

# San Disco Reggaefornia

## Jason Mraz

Lets see those moves, c'monFor the brand new direction on the compass rose

Try following the path of the yellow brick

Cross the zebra track down on Abbey Road

And you be there in just a little bitIt's where the hi-fi's bumping through the free Wi-Fi

Where the up said, "It's rock we're stayin' alive"

Where I'll be passing out the free high fives

Like a doctor I'm distributing the medical kindCome on, decide if you want to get, get yourself inspiredYou're invited, whoa

To San Disco Reggaefornia, whoa

You come alive in, whoa

And leave your troubles at the doorYou know when our time band is messing with the evil

Inside here, see everybody's equal

Everybody's type with everybody's people

Even generators run on biodieselSuper green is the way we like it

Yea, we like the ladies who ride like nice

Up on their bicycles with ice popsicles

For five nickels I can get us on the tunnel of loveRomancing is a side effect

Slow dancing here will make you sweat

Raise your hand if you wanna get, get yourself delightedYou're invited, whoa

To San Disco Reggaefornia, whoa

You're gonna like it, whoa

Leave your troubles at the door, whoa

You come alive in, whoa

In San Disco Reggaefornia, fornia, forniaMake it one of those days, can you feel the party?

With parents gone we'll turn the home upside down like a Graviton

What law we gonna break if they catch us getting naughty?

Turn off the phone with the records onDancing makes the people feel united

D-d-d-dancing makes the people feel unitedSo take a good look and try for a moment

If you tried and you like it

Show the world that you're belonging on it

Only those with open hearts and mindsWill get a pass on the fast track cash list line

But uh, don't be laughing at whoever's behind

Because everybody's happy on their own damn time

And everybody's craft be uniquely definedJust as everybody's ass be free and divine

There couldn't possibly be a brighter sign

For all to understand and to give a damn

All you gotta do is keep the microphone stuck in your hand

And bring the bucket to the sandYou're invited, whoa

To San Disco Reggaefornia, whoa

You come alive in, whoa  
And leave your troubles at the door, whoa Yea, you're invited, whoa  
                  To San Disco Reggaefornia, whoa  
                  You come alive in, whoa  
And leave your troubles at the door, whoa D-d-d-dancing makes the people feel united  
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                  Songwriters

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