

Boingo Oingo

"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

(Repeat first verse)

(repeat chorus)

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

I think they're looking for me

I think they're looking for me

I think they're looking for me

I think they're looking for meeeeeeeeeeeee

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