

Ultra, Afterlife

I can't mend it A falling star or a broken angel I don't pretend that loving you is an easy thing You might say the plans we made were a guide for living Don't make sense When being kind is left behind

Spin the record round and round We're getting lost inside the sound Keeping me from falling down We all need some basic B.A.S I guess I.C. Love, trust simple bare necessities We all need some basic B.A.S I guess that's me Remember the message girl, simple as hey 1, 2, 3 Don't look down Where you fall I will follow Don't turn around Just look before you're taken in Some might say Feeling fine's a a state of mind

Spin the record round and round We're getting lost inside the sound Keeping me from falling down We all need some basic B.A.S I guess I.C. Love, trust simple bare necessities We all need some basic B.A.S I guess that's me Remember the message girl, simple as hey 1, 2, 3 Here in New York, is simply where we've gotta be We can ride on, and just do it basically It's gotta be!

Here we go again We're getting through the love surrender This is now the end Forgetting you is what I do

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[Repeat till fade]