

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