Panic

The Moog

All the faces on the street
Seem a bit threatening
All eyes on you
Wanting to find out what you think
The tension grows
You can't hold on and on and on

Listen to a voice coming

From the walls and ceilings

It tells you never hope for any sweet loving

The tension grows

You can't hold on and on and on

Oh you want it more you want it more You want it like you never did before Break out of town with a screaming sound

Houses leaning on your head It's hard to understand Why you can't concentrate When you want it so bad The noise is loud There's no way out (around)

Oh you want it more you want it more You want it like you never did before Step out of line It's time to fly