Oh so all my lovin' goes under the fog, fog, fog and I believed them all well I'm just a poor little baby 'cause well I believed them all

Oh so while you're growing old under the gun, gun, gun and I believed them all well I'm just one poor baby 'cause well I believed them all

I wish I could buy back the woman you stole

Y-control, Y-control
you walk, walk, walk, walk, walk my winners
out of control, out of control
you walk, walk, walk, walk, walk my winners
out of control, high control
you walk, walk, walk, walk my winners
out of control, out of control
you walk, walk, walk, walk my winners out

So all my lovin' goes under the fog, fog, fog and I believed them all well I'm just a poor little baby 'cause well I believed them all