

Control

Have Mercy

I've been drinking too much
And that's why I'm alone
Hot and heavy in lust
So can you answer your phone?

I've got this story could be yours
And I've got this story could be yours
But you don't want me anymore

I'm not in the right mind
I'm not in control
But I want to be strong for the ones I love
Keep them content with growing old
If there was a grim man
A good ones what I'm told couldn't keep me around
Always was the anchor in the ground
My words and my sounds
Were always bringing you down

It has me sick to my gut
Compare the lives that I've lost
To all the ones I've touched

And I've got a story could be yours
And I'll draw the art and make it ours
But you don't want me anymore

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I know the problems, I know the problems now
I know the problems, I know the problems now
I know the problems, I know the problems now
I know the problems, I know the problems now

So tell me all the problems now
And let me figure 'em out, or don't
I lost my love for myself and everyone's all gone
And find a place that I'll call home
Somewhere we could have been alone, who knows
I'm just looking for some comfort so I could be well

On my own
But I'm not in control
But I want to be strong for the ones I love
Keep them content with growing old
If there was a grim man
A good ones what I'm told couldn't keep me around
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My words and my sounds

Were always bringing you down