

Tekster pr. 10.01.19

Crush (Cm)

Dm Am Gm Am Dm Am Gm Am

Dm Am/D
I see ya blowin' me a kiss, It doesn't take a scientist
Gm/D Am/D

To understand what's going on, baby.
If you see something in my eye, Let's not over analyze,
Don't go too deep with it, baby (baby)
So let it be what it'll be, Don't make a fuss and get crazy over you and me.
Here's what I'll do, I'll play loose, Not like we have a date with destiny.

Dm Gm Bb Gm C
It's just, a little crush (crush) Not like I faint, every time we touch.

Dm Gm Bb Gm C
It's just, some little thing (crush) Not like everything I do, depends on you
- Sha-la-la-la, - sha-la-la-la.

It's raising my adrenaline, You're banging on a heart of tin
Please don't make too much of it, baby.
You say the word «forevermore», That's not what I'm looking for
All I can commit to is «maybe".
So let it be what it'll be. Don't make a fuss and get crazy over you and me. (...)
Here's what I'll do I'll play loose, Not like we have a date with destiny.

It's just, a little crush (crush), Not like I faint, every time we touch.
It's just, some little thing (crush), Not like everything I do, depends on you.
- Sha-la-la-la, - sha-la-la-la.

Dm C Bb C Dm C Bb Bb
..... Vanilla skies. White picket fences in your eyes. A vision of you and me....

It's just, a little crush (crush), Not like I faint, every time we touch.
It's just, some little thing (crush), Not like everything I do, depends on you.
- Sha-la-la-la, - Sha-la-la-la, - Sha-la-la-la, - Sha-la-la-la, - Sha-la-la-la.

Fake ID (D)

D **C** **G** **D** **C** **G** **D**
Hey, I've been driving all over the town, On my cellphone wearin' it out.
C **G** **D**

And I finally tracked you down.

Hey, everybody says you're the man, The final piece to my master plan
You got my world in the palm of your hand.

Well I know that you got it, Come on and just sell it
Got the cash up in my pocket, You know I gotta get it.

D **F** **G** **D** **F** **G** **D**
Hey mister won't you sell me a fake ID, There's a band in the bar that I'm dying to see
I got my money and you got what I need, Hey mister won't you sell me a fake ID.

Hey, don't even think about tellin' me no, It's only twenty minutes 'till the show.

Hey mister turn it over let's go.

No, I ain't gonna need a receipt, Just make sure that it looks like me.

So the bouncer don't call the police.

And don't tell my daddy, Stole the keys to his caddy.

Don't dilly dally, I gotta get the hell out of this alley.

Hey mister won't you sell me a fake ID, There's a band in the bar that I'm dying to see.

I got my money and you got what I need, Hey mister won't you sell me a fake ID..

Bb **G**
Here's my money no get out of my way, gonna push my look, right on to the stage...

Hey mister won't you sell me a fake ID
There's a band in the bar that I'm dying to see
I got my money and you got what I need
Hey mister won't you sell me a fake ID
Hey mister won't you sell me a fake ID
There's a band in the bar that I'm dying to see
I got my money and you got what I need
Hey mister won't you sell me a fake ID
Hey mister, hey mister

Safety dance (E)

E **D** **A**
We can dance if we want to, we can leave your friends behind.
A **D**
Cause your friends don't dance and if they don't dance,
E **B**
Well they're are no friends of mine.
E **D** **A**
I say, we can go where we want to, a place where they will never find.
A **D**
And we can act like we come from out of this world
E **B**
Leave the real one far behind, And we can dance.....

% **A** **D** **G** **C** %

We can go when we want to, the night is young and so am i.
And we can dress real neat from our hats to our feet
And surprise 'em with the victory cry.
I say we can act if want to, if we don't nobody will.
And you can act real rude and totally removed
And i can act like an imbecile.

A **D** **G** **C**
I say we can dance, we can dance everything out control.
A **D** **G** **C**
We can dance, we can dance we're doing it wall to wall.
A **D** **G** **C**
We can dance, we can dance everybody look at your hands.
A **D** **G** **C**
We can dance, we can dance everybody takin' the chance.
E **B** **F#** **C#**
Safety dance, Oh well the safety dance
E **B** **F#** **C#**
Ah yes the safety dance.....

E **E**

We can dance if we want to, we've got all your life and mine.
As long as we abuse it, never gonna lose it.
Everything'll work out right.

I say we can dance, we can dance everything out of control.
We can dance, we can dance we're doing it wall to wall.
We can dance, we can dance everybody look at your hands.
We can dance, we can dance everybody's takin' the chance.
Oh well the safety dance, Ah yes the safety dance.
Oh well the safety dance, Oh well the safety dance.

It's the safety dance. It's the safety dance
It's the safety dance. It's the safety dance

To love somebody (A)

Intro: A G D A

A Hm D A
There's a light, A certain kind of light, That never shone on me.

G A E D
I want my life to be, lived with you, lived with you.
There's a way, everybody say, to do each and every little thing.
But what does it bring, If I ain't got you, ain't got? Baby...

A E
You don't know what it's like, baby

D A
You don't know what it's like.

E D
To love somebody, To love somebody.

A
The way I love you.

In my brain, I see your face again, I know my frame of mind.
You ain't got to be so blind, and I'm blind, so, so, so blind.
I'm a girl, Can't you see who I am? I live and I breathe for you.
But what good does it do, If I ain't got you, ain't got? Baby...

You don't know what it's like, baby
You don't know what it's like.
To love somebody, To love somebody.
The way I love you.

