

# Automatic

Miranda Lambert

Quarter in a payphone  
Drying laundry on the line  
Watching Sun Tea in the window  
Pocket watch tellin' time  
Seems like only yesterday I'd get a blank cassette  
Record the country countdown 'cause I couldn't buy it yet

If we drove all the way to Dallas just to buy an Easter dress  
We'd take along a Rand McNally, stand in line to pay for gas  
God knows that shifting gears ain't what it used to be  
I learned to drive that 55 just like a queen, three on a tree

Hey, whatever happened to waitin' your turn  
Doing it all by hand,  
'Cause when everything is handed to you  
It's only worth as much as the time put in  
It all just seemed so good the way we had it  
Back before everything became automatic

If you had something to say  
You'd write it on a piece of paper  
Then you'd put a stamp on it  
And they'd get it three days later  
Boys would call the girls  
And girls would turn them down  
Staying married was the only way to work your problems out

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Automatic

Let's pull the windows down  
Windows with the cranks  
Come on let's take a picture  
The kind you gotta shake

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Back before everything became, automatic