

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-oh, yeah-yeah,
It's pissin' me offThe autopilot
 The autopilot
 The autopilot
 The autopilot

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