

Out of Control

Music & Lyrics by Mike Bass

In **January**, it's hard to be merry
when the air in my apartment is **cold**.
By **February**, my thoughts get scary
and I find myself dreaming of home.
In **March**, a hint of **spring**,
light at the end of the tunnel.
And then in **April**, I look out my window,
the cherry blossoms at Miidera are full.
These **months** of the year
got me feeling like I'm out of control.
It's like I **can't** tell which way I'm facing at all,
who, what or where I'm suppose to be **under** the sun,
when, why or how I'll **someday** be good enough.
In **May**, I'm feeling **great**
because the weather's finally **beautiful**.
And in **June**, I leave my windows **open**,
feel the breeze flow **across** the room.
By **July**, it's like I **can** fly,
although it's too **hot** during the day.
And finally in **August**, my **birthday** is here.
Can you help me eat this **chocolate** cake?
I said these **months** of the year
got me feeling like I'm out of control.
It's like I can't tell what **date** it is at all,
who, **what** or where **those** emotions come from,
when, why or **how** these **games** will even unfold.

Sure. We can keep **busy** doing our **homework**,
but if we **close** that **door**, it might hurt worse.
Maybe you're all right, maybe you're **OK**.
And if that's the case, I'm **sorry** to complain...

In **September**, I've never felt better,
walk to coffee houses in my sandals.
And by **October**, the leaves on the trees
changing colors right before they **fall**.
And in **November**, I don't want to remember
how the winter felt last year,
but it helps in **December**, when my friends are around,
to help me through my **crazy** ideas.
I said these **months** of the year
got me feeling like I'm out of control.
It's like I **can't** tell which way I'm facing at all,
who, what or **where** I'm suppose to be under the sun,
Whose idea was it to make me feel the **seasons**?
I said these **months** of the year
got me feeling like I'm out of **control**.
It's like I **can't** tell which way I'm facing at all,
who, what or where I'm suppose to be under the sun,
when, why or how I'll **someday** be good enough.

