

Take Control

Slaves

Get up out my seat
Fall onto the ground
Telephone is ringing
What an awful sound
Gotta leave the house
Gotta go to work
Close the door behind me
Brushing off the dirt
Waiting for the bus
Talking to myself
Questioning my sanity
Questioning my health
Aching in my stomach
Confusion in my head
Sleeping when I'm walking
I should've stayed in bed
Take
Control
Take
Control
Get up out my seat
Fall onto the ground
Driver stops the bus
So he can kick me while I'm down
Thank you very much
Limping on the street
Don't ask me where I'm going
I'm just following my feet
Maybe it's a set-up
Maybe it's a hoax
Talking to the manager
Laughing at his jokes
Aching in my stomach
Confusion in my head
Sleeping when I'm walking
I should've stayed in bed
Take
Control
Take
Control, take control
Take control
Take control
Take control

Songwriters

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