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 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 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

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

you got to get out of control again 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