The Music

The Creators

Baby Baby
Don't be late,
World is ending I can't change the way I feel about you now,
New York is cold as ever,
Still I go out every night, hide myself among the lights,
Bathe in all the pretty things the city brings
The bodies glisten and they shine, like the stars we're born to die, like these roses we all fade..
I'm counting the cars, on the freeway below, lost in the music, all the foolishness of our lives, spinning out of control, lost in the music..in the music
Baby Baby
Please don't cry, wipe the guilt out from your eyes,
leave your conscience on the bed, there's no one innocent here,
In the mirror you'll find faith,
Plastic flowers never fade...we all turn to grey..
I'm counting the cars, on the freeway below, lost in the music, all the foolishness of our lives, spinning out of control, lost in the music...in the music...
I lost my way, I lost it all..

I lost my way..
Baby Baby
Please don't cry, wipe the guilt out from your eyes,
Pick yourself up off the bed, there's no one innocent here,
Bottles glisten'n and they shine,
Like the stars we're born to die,
Like these roses we all fade..
I'm counting the cars, on the freeway below, lost in the music, all the foolishness of our lives, too out of control, lost in the music..
I'm counting the cars, on the freeway below..
Counting the lights, at the end of it all
Counting the cars, on the freeway below..
Lost in the music..
in the music..
in the music..
in the music..
in the music..
in the music..

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