

Neil Young, Out Of Control

Once high on a hill,
There was a song,
Nothing was wrong,
That's when time stood still.

Now lovers are lost,
Wrapped in their dreams,
Tied in their thoughts,
Bound by the depth of their love.

If I could hold on to you.
If I could hold on to you.

Somewhere near the end,
Lovers pretend,
Fake what they feel,
Take what they get from love.

Start losing the drive,
Four out of five,
Staying alive,
Without the feeling of love.

If I could hold on to you.
If I could hold on to you.

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 talkin' to you,
Trying to get through,
Don't want to hide,
Lost in the mirror of love.

If I could hold on to you.
If I could hold on to you.