

Up'n Away

Mr. President

Up'n away, we need a place to hide
Gonna get up, gonna get up
Up'n away, we gonna fly so high
Gonna get up, gonna get up
I wanna get away, wanna get up and get away
I wanna get away, wanna get up and get away
I wanna get away, wanna get up and get away
I wanna get away, gonna get up, gonna get up
Souls may fly, visions blur deep as any
dancetrack you've heard
Blowing storms as I tell smacking some funk on a dance realm
Blasting brains he wants in
If you may ask who it is?
It's dancefloor knocking, my sibiliminal name Sir Prophet
My quest success from the stars has torn me adn my flame apart
But there's a creation by man
That can bring us back together again
Second and minutes, minutes from hours
From days all the way up to weeks
Dying from the crime of time,
Slipping down through the hour glass as I speak
Europe and America
Thousands of miles, yes, between the two
The creation of man I can fly will bring me back to you
No more sad times, our passion will return today
Tonight I will feel you 'cos baby I can fly up and away
Finally we've been asked, to shift into a dancing climax
Heavy rain, the deepest snow, can't
Stop the sound of dance floor
Now the flavored flow has hit ya, so I say you best remember
The force that will keep us high
Up 'n away...

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