

The Dingeers, Chaos/Control

There's a few cars out at 2 o'clock, the limousine, me, and the patrol cop
Everything seems white in the middle of the night
Always get that feeling that things ain't quite right
The man on the beach now he wants to start a fight
Won't give him what he wants to feed the stereotype
The man in the shop said it's all about hype
I just can't believe it

It's just a little bit of chaos under quite a bit control
A little left of center been the only thing I know
Just a little bit of chaos under quite a bit control

It's such a large town to get so far
Maybe I'm neurotic it just seems bizarre
Company cars compete speedin' up the concrete
Earn a steady income and then become a deadbeat
Underneath the streetlight wait and watch the rat race
Fellowman don't like ya, decides to put ya in your place
Always runnin' scared cuz you don't understand
No way for you to see it?

Does it make you mad that we live this way
Are you feeling rather frantic, did we ruin your day
Who heeds the voice of the generation that's ahead
To be slavin' like a servant I'll be better off dead
Are you feeling rather frantic, gonna be okay?