

# A blue Ocean Dream, Automatic

Its automatic when you breathe  
Its automatic when you feel  
Its automatic when you move  
Its automatic when you do  
You cross the street between the cars  
To your scheduled lunch, at the restaurant  
You dont have time, to slow down  
Every once in your life you wish you could fly  
Its automatic when you breathe  
Its automatic when you feel  
Its automatic when you move  
Its automatic when you do  
Automation