

Alphaville, Control

(Lyrics: Gold / Music: Gold-Lloyd-Echolette)

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
Hurtured 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