

# Control Freak

## 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 grin  
She 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 possessed  
She 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 glove  
She 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 within  
You're all I need to get high  
The 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 skin  
She 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 black  
You're all I need to get high  
He 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 her  
Sweat'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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