

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 upSouls 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 sibliminal 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 againSecond 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 awayFinally 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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