

The Pointer Sisters, Automatic

(Mark Goldenberg/Brock Walsh)

Look what you're doing to me
I'm utterly at your whim
All of my defenses down

Your camera looks through me
With its X-ray vision
And all systems run aground

All I can manage to push from my lips
Is a stream of absurdities
Every word I intended to speak
Winds up locked in a circuitry

No way to control it
It's totally automatic
Whenever you're around

I'm walking blindfolded
Completely automatic
All of my systems are down
Down, down, down
Automatic (automatic)
Automatic (automatic)

What is this madness
That makes my motor run
And my legs too weak to stand
I go from sadness to exhilaration
Like a robot at your command

My hands perspire
And shake like a leaf
Up and down goes my temperature
I summon doctors to get some relief
But they tell me there is no cure
They tell me

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