

# Controller

Oingo Boingo

There's someone knockin' on my door  
There's someone knockin' on my door  
I think they're looking for me  
I think they're looking for me  
Pretend there ain't nobody home  
Don't make a sound, don't even move  
Don't give them nothing to see  
I think they're looking for me

I got to run  
I got to run  
I got to run  
I got to run  
I got to run

There's someone crawling in my yard  
There's someone creeping on my roof  
There's someone tapping my phone  
I feel it deep in my bones  
They want to probe my intuition  
They want to find out what I know  
Why don't they leave me alone  
Why don't they leave me alone

I got to run  
I got to run  
I got to run  
Might be the catcher  
Or the controller  
Can't be too careful  
I take precautions  
They're very clever  
I got to run

Faceless surgeons armed with razors  
Cut out our imagination

(Repeat first verse)

(repeat chorus)

Faceless surgeons armed with razors  
Cut out our imagination  
It's a strange thing  
Deadly reason  
Razors cut with such precision  
Probing deep without detection  
Razors never lie  
But it's all right

I think they're looking for me  
I think they're looking for me  
I think they're looking for me  
I think they're looking for meeeeeeeeeee