

## 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