

Crosby, Stills & Nash

"Out Of Control"

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Neil Young

Once, high on a hill, there was a song

Nothing was wrong, that's when time stood still

Now lovers are caught, tied in their dreams

Bound in their thoughts, wrapped in the depth of their
love

If I can hold on to you

If I can hold on to you

Somewhere near the end, lovers pretend

Fake what they feel, take what they get from love

Start missing the drive, staying alive

Four out of five, without the feeling of love

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 talking to you, trying to get through

Don't want to hide, lost in the mirror of love

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