

# The Prince

## Madness

Buster, he sold the heat with a rock-steady beat  
An earthquake is erupting, but not in Orange street  
A ghost-dance is preparing, You got to help us with your feet  
If you're not in the mood to dance, step back, grab yourself a seat  
This may not be uptown Jamaica, but we promise you a treat  
Buster, bowl me over with your bogus dance,  
shuffle me off my feet  
Even if I keep on runnin', I'll never get to Orange street  
So I'll say there's nothin' left to say, for the man who  
set the beat  
So I'll leave it up to you out there, to get him back on his feet  
Buster, bowl me over with your bogus dance,  
shuffle me off my feet  
Even if I'll keep on runnin', I'll never get to Orange Street  
Bring back the  
Who is the  
We want the

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