Automatic Situation

Joseph Arthur

Automatic who you blame Like a moth into the flame Burn your wings, have scars to show Always gone before you go

It's all down from here
(Automatic, Automatic, Automatic situation)
The fall you prepared
(Automatic, Automatic, Automatic situation)

Damaged pride in a twisted heart Little thief who was never caught Wanna give you what she earns Souvenirs of the wings she burns

It's all down from here
(Automatic, Automatic, Automatic situation)
The fall you prepared
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