

Y Control

Yeah Yeah Yeahs

Oh so all my lovin' goes
under the fog, fog, fog
and I believed them all
well I'm just a poor little baby
'cause well I believed them all

Oh so while you're growing old
under the gun, gun, gun
and I believed them all
well I'm just one poor baby
'cause well I believed them all

I wish I could buy back
the woman you stole

Y-control, Y-control
you walk, walk, walk, walk, walk my winners
out of control, out of control
you walk, walk, walk, walk, walk my winners
out of control, high control
you walk, walk, walk, walk, walk my winners
out of control, out of control
you walk, walk, walk, walk, walk my winners out

So all my lovin' goes
under the fog, fog, fog
and I believed them all
well I'm just a poor little baby
'cause well I believed them all