

# Puretones, Adicted to base

I got two pale hands up against the window pane  
i'm shaking with the heat of my need again  
it starts in my feet, reverbs up to my brain  
there's nothing i can do to revert the gain  
i'm looking down to the street below  
there's nothing in the way they move to show  
that they too, know what i know  
they too hunger for the beast below  
listening to the radio i feel so out of place  
there's a certain something missing that the treble can't erase  
i know you can tell just by looking at my face  
a word about my weakness  
i'm totally addicted to bass  
There's nothing I can do to be cool  
i can't sleep 'til i've had my fuel  
it frustrates me if i'm deprived  
a hunger that grates from deep inside  
i feel like i'm doing time  
imprisoned by dependants on a rhythm sublime  
in my mind i must overcome the need to define  
the solitary silence of a faceless crime standing by the stereo  
i'm feeling so alone  
my back against the speaker and I'm moving on my own  
surrounded by so many and they're staring at my face  
a word about my weakness  
i'm totally addicted to bass  
Your bass line is shooting up my spine  
your bass line has got me feeling fine  
it's filling up my mind  
Sunrise at my window, I look down on the street  
people I see everywhere are tapping their feet  
suddenly i realise in a look that i was wrong  
everybody's grooving to their own song  
down at the scene below there's something in the way they move to show  
they too know what i know  
they too hunger for the beast below  
rhythms washing over me to wash away my fears  
the backbeat of humanity sweetens my tears  
there's something that's connected us down throughout the years  
no need to feel so lonely  
everyone's addicted to bass