

# Evanescence, Lose Control

You don't remember my name.  
I don't really care.  
Can we play the game your way?  
Can I really lose control?

Just once in my life,  
I think it'd be nice,  
Just to lose control, just once,  
With all the pretty flowers in the dust.

Mary had a lamb.  
His eyes black as coals.  
If we play very quiet, my lamb,  
Mary never has to know.

Just once in my life,  
I think it'd be nice,  
Just to lose control, just once.

If I cut you down to a thing I can use,  
I fear there will be nothing good left of you.