

# Control

Alphaville

Pretty baby, don't you know, times they are a changin'  
every little moment we grow up we lose control  
life's a loaded gun with no directions and it keeps you on the run  
it has no mercy

mum and daddy went to war  
never coming back no more  
did you ever think they'd make you whole again  
maybe someone dropped a bomb  
just right into the middle of your soul  
they're in control

you got to get out of control again  
you got to get out of control again  
no more control again  
you're getting whole again  
ain't no control again  
you got to get out of control

20th century honey bee, what you're doing is what you'll be  
life's no dress rehearsal when you bring the honey in  
everything seems wrong to thee, nurtured from the poison of reality  
that has no mercy

all your friends went for the thrill, now it's yours to grab the kill  
did you ever think you're getting whole again  
maybe someone send a priest with some religion cooking in a bowl  
they're in control

you got to get out of control again  
you got to get out of control again  
no more control again  
you're getting whole again  
ain't no control again  
you got to get out of control

what's the fucking thing about control  
did you think you'd ever getting whole  
just as long as there is no control  
they have no control of you at all

you got to get out of control again  
you got to get out of control again  
no more control again  
you're getting whole again  
ain't no control again  
you got to get out of control