

What Goes Up

Infectious Grooves

Oh, Lord I think I'm slipping again
Help me please I think I'm slipping again

You pick me up and turn me around
You make a smile out of my frown
When I am lost you put me together
You make the good times last forever
When I fall down and I'm sinking low
You grab my hand and won't let go
You gave me warnings I didn't heed
But you're still there in my time of need

What goes up, must come down
But what is funky is hanging around
Oh, Lord I think I'm slipping again
What goes up, must come down
Help me please I think I'm slipping again
What goes up must come down

You pick me up and you set me right
You calm my nerves when you hold me tight
You're always there when I'm facing trouble
I lean on you when I start to stumble
You give me strength when I am weak
You understand me when I can't speak
You fill me up when I'm past empty
But in return you ask for nothing

What goes up must come down
What goes up must come down

What goes up must come down
But what gets funky is always around

You pick me up and warm my soul
When I am cold and lost control
You put a smile back on my face
And make the frown go without a trace
When I am hurt you feel my pain
You help me out and never complain
You comfort me when I feel alone
And bring me back to the safety zone

What goes up must come down
What goes up must come down
What goes up must come down

What goes up, must come down
But what gets funky is hanging around
Oh, Lord I think I'm slipping again
What goes up, must come down
What goes up, must come down
Help me please I think I'm slipping again
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