

BrotherManDude**"Automatic"**

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t's the same old show
A black and white colour and more
Straying from where we're born
To TV screens and Hollywood shows

The sequel plays again
A version of the old made new
Electro-magno pulse
Little loveable gizmos

The city's in full speed
He's back and running again
But deep, deep inside
He wants to go the other way

A cruise ship takes a ride
They want to get wasted
And get away
With cookie cutter personnel
Blue jeans, blue smile
And a fake blue world

The sequel plays again
A bad B Movie
A replication
Xerox humanity
Put it in a box
And sell it expensively
On automatic

You're very good at dreaming
Coz you never do what you're feeling
A once eruptive presence
Stilled like a glass of water

And the tramp told me secrets
The city, the city's got ears
And rumour says you're done
Feeling for the world

The sequel plays again

A bad B Movie
A replication
Xerox humanity
Put it in a box
And sell it expensively
On automatic

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