

# Alphaville

## "Control"

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Pretty baby, don't you know, times they are a changin'  
Every little moment we grow up we lose control  
Life's a loaded gun with no directions  
And it keeps you on the run, it has no mercy  
Mum and daddy went to war, never coming back no  
more  
Did you ever think they'd make you whole again  
Maybe someone dropped a bomb  
Just right into the middle of your soul-they're in control  
You got to get out of control again - no more control  
again  
You're getting whole again - ain't no control again  
You got to get out of control  
20th century honey bee, what you're doing is what  
you'll be  
Life's no dress rehearsal when you bring the honey in  
Everything seems wrong to thee  
Nurtured from the poison of reality that has no mercy  
All your friends went for the thrill, now it's yours to grab  
the kill  
Did you ever think you're getting whole again  
Maybe someone send a priest with some religion  
cooking in a bowl  
They're in control  
You got to get out of control again...  
What's the fucking thing about control, did you think  
you'd ever getting  
whole  
Just as long as there is no control, they have no control  
of you at all

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