

Out of Control

[George Jones](#)

What goes wrong with the mind of a man in a bar
Who sits and keep drinking with his thoughts strayed so far?
It's the same old sad story that has often been told
One drink, then another, till he's out of control
As he sits at a table with his hands on the glass
For him there's no future, there's only the past
He reaches for the bottle but his hands don't take hold
His eyes just can't focus, he's out of control
Does he search for contentment that he might hope to find
From a honky tonk woman or the bottles of wine?
He shakes and he trembles even though he's not old
Like a leaf in a whirlwind, he's out of control
Yes, I'm just like that fellow who sits there all alone
With no one to love me, no family at home
I'm a picture of others with a future so cold
A life ain't worth livin' when it's out of control

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