

# The Dingeers, Chaos/Control

There's a few cars out at 2 o'clock, the limousine, me, and the patrol cop  
Everything seems white in the middle of the night  
Always get that feeling that things ain't quite right  
The man on the beach now he wants to start a fight  
Won't give him what he wants to feed the stereotype  
The man in the shop said it's all about hype  
I just can't believe it

It's just a little bit of chaos under quite a bit control  
A little left of center been the only thing I know  
Just a little bit of chaos under quite a bit control

It's such a large town to get so far  
Maybe I'm neurotic it just seems bizarre  
Company cars compete speedin' up the concrete  
Earn a steady income and then become a deadbeat  
Underneath the streetlight wait and watch the rat race  
Fellowman don't like ya, decides to put ya in your place  
Always runnin' scared cuz you don't understand  
No way for you to see it?

Does it make you mad that we live this way  
Are you feeling rather frantic, did we ruin your day  
Who heeds the voice of the generation that's ahead  
To be slavin' like a servant I'll be better off dead  
Are you feeling rather frantic, gonna be okay?