

The Automatic, That's What She Said

Pack up your accents
Pack up your batteries
Now go marching
Back to the factory
A bunch of dresses
Down to the mattress
Car park asphalt tastes good, actually
(x 2)

Is anyone thinking anything at all?
(x 3)
Is anyone thinking anything?

I know I had
Something to say
It lost a meaning and it faded away
(x 2)

So punk is dead
And this is so new
Your revolution
Cooked up in a boardroom
I like the message
On your t-shirt
I don't know what it means
But the colors really work

Pack up your accents
Pack up your batteries
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Back to the factory
A bunch of drugs sent
Down to the mattress
Car park asphalt tastes good, actually

Is anyone thinking anything at all?
(x 3)
Is anyone thinking anything?

I know I had
Something to say
It lost a meaning and it faded away
(x 4)

I know I had
Something to say
It lost a meaning and it faded away
(x 4)