

Newsboys, I Cannot Get You Out Of My System

Oi. Boy. Got a new gig?
It's jammin' your brain like a too-tight wig.
Stuff this new religious phase.
Your home is here in the yellow haze.
Oi. Boy. What are you doin'?
Wearing your faith like a new tattoo
when friends and formers don't approve this.
(Brillo pads will not remove this.)

I cannot get you, I do not want you out of my system.
I cannot get you, I do not want you out of my head.

Oi. Boy. What are you on?
We'd try to help you but you're too far gone.
First we thought you'd be rejecting us.
Now we're scared you'll start infecting us.
Oi. Boy. Come again.
Someday soon it'll all sink in,
as all your efforts to inspire us spread like some computer virus.

I cannot get you, I do not want you out of my system.
I cannot get you, I do not want you out of my head.

Always stalled by hidden fears,
always stuck in neutral gears
until I gave the driver's seat away.
Take my life and make it real.
Turn the key and take the wheel.
Push the throttle through the floor, evermore...

I cannot get you, I do not want you out of my system.
I cannot get you, I do not want you out of my head.