

Automatic

Gordi

Felt cold at the coal face
Don't remember my place or where to begin
I'm walking a fine line
It feels like a lifetime of wearing me thin

'Cause I have tried and failed to be
Everything you need

Leave me in automatic
When all around me's crashing
I feel the threads begin to fray
And the horizon drifting
Head out the window wishing
The night will carry me away

I can't meet your eyes, I'm no good, a liar
I know you can tell
I'm giving you band aids for bullet holes I made
And wishing you well

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