

Automatic Lover (feat. Ty Segall)

The Vibrators

Automatic lover
Automatic lover
Automatic lover
Automatic lover Here she comes, she's crazy
But she knows the scene
Carries an automatic pistol
She ain't got my magazine Run for cover, girl, run for cover
She's the kinda thing
I was warned of by my mother Automatic lover
Automatic lover Well, here I am
Outta my brain
Everything is 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 Run for cover, girl, run for cover
She's the kinda thing
I was warned of by my mother Automatic lover
Automatic lover Automatic in her hand
She wants to wear the pants
[Incomprehensible]
Give me half a chance Automatic lover
Automatic lover, alright You talk about
This or that glory
But me, honey
I'm a different story When you go mad
And start countin' up to ten
I'm outta that door
And on the street again Run for cover, girl, run for cover
She's the kinda thing
I was warned of by my mother Automatic lover
Automatic lover
Automatic lover
Automatic lover

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>