

## Automatic

Ultra Naté

Look what you're doing to me  
I'm utterly at your whim  
All of my defenses down  
Your camera looks through me  
With its X-ray vision  
And all systems run aground  
All I can manage to push from my lips  
Is a stream of absurdities

Every word I intended to speak  
Wind up locked in the circuitry

No way to control it  
It's totally automatic  
Whenever you're around  
I'm walking blindfolded  
Completely automatic  
All of my systems are down  
Down down down  
Automatic  
Automatic

What is this madness  
That makes my motor run  
And my legs too weak to stand  
I go from sadness  
To exhilaration  
Like a robot at your command  
My hands perspire and shake like a leaf  
Up and down goes my temperature  
I summon doctors to get some relief  
But they tell me there is no cure  
They tell me

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I'm walking blindfolded  
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All of my systems are down  
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