

Howl "Controller"

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Oh she's a dying art
She's a wet leaf,
At times of thunderstorm

And he's a prodical sun, with his back to the wall,
He's an atomic bomb

And she said she said and she says: I remember you,
Your switch-blade eyes

The coolest thing to do,
Was to let you come inside, hands behind my back,
My tongue tied, bear with me now,? Let's go for a ride

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I remember you,
Your switch-blade eyes

The coolest thing to do,
Was to let you come inside, hands behind my back,
My tongue tied, bear with me now? Let's go for a ride
For a ride (2x)

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