

Madonna, Triggering Your Senses

Dance, you're not fighting
Dance, you're not lying
Dance, you're not cheating
Dance, you're only triggering your senses
You're not dying
Dance, you're not crying
Dance, you're not killing yourself
You're only triggering your senses
You're only triggering your senses
Dance is a lovely friend
Dance to your heart's content
Dance and we don't pretend
Dance is your only friend
When you're on the street
To a different beat
When you're feeling down
When there's no one else around
Dance, you're not taking
Dance, you're not hating
Dance, you're not killing yourself
You're only triggering your senses
You're only triggering your senses
A hip, a hip, a hippety hop and you don't stop, you get on your feet
You do the hip hop to a different beat
I know you don't stop when you're on the street
You're not feeling down and there's no one else around
You get on your feet until you hear the funky beat, beat, beat, beat...
When you're on the street
To a different beat
When you're feeling down
When there's no one else around
When there's no one else around
Dance, you're not fighting
Dance, you're not lying
Dance, you're not cheating
Dance, you're only triggering your senses
You're not dying
Dance, you're not crying
You're not killing yourself
You're only triggering your senses
You're only triggering your senses
Triggering your senses
Triggering your
Dance