

Automatic

A Blue Ocean Dream

It's automatic when you breathe
It's automatic when you feel
It's automatic when you move
It's automatic when you do

You cross the street between the cars
To your scheduled lunch, at the restaurant
You don't have time, to slow down
Every once in your life you wish you could fly

It's automatic when you breathe
It's automatic when you feel
It's automatic when you move
It's automatic when you do

Automation