

Out of Control

George Jones

What goes wrong with the mind of a man in a bar
Who sits and keep drinking with his thoughts strayed so far
It's the same old sad story that has often been told
One drink then another till he's out of control.

As he sits at a table with his hands on the glass
For him there's no future there's only the past
He reaches for the bottle but his hands don't take hold
His eyes just can't focus he's out of control.

Does he search for contentment that he might hope to find
From a honky tonk woman or the bottles of wine
He shakes and he trembles even though he's not old
Like a leaf in a whirlwind he's out of control.

Yes I'm just like that fellow who sits there all alone
With no one to love me no family at home
I'm a picture of others with a future so cold
A life ain't worth livin' when it's out of control...