

The Waterboys, 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