

## Automatic Lover

Theatre of Tragedy

Don't you wanna end up with this mister?  
He is just being nice with his kisses and he  
Thinks you're not one of the smart ones Say it darling  
Doesn't seem like you want that kind of honey, honey  
From the automatic lover's store To the first floor of your backroom door  
From the spin-spin of the fickle swirl  
In a freak-freak dance of the showroom girl  
From the window of the red lit shop To the hop-hop of the fluid swap  
To the bang-bang when the wallet's gone  
And the run-run when the heat is on From the automatic lover's store  
To the first floor of your homeroom door  
And the cry-cry of your better half To the laugh-laugh at your minuscule staff  
From the plead-plead when you really want in  
To the knead-knead 'fore the blanket-spin  
From the flush-flush of the bed-time art  
To the raging heart when she doesn't do her part  
Don't you wanna end up with this mister?  
He is just being nice with his kisses and he  
Thinks you're not one of the smart ones  
Say it darling Doesn't seem like you want that kind of honey, honey  
Out the door-door to the dance-dance hall  
To the bawl-bawl of the bar room brawl  
From the drink-drink until on the floor  
To the blink-blink of the girl next door  
To the rock-rock until off the hinge  
To the luck-luck to complete the binge  
From the rush-rush when you're feeling bored  
To the second floor of your homeroom door  
To the plead-plead when you really want in  
And the knead-knead 'fore the blanket-spin  
From the fug-fug of the bedroom air  
To the hug-hug of the professional lair  
To the automatic lover's store  
Where it feel-feels much less like a chore  
To the lick-lick of the lipstick lip  
To the electric trip of the perfect strip  
Hey you are you oh-oh are you I owe you a go-go are you  
Nothing but an oh-oh yeah  
I owe you a kissy baby Hey you are you oh-oh are you  
I owe you a go-go are you Nothing but an oh-oh yeah  
I owe you a kissy baby.