

# III

## Maxwell

Demons are following me  
Following what we can't see  
I just want to dance, baby  
Move around, twirling  
See you on the floor, you're back  
Nobody has it like you have Let me feel something  
More than just the ordinary night  
People in the club, they be hatin', baby  
They see you lookin' over, relatin', lady  
I just wanna, hold you down  
Maybe if you wanna go around town  
Walk the High Line, do a thing  
Maybe if you wanna swing  
You gettin' mad, awfully bitter  
When no one pays attention, but you know you're a winner  
For me  
For me  
Let's do it, on count of three  
One, two, three  
Aww  
On time Cupid keeps targeting me  
Arrows are flying, I can't see  
I just want a Michelle Obama lady  
To hold me down when the world's crazy  
See you own the city, so bad  
Nobody loves you like your dad Let me feel something  
More than just the ordinary night  
People in the club, they be hatin', baby  
They see you lookin' over, relatin', lady  
I just wanna, hold you down  
Maybe we can walk around the downtown  
Go to Paris, maybe France  
Even Russia if you wanna dance  
You gettin' mad, awfully bitter  
When no one pays attention, 'cause you know you're a winner  
For me  
For me  
Let's do it, on the count of three

One, two, three, aww

Songwriters

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