

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, Out Of Control

Neil Young

Once, high on a hill, there was a song
Nothing was wrong, that's when time stood still
Now lovers are caught, tied in their dreams
Bound in their thoughts, wrapped in the depth of their love

If I can hold on to you
If I can hold on to you

Somewhere near the end, lovers pretend
Fake what they feel, take what they get from love
Start missing the drive, staying alive
Four out of five, without the feeling of love

If the sky is fire and hell is blue
If all of our dreams won't come true
If the sky is fire and hell is blue
I'll cover you, I'll cover you

Sky is fire, hell is blue
Sky is fire, hell is blue

That's why I'm out of control
Tear myself down, build myself up, tear myself down again
I'm talking to you, trying to get through
Don't want to hide, lost in the mirror of love