

# The Automatic, Seriously... I Hate You Guys

Intoxicated by this sound  
Nothing but a fever, going round

Concentrated on the tones, that ring dead  
Leaving you at home

That's the happiest you've looked all day  
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Fallout, picked up on a plate  
Break down, the crashing of her page  
Tick Tock explosions in your ear  
Their emotion, moved you here

That's the happiest you've looked all day (Repeat until end of song)