

Please excuse me for the way I act  
So I've asked too many times  
Drawing circles to show where I'm at  
As if they leave me to unwind

I know I like the idea of providence  
So I voice my head  
Though I always spill my blood on the table  
Though I like the idea of confidence

I'm in love with control  
I'm in love with control  
I'm in love with control  
I'm in love with control

Please excuse me for the way I act  
So I can't seem to recall  
Too aware if that's too many times  
Is it okay I like to hold on?

Though I like the idea of permanence  
I keep my mouth shut  
And only try to speak when I'm able  
Though I like the idea of you sleeping next to me  
I'm waiting just to watch you go

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I'm in love with control

Though I like the idea of providence  
I know I can't see straight  
With my head through the table  
Though I like the idea of confidence  
You pull me like a bed  
You unraveled in my head

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