

It's Automatic

Air Supply

All my life I've been a manual man
I like the floor all the power in my hand
Driving up and down the road all day
Overtaking anything in the way
Alongside us came a man in a grin
Winding down the window clever again
You know manual is far too old
To keep pace then he left us cold

It's automatic, it's automatic
It's automatic, it goes by itself

Quick thinking and a mutual aim
So on finding out the name of the game
A different unit was ordered that day
Who wants to go thru' the gears anyway
The same color the same design
The same car with a different mind
Knowing now we wouldn't take second place
Both saying with a smile on our face.