

# Mike Scott, Out Of Control

I was on Grand Street when I heard a woman cry  
turned to see a young boy with his head held high  
He was screaming abuse at everything and nothing  
wasn't more than seventeen years old  
Waving a pistol, blew himself to heaven  
I guess he just exploded out of control

Minding my own business  
playing social snakes and ladders  
There's a knock on my door  
the military mad-hatter  
He says someone pressed a button  
only got about 8 minutes  
To get myself and my family into some underground hole  
where we can sit and play twenty questions  
Whilst our leaders invent answers  
it seems the whole world just exploded out of control!

You sit on your side  
and I'll sit on mine  
Used to have such grand plans  
now we can't afford the time  
It may seem pretty arrogant  
but words may be heart fire

Deep inside I'm freezing cold  
sorry that I beat you  
Sorry that I screamed  
for a moment there I really lost control