

Automatic lady

Dima Bilan

Touch down, ready to blow away
A hundred miles an hour
Are you ready to fly with me
All you gotta do is sit back, be the passenger
I run out of tires, you go smell the smoke afterwards

I'll be coming
Keep it running
Don't turn the hovian jam
Work the peddles
To the medal
You got the whole crowds in sham

I wanna drive you crazy
Lets go at it
Girl you can be my lady
Automatic
I can't wait to switch into gear
Gonna be crazy in here
Automatic lady
Automatic lady
Automatic

Do-Do-Do-Do you see the diva, the pleasure's mine
You got that Formula 1 shot to the finish line
You can rub the wheel
Girl if you're feeling dangerous
Help me switch the lane
So insane when we're changing none

I'll be coming
Keep it running
Don't turn the hovian jam
(Don't turn it on)
(Don't turn it on)
Work the peddles
To the medal
You got the whole crowds in sham

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(Finish Line)
(Finish Line)

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(Automatic)
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