

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