

# Control

Cody Fry

You can keep your comfort  
Paint your fences white  
You can write your days up on a wall  
Get up real early  
And plant your garden  
But you can't tell the seeds when to grow  
No, you can't tell the seeds when to grow

And maybe you're the God of your dominion  
And maybe you're the king of all you see  
Maybe you are young, maybe you are strong  
Put all your life in rows  
But this world is still out of your control

You can wear your best coat  
And heat your spaces  
But you can't tell the sun to warm your face  
Put on your Sunday best  
And fuss with your makeup  
Cover up the wounds inside your heart  
No, you can't cover up the wounds inside your heart

And maybe you're the God of your dominion  
And maybe you're the king of all you see  
Maybe you are young, maybe you are strong  
Put all your life in rows  
But this world is still out of your control

And the birds of the sky  
Get along just fine out of your sight (yeah)  
Go ahead, you can try  
But in the end all you'll find is there's a reason that some things  
Oh, some things are left out of your control

See your pretty smile  
And let your heart go  
Try to force the love to be returned  
There's no way, can't force a love to be returned (ooh yeah)

And maybe you're the God of your dominion  
And maybe you're the king of all you see  
Maybe you are young, maybe you are strong  
Put all your life in rows  
But this world  
It's still out of your control  
Out of your control