

Mr. President, Where Do I Belong

Refrain:

Up`n away

We need a place to hide (gonna get up)

Up`n away

We gonna fly so high (gonna get up)

I wanna get away

Wanna get up and get away

I wanna get away

Gonna get up! Gonna get up!

Up`n away

Rap 1:

Souls may fly, visions blur

Deep as any dance track you`ve heard

Blowin` storms as I tell

Smack in some funk on a dance realm

Blastin` brains he wants in

If you may ask who it is

It`s dancefloor knockin`

My subliminal name Sir Prophet

My quest success from the start

Has torn me and my flame apart

But there`s a creation by man

That brings us back together again!

Refrain

Rap 2:

Seconds to minutes, minutes form hours

From days all the way up to weeks

Diving from the time of crime

Slipping down through the hourglass as I speak

Europe and America, thousands of miles

Yes between them two

Creation of man I can fly

Will bring me back to you

No more sad times of passion

Will come back today

Tonight I can feel you

`Cause I can fly up`n away

Refrain

Finally we`ve been asked

To shift into a dancing climax

Heavy rain, the deepest snow

Just couldn`t stop the sound of dancefloor

Now the flavour flow has hit ya!

So I say best remember the force

That will keep you high

U-p-n-a-w-a-y