

## 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 sw  
eet tooth grin  
They don't like you, knowing what to fight you, make you a shin  
y new thing  
As the life drains out through the hole in your head, stand del  
iverance, 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 awa  
y  
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 gi  
ve me away, yeah  
So there goes the masterplan, 'cause that cold lifeless hand is  
gonna give me away