

Automated

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Thoughts drift away, and I'm with you
Walking through my dreams feels like bad behavior
I don't know what else to do
You lean into me and say we're automated

The sky fades from gray to shades of blue
Pictures on TV becoming human nature
Stars rest upon this harvest moon
The universe around is automated

Now you walk into the room
You slip off your dress, it's not complicated
And I lie in your perfume
Touching ourselves because it's automated

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A walk through my dreams feels like bad behavior
I don't know what else to do
You lean into me and say we're automated