Control Freak (with Maggie Estep)

Recoil

A girl who can't shake off the smell
Of a man she met but didn't know well
She thinks she feels him in her skin
She thinks she sees his sideways grinShe sees him on the street by chance
Follows him as if entranced
Gets on a train that he gets on
A girl like this she is possessedShe sits two seats behind his own
Can hear him sigh, a little moan
She wonders what he's thinking of
As he removes his right hand gloveShe notices his hand is strange
As if the bones were rearranged
She thinks of what she'll say to him
She hears it playing deep withinYou're all I need to get highThe man jumps to his feet just then
Slips out the train and 'round a bend
She almost loses sight of him
Shuts her eyes, thinks of his skinShe catches up just as he goes
Into a bar and down below
To where cases of wine are stacked
There is no light, it's nearly blackYou're all I need to get highHe turns around to face her then
His right hand seems to claw the air
She doesn't know why she came here
She doesn't know what possessed herSweat's running down her spine
But then he breaks into a smile
That lights up his whole face
And then he starts to laugh and laugh, and laugh
And then he says, "I've thought about you
Since that day we met but barely spoke"

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