

Automatic Blues

Chuck Prophet

Well, some things I'm built for fixin'
Make more sense to throw away
The touch of something human
What I really crave

Oh, just give me one thing
I can sink my heart into
Not another measure
Of these automatic blues, come on, come on

Well, the preacher preached the sermon
Sinners bow their heads
Sometimes I feel so alive
I wish I was dead

You might be on your back somewhere, baby
Too beaten up in your pew
Would Sunday lift the curtain
On the automatic blues? Come on

Hey, turn me on, turn me off
Turn me out, turn me on
I said, turn me off, turn me on
Turn me out, turn me on

I feel like a pair of sneakers
In a washing machine
I'm bouncing off the walls
Trapped in the heap

Goddamn, thermostat's gone crazy
I woke up with the flu
Wrapped up in a blanket
With the automatic blues, come on

Hey, come on
Get a hold on me
Get a hold on me
I want somebody to tell me
Where can my baby be