

Loss Of Control

Molly Hatchet

Well, it happened up in Detroit
It was my kind of town
We heard the audience screaming
When they brought the houselights down
Blind anticipation was felt from afar
The kids were going crazy
When we cranked up our guitars.

It was a loss of control
Fire in your soul
Loss of control
And the only thing
To blame it on is
Filthy rock and roll.

Well, everywhere we go now
It happens night and day
All hell seems to break loose
When the boys stay to play
If you lack the courage
There's no room for you here
The boys have called it open season
On your eyes and ears.

Loss of control
Fire in your soul
Loss of control
And the only thing
To blame it on is
Sleazy rock and roll.

We're right here in your city
We know it's our kind of town
We hear the audience screaming
So turn those houselights down
Blind anticipation we fel it from afar
There all going crazy
When we pick up our guitars
And we are.

Loss of control
Fire in your soul
Loss of control
And the only thing
To blame it on is
Filthy rock and roll.

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