

Dr Alban, Away From Home

Hey, baby, Come here!

Chorus:

I can feel it comin, Its comin after me

Its trapped in my soul, and it wont let me free

I can see it in the night, in a vision of life

Oh, what could it be comin after me?

Check it out!

Huh, cmon! Uh (x3)

As I make myself ready to go, I let it flow, and always take it slow

I see a vision runnin across my eyes and realise,

its nothing but a rime discise

I make myslef movin on and groovin and keep cruisin on

Picture yourself in a prison, thats the rythm

As I keep the rimes goin on, and keep up, if you wanna be strong

Controlling nothing but the fact and now actor, free what yu see and believe

A mans streight is in his lymf

What you really wanna feel, what I feel, trapped inside the real

But I gotta keep runnin, and keep runnin and I feel it comin

But I gotta keep runnin, and keep runnin and I feel it comin

Chorus x 1

Check it out!

Chorus x 1

Now, why do you play the games and chase your friend,

Hey Yo! Whats your name?

Therere strange things standing around us,

and theres something I cant discust

Now hush! Now follow and swallow everything that I mention

Stay and pray, and pay close attention

People deny inside, and end up as lies

Realise decition is like presicion

Hold you in my arms and feel no harm

What I see is cristal clear, where youre on is certain fear

Ddecition is like presicion

Hold you in my arms and feel no harm

What I see is cristal clear, where youre on is certain fear

Chorus x 1

Check it out!

Chorus x 1

Huh, cmon! Huh, cmon! Huh, cmon! Huh, cmon! Uh!

Whos in control? Im in control!

You aint not in control! Im in control!

Sir on to me, Dont you know ho this is?

Im the master! The king!