

Connected

Paul van Dyk

Uh oh
I'm being pulled into the fire of intoxic flame
I'm too close
And there's a good chance that I won't get away
And I needed going into the daylight
And I'm looking for it into the night
Then I think about it and I can't live without it
You're telling me that, that's alright
Can't get enough, can't get enough
When you're telling me the white lies, champagne
It's getting rough and I wanna know
If I'm addicted to your white lies in vain
Can't get enough, can't get enough
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Don't go
I tell myself that I'm not really hooked on you
But I know
If I stay then your use will become abuse
When I'm trying not to break the fever
And the medicine you just won't take
Then I think about it and I can't live without it
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