

On Automatic

Michael Penn

I'm on automatic
And you gotta flip the switch
Baby there's a box in the attic
But I couldn't tell you which was which

It's all become a running joke
I'm what you might call simple folk
But everything will turn out fine

Things are looking up
In the meantime
Things are looking up

I'm swinging through the top of the valley
Felling like the missing link
But there's another schematic
And look, she's getting me a drink

While putting flowers on his crypt
'Cause Valentino's lost the script
But everything will turn out fine

Things are looking up
In the meantime
Things are looking up

You blew another ring
I thought you'd quit
Along with calling misfits
But it's me your looking up

I'm on automatic
The only person left to frisk
I know I'm being over-dramatic
But I think I'm going to run that risk

Of walking down the same old plank
And maybe I'm about to tank
But everything will turn out fine

Things are looking up
In the meantime
Things are looking up
In the meantime