim.
All of my defenses down.
Your camera looks through me with it's x-ray visions
And all systems run aground.
All I can manage to push from my lips
Is a stream of absurdities.
Every word I intended to speak winds up locked in the
circuitry.
No way to control it
It's totally automatic

Whenever you're around.
I'm walking blindfolded
Completely automatic

All of my systems are down
Down
Down
Down.
Automatic
Automatic.
What is this madness
That makes my motor run.
My legs to weak to stand.
I go from sadness to exhilaration
Like a robot at your command.
My hands perspire and shake like a leaf
Up and down goes my temperature.
I summon doctors to get some relief
But they tell me there is no cure.

No way to control it
It's totally automatic

...

Look what you're doin' to me
I'm utterly at your whim

.

No way to control it
It's totally automatic

...

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