

Depeche Mode, Addiction (Ghost Of Modern Time)

I can't help it, I'm not sure what to do
Does seem crazy, no good for my health
I've seen the doctor, he's come to look at me
If you don't believe it, don't believe

Closer all the time, Closer all the time
Closer all the time, Closer all the time

Now I'm saying how I'm going to need a pill
I need you like a drug to keep my fill
I can't remember everything I do
Now I put them, it's only good to you

Closer all the time, Closer all the time
Closer all the time, Closer all the time

You can't help but look me in the eye
While I come running, I don't know why
It's an addiction, image of love
Your heart pushing, angel from above

Closer all the time, Closer all the time
Closer all the time, Closer all the time
Closer all the time, Closer all the time
Close!