

Stuck on the second floor
Heart beat pounds no one around
Alarm bell sounds good to be found
Just to get the feet back on the ground
This is for those who know how to act in a mercenary way
At the end of the day they will be stuck with no luck
Like being out for a duck
I know some people that are in this way
What can I say but explain today
How they tried to take away
They haven't got far they got stuck on the way
Yeah yeah I'm in the mood
I'm in the mood for dancing
Got the feeling strong we're on the move
For musical joy
Travelling the world week in week out
There's no doubt its what it's all about
The house of ism, a schism, a rhythm, a prison
But they got no vision
Thought they had the world beat
Little did they know we run the show
They're on the second floor with no where to go
There's a force that is taking over
Don't lose your grip
You can only feel the spirit If you got it
(repeat)
They're trying to run away get away with the vibe
Just slip and slide but they just couldn't hide
Theft is a crime, mercenary all the time
Forgave no friends of mine
Nevertheless no progress for those who regress
And cross dress
They're stuck on the level, they're going nowhere
They need help no one can hear
Yeah yeah I'm in the mood
I'm in the mood for dancing
Got the feeling strong we're on the move
For musical joy