

Control

Alphaville

Pretty baby, don't you know, times they are a changin'
Every little moment we grow up we lose control
Life's a loaded gun with no directions
And it keeps you on the run, it has no mercy
Mum and daddy went to war, never coming back no more
Did you ever think they'd make you whole again
Maybe someone dropped a bomb
Just right into the middle of your soul-they're in control
You got to get out of control again - no more control again
You're getting whole again - ain't no control again
You got to get out of control
20th century honey bee, what you're doing is what you'll be
Life's no dress rehearsal when you bring the honey in
Everything seems wrong to thee
Nurtured from the poison of reality that has no mercy
All your friends went for the thrill, now it's yours to grab the kill
Did you ever think you're getting whole again
Maybe someone send a priest with some religion cooking in a bowl
They're in control
You got to get out of control again...
What's the fucking thing about control, did you think you'd ever getting
whole
Just as long as there is no control, they have no control of you at all

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