

Automatic

Houses

Futures coming and I'm feeling strange
Nothing hits me like it should these days
I'm getting low
Can't let it go

In the end, it ain't the end
It just goes on and on again
And all the people that you meet
Are just the same as you and me

When you're falling to the street
And it feels like magic
You were looking for a voice
In a world of static
And all the people that you meet
They're automatic

You light your candles
And you pray for rain
While I kill my culture
Watch it waste away

Another bleached out, black hole
With nothing to lose
Another paywalled shopping mall
Coming for you

When you're falling to the street
And it feels like magic
You were looking for a voice
In a world of static
And all the people that you meet
They're automatic