

The Boss

Culture

I can't mend,
A falling star or a broken angel,
I don't pretend,
That loving you is an easy thing,
You might say,
That 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 state of mind...

Here in New York,
Is simply where we 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...