Same thing happens every day Can't explain it any way Sun comes up day goes by Sun goes down and that's when I Come alive to the fact That I've really got no control I'm a live twenty fine But I've still got no control Of me of you Control of the hole That the post comes through One stop here two stops there One big scream and I'm back in my chair I'm alive to the fact that I've really got no control I'm a live twenty five But I've still got no control; And we talk too much And we won't let go We relax too much In the after glow But we're alive at the marquee Live at the Marquee And it's just another country But they change there times and sides Like the farcical feet of a marching band So we're all getting cynical Their smiles may fade But we don't care anymore Were a boys brigade So we all die of cancer For a few flowers outside Or a day in the life of a fruit machine And we're all playing asteroids There's a score on the screen Not a soul in the worlds gonna beat But it wont stop me