

Automatic

Miranda Lambert

Quarter in a payphone
Drying laundry on the line
Watching sun tea in the window
Pocket watch, tellin' time
Seems like only yesterday, I'd get a blank cassette
Record the country countdown, 'cause I couldn't buy it yet
If we drove all the way to Dallas just
to buy an Easter dress we take a long Rand McNally, stand in the line to pay for gas
God knows that shiftin' gears, ain't what it used to be
I learned to drive that 55, just like a Queen, three on the tree
Hey what ever happened to, waitin'
your turn
Doing it all by hand
'Cause when everything is handed to you
It's all only worth as much as the time you put in
It all just seems so good the way we had it
Back before everything became, automatic
If you had something to say
You'd write it on a piece of paper
Then you put a stamp on it
And they'd get it three days later
Boys would call the girls
And girls would turn them down
Staying married was the only way to work your problems out
Hey what ever happened to,
waitin' your turn
Doing it all by hand
'Cause when everything is handed to you
It's only worth as much as the time you put in
It all just seems so good the way we had it
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Let's roll the windows down
Windows with the cranks
Come on let's take a picture
The kind you gotta shake
Hey what ever happened to, waitin' your turn
Doing it all by hand
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