

# That's What She Said

## The Automatic

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

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Is anyone thinking anything at all?  
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Is anyone thinking anything at all?  
Is anyone thinking anything?

I know I had something to say  
It lost it's meaning and it faded away

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So punk is dead and this is so new  
Your revolution cooked up in a boardroom  
Like the message on your t-shirt  
I don't know what it means but the colors really work

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written by Hawkins, Robin Harry / Frost, James Martyn / Griffiths, Iwan Huw / Pennie, Alexander Gregor

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