

She's Out Of Control

Miro Žbirka

When I played too aloud
And she is to start
Dancing every night
When she makes you dry
Dancing almost out
Of control

Only to need
Is the rock and the beat
And a kind of friend
Who would understand
When she's almost
Out of control

She's out of control
She's out of control
She's out of control
She's out of control

When she was so smooth
Went me out of room
She wants to round to go
She didn't only know
About breathing right
It was so

You can only, she's said
In her beautiful dress
And than ride a car
She was to drive it far
Like a deamon start
Oh, no!

She's out of control...

When I played too aloud
And she is to start
Dancing every night
When she makes you dry
Dancing almost out
Of control

Only to need
Is the rock and the beat
And a kind of friend
Who would understand
When she's almost
Out of control

She's out of control...
Ooh, ooh, oooooh...
(Oh, she's almost out of control
Oh, yes, she is
She's out of contol)