

Automatic Cowboy

The Screaming Jets

Sister Tourniquet with a chart to fill, Doctor Buller comes out to play

Automatic cowboy, blackfoot edge, you will make a lot today
It's gonna break you and then they make you eat every word you say

An eye for an eye, a smile into a sigh, it's a one dram runaway

We're droppin' away, left to craze here...

There's nothing left to sell, I don't remember it all
That's what I meant to say, yeah

Inhale at first liquorish gasoline, gravity is setting in
A throwback by the head, one arm gone, taste the spit from a sweet tooth grin

They don't like you, knowing what to fight you, make you a shiny new thing

As the life drains out through the hole in your head, stand deliverance, pay for it

Suck in the vaccine, crazy...

There's nothing left to sell, I don't remember it all
That's what I meant to say
I had a masterplan, this cold shaking hand is gonna give me away
Give me away

This cold shaking hand...

Wow... Starting a backbeat, crazy...

There's nothing left to sell, I can't remember it all
That's what I got to say
Well I had a masterplan, but this cold shaking hand is gonna give me away, yeah
So there goes the masterplan, 'cause that cold lifeless hand is gonna give me away