

Automatic, Seriously Guys... I Hate You

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
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Fallout, 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 (Repeat until end of song)