

## Tim Wheater

### "Out Of Control"

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What's the point at all  
The rise and then the fall  
Like a bright blue star  
Gazed upon afar  
Lived a life so rough  
Intense eventful one  
Chased courted willed  
His muse and touched the sun

Out of control  
Lost all reason  
Much too headstrong  
Wanted more  
Breakdown

Overwhelming game  
Life was not the same  
Hounded hunted down  
A rebel in his town  
Dangerous the deeds  
Around the corner doom  
It would all cave in  
One dismal afternoon

Fly high wild one  
Don't waste moments  
Clouds roll back forth  
They fly  
Pass you by

The greatest are not mild  
Rock and roll is wild  
Best to burn out bright  
Than fade into the night  
Lived a life so rough  
Intense eventful one  
Chased courted willed  
His muse and touched the sun

