

# Automatic Situation

Joseph Arthur

Automatic who you blame  
Like a moth into the flame  
Burn your wings, have scars to show  
Always gone before you go

It's all down from here  
(Automatic, Automatic, Automatic situation)  
The fall you prepared  
(Automatic, Automatic, Automatic situation)

Damaged pride in a twisted heart  
Little thief who was never caught  
Wanna give you what she earns  
Souvenirs of the wings she burns

It's all down from here  
(Automatic, Automatic, Automatic situation)  
The fall you prepared  
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