

# 100 Monkeys "Wandering Mind"

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You were always in control  
You were never out of hand  
You were so damn perfect  
It was hard to understand  
Oh why?

Well you always had a goal  
And you always had a plan  
And if you had the control  
Then I'll never understand

Now you're talking like a man  
Who's been walking the street  
Blistered feet on, on that hot concrete

Singing songs, begging palms  
For an alm or two

So I think you outta know  
That I never held your hand  
You were always in control  
And I'll never understand

Mine is a wandering mind, is a wandering mind....

You were always in control  
You were never out of hand  
You were so damn perfect  
It was hard to understand  
Oh why?

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