

Oingo Boingo "Controller"

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There's someone knockin' on my door
There's someone knockin' on my door
I think they're looking for me
I think they're looking for me

Pretend there ain't nobody home
Don't make a sound, don't even move
Don't give them nothing to see
I think they're looking for me

I got to run
I got to run
I got to run
I got to run
I got to run

There's someone crawling in my yard
There's someone creeping on my roof
There's someone tapping my phone
I feel it deep in my bones

They want to probe my intuition
They want to find out what I know
Why don't they leave me alone
Why don't they leave me alone

I got to run
I got to run
I got to run
Might be the catcher
Or the controller

Can't be too careful
I take precautions
They're very clever
I got to run

Faceless surgeons armed with razors
Cut out our imagination

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Faceless surgeons, armed with razors
Cut out our imagination

It's a strange thing, deadly reason
Razors cut with such precision
Probing deep without detection
Razors never lie, but it's all right

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