

The Vibrators, Automatic Lover

Automatic lover <i>(x4)

Here she comes she's crazy,
But she knows the scene.
She carries an automatic pistol,
But she ain't got no magazine

Run for cover, run for cover,
She's the kinda thing I was warned of by my mother

Well here I am,
Outta my brain.
Everything's comin',
Back round again.

Well there you are,
Movin' real real fast,
It's a long long night,
I don't think you're gonna last.

Automatic in her hand,
She wants to wear the pants.
There's something wrong here honey,
Won'tcha give me half a chance

You talk about,
This or that glory.
But me honey,
I'm a different story.

When you get mad,
An' start countin' up to ten,
I'm outta that door,
An' on the streets again.