

## **REO Speedwagon "Out Of Control"**

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Out Of Control  
(Don Henley, Glenn Frey & T. Nixon)

Oh, my, don't the sky look spacious  
With the stars all shinin' down  
Well, I can hear the night wind howlin'  
It's a high and lonesome sound  
And I ain't had a woman in so long  
I can't feed my starvin soul  
Come on, saddle up, boys, we're gonna ride into town  
We're gonna get a little out of control

There's a card game in the corner  
And the barmaid smiled at me  
Well, I tipped her a sliver dollar and  
She brought me a drink for free

All the town-folk call her the cheap one  
And the gamblers call her Flo  
Come on, set 'em up again  
I got me a friend and I think I'm gettin' out of control  
Oh,oh,oh

She's cool water, her momma taught her  
I got news, she's mine and mine alone  
And if anybody's lookin' for trouble  
You know I'm the one you want to try

Well, I'll fight any man who wants to  
And I don't care who or why

You got to gamble on your story  
You got no guts, you get no glory  
And I'm bettin' my money on an ace in the hole  
Think I'm gettin' out of control

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