Auto-Pilot

Alan Hawkshaw & Brian Bennett

When I wake at the break of the morning
I ingest my two fried eggs
If a grain of the salt is missing
Then I go to the store and begAutopilot,
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh, yeah-yeah
I've got to get off
The autopilot,
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh, yeah-yeah,
It's pissin' me offWhen I walk to the park with my doggies
I collect all the things they leave
Then I put them up under the microscope
And I'm so impressed by what I seeAutopilot,
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh, yeah-yeah
I've got to get off
The autopilot,
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh, yeah-yeah,
It's pissin' me offThere is passion in my heartache, heartache
Though I'm trained to stay in this state, this state
Ain't no matter how hard I try, I try
I will be here until I die, I dieAutopilot,
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh, yeah-yeah
I've got to get off
The autopilot,
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh, yeah-yeah,
It's pissin' me offThe autopilot
The autopilot
The autopilot
The autopilot

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