Automatic Lover
The Vibrators

Intro **A D A E** X2

A   D   A   E
Automatic lover
A   D   A   E
Automatic lover
A   D   A   E
Automatic lover
A   D   A   E
Automatic lover

A   D   A   E
It s because she s crazy
         A   D   A   E
But she knows the scene
                    A   D   A   E
She carries an automatic pistol
            A   D   A   E
She ain t got my magazine

    C#   **C#**
Oo run for cover,run for cover
          D   **E**
She s the kind of thing I was warned of by my mother

A   D   A   E
Automatic lover
A   D   A   E
Automatic lover

      A   D   A   E
Well here I am
A   D   A   E
Out of my brain
A   D   A   E
Everything is coming
      A   D   A   E
Back down again
      A   D   A   E
Well there you are
        A   D   A   E
Moving real,real fast
        A   D   A   E
It s a long,long night
        A   D   A   E
I don t think you re gonna last

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   C#              C#
Oo run for cover,run for cover
         D                    E
She s the kind of thing I was warned of by my mother

A        D    A   E
Automatic lover
A        D    A   E
Automatic lover

    E
Automatic in her hand,she wants to wear the pants

Theres something wrong here honey won t you give me half a chance

A        D    A   E
Automatic lover
A        D    A   E
Automatic lover

Instrumental  E  D   A   E  X4

A        D    A   E
 I talk about
A           D   A   E
This or that glory
A        D   A   E
But you honey
          A          D   A   E
You re a different story
          A        D   A   E
Well when you get mad
          A              D   A   E
And start counting up to ten
    A            D   A   E
I m out of that door
            A        D   A   E
And on the street again

    C#              C#
Oo run for cover,run for cover
         D                    E
She s the kind of thing I was warned of by my mother

A        D    A   E
Automatic lover
A        D    A   E
Automatic lover

      E                    D
Theres something,something on my mind
          A                    E
I want to beat people up instead ot treating them kind
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      E                    D
I m winding myself up real,real tight
          A                          E
Feel like death in the morning like a dog at night

A        D    A  E
Automatic lover
A        D    A  E
Automatic lover

A        D    A  E
Bite me honey
        A          D    A  E
Put a hole in my head
        A          D       A  E
I m a good for nothing
         A          D    A  E
I d be better off dead

   C#              C#
Oo run for cover,run for cover
          D                      E
She s the kind of thing I was warned of by my mother

Instrumental  A  D  A  E  X2

        A          D    A  E
I said Automatic lover
A        D    A  E
Automatic lover

Instrumental  E  D  A  E  X2

A        D    A  E
Automatic lover
A        D    A  E
Automatic lover
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