

## Automatic Blues

Chuck Prophet

Well, some things I'm built for fixin'  
Make more sense to throw away  
The touch of something human  
What I really crave

Oh, just give me one thing  
I can sink my heart into  
Not another measure  
Of these automatic blues, come on, come on

Well, the preacher preached the sermon  
Sinners bow their heads  
Sometimes I feel so alive  
I wish I was dead

You might be on your back somewhere, baby  
Too beaten up in your pew  
Would Sunday lift the curtain  
On the automatic blues? Come on

Hey, turn me on, turn me off  
Turn me out, turn me on  
I said, turn me off, turn me on  
Turn me out, turn me on

I feel like a pair of sneakers  
In a washing machine  
I'm bouncing off the walls  
Trapped in the heap

Goddamn, thermostat's gone crazy  
I woke up with the flu  
Wrapped up in a blanket  
With the automatic blues, come on

Hey, come on  
Get a hold on me  
Get a hold on me  
I want somebody to tell me  
Where can my baby be