

Kristine W., Clubland

With all that jazz

The music now it never sleeps
The base hums beneath your feet
Hurry up and grab a groove
It pulls you out your shoes
Hey...DJ play my song
Everybody's gonna sing along
Let it out, blow it strong
You got to blow your own horn
Frankfurt and Hollywood
They own the underground like they should
Dance, Jungle, House and Trance
You got to blow your own horn

Down in clubland
Underground in clubland
You want to blow your own horn
It's alive in clubland
Never dies in clubland
You got to blow your own horn

Feel the sweat from the body heat
Hmm, Every weekend you retreat
Gather one and gather all
Go ahead and blow your own horn
Brush the sleep back from your eyes
Every night's a big surprise
We're going to greet the morning skies
It's a show let it go

Every night you re-invent what you really want to be
He's a she but we all agree
It's a party
Blow your own horn

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Underground in clubland
You want to blow your own horn
It's alive in clubland
Never dies in clubland
You got to blow your own horn

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry
You got to blow your own horn
Oowe, Oowe, Oowe
You got to blow your own horn

You got to blow your own horn
Go ahead and blow your own horn

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