Amarillo (A)

A **D** **A** **E** **D** **A** **E**
Sha la la la la la la la, Sha la la la la la la la, Sha la la la la la la la.....

A **D** **A** **E**
When the day is dawnin', On a Texas Sunday mornin'.

A **D** **A** **E**
How I long to be there, With Marie who's waitin' for me there.

F **C** **F** **C** **F** **C** **Hm** **E**
Ev'ry lonely city, where I hang my hat, Ain't as half as pretty as where my baby's at.

A **D** **A** **E**
Is this the way to Amarillo? Ev'ry night I've been huggin' my pillow.

A **D** **A** **E**
Dreamin' dreams of Amarillo, And sweet Marie who waits for me.

A **D** **A** **E**
Show me the way to Amarillo. I've been weepin' like a willow.

A **D** **A** **E** **A**
Cryin' over Amarillo, And sweet Marie who waits for me.

Sha la la la la la la la, Sha la la la la la la la, Sha la la la la la la la.
And Marie who waits for me.

There's a church bell ringin', Hear the sound of joy that it's singin'
For the sweet Maria, And the guy who's comin' to see her
Just beyond the highway, there's an open plain
And it keeps me goin', Through the wind and rain.

Is this the way to Amarillo? Ev'ry night I've been huggin' my pillow
Dreamin' dreams of Amarillo, And sweet Marie who waits for me.
Show me the way to Amarillo, I've been weepin' like a willow
Cryin' over Amarillo, And sweet Marie who waits for me
% Sha la la la la la la la, Sha la la la la la la la, Sha la la la la la la la.
And Marie who waits for me. %

Sacramento

Intro: E.....

A

There's something about the weather, That everybody loves.

A **E**

They call it the Indian spring of Sacramento.

Bm

And when the sun is up in the sky,

Bm **E** **A**

The wind is blowin' by the riverside most everyday.

Bm **D** **A**

You're in Sacramento a wonderful town, Sing sing sing din din din.

A

There's something about the people, That everybody knows.

A **E**

That gives you a tender feelin' of confusion.

Bm

You're feelin' lonely but you don't know

Bm **E** **A**

Until this other feelin' here inside you starts to grow.

Bm **D** **A**

You're in Sacramento, a wonderful town, Sing sing sing din din din.

F#m

C#

Now that spring is here again.

C# **F#m** **E** **D**

And you're thinkin' if only you were not so lonely ooh ooh

E **C#**

But you can ease your restless mind, *Ease your restless mind*

F#m **C#** **D** **E**

for all the people are a lovin' kind, In Sacramento.

A

There's something about the weather, That everybody loves.

A **E**

They call it the Indian spring of Sacramento.

Bm

You're feelin' lonely but you don't know

Bm **E** **A**

Until this other feelin' here inside you starts to grow.

Bm **D** **A**

You're in Sacramento, a wonderful town, Sing sing sing din din din.

G **A** **G** **A**

% Sacramento, Sacramento, Sacramento, Sacramento. %

Tonight (G)

G **D** **Em**

Everything will be alright tonight.

Everything will be alright tonight.

C **G** **D**

No one moves, No one talks, No one thinks,

C **G** **D**

No one walks tonight, Tonight.

G **D** **Em**

Everything will be alright tonight.

Everything will be alright tonight.

C **G** **D**

No one moves, No one talks, No one thinks,

C **G** **D**

No one walks tonight, Tonight.

G **D** **Em**

I will love you till I reach the end.

I will love you till I reach the end.

C **G** **D**

I will love you till I die, I will see you

C **G** **D**

in the sky, Tonight, Tonight

G **D** **Em**

Everything will be alright tonight.

Everything will be alright tonight.

C **G** **D**

No one moves, No one talks, No one thinks,

C **G** **D**

No one walks tonight, Tonight.

Tulsa time

C **C**
Well I left Oklahoma, Driving in a Pontiac

C **G**
Just about to lose my mind.

G **G**
I was going to Arizona, Maybe on to California

G **C**
People all living so fine.

My momma called me crazy , My baby said I'm lazy
Gonna show em all this time.
Cause you know I ain't no fooling , I don't need no more damn school
Want to just walk the line.

Living on Tulsa time. Living on Tulsa time
Gonna set my watch back to it
Cause you know me, I've been through it
Living on Tulsa time.

So there I was in Hollywood , Thinking I was doing good
Talking on the telephone line.
They don't want me in the movies, Ain't nobody sing my song,
Momma says my baby's doing fine.

So then I started thinking , And I got to weaken
I really had a flash this time.
I had no business leaving , Ain't nobody would be grieving
Seen I'm on Tulsa time.

Living on Tulsa time. Living on Tulsa time
Gonna set my watch back to it
Cause you know me, I've been through it
Living on Tulsa time.

Route 66

Intro 2 x 12

Well if you ever plan to motor west
Just take my way it's the highway that's the best
Get your kicks on Route 66.

Well it winds, well it winds from Chicago to L.A.
More than 2000 miles all the way
Get your kicks on Route 66.

Well it goes from St Louis, down to Missouri
Oklahoma city looks oh so pretty
You'll see Amarillo and Gallup, New Mexico
Flagstaff, Arizona don't forget Winona
Kingsman, Barstow, San Bernadino.

Would you get hip to this kindly trip
When well you take that California trip
Get your kick on Route 66.

Well it goes from St Louis, down to Missouri
Oklahoma city looks oh so pretty
You'll see Amarillo and Gallup, New Mexico
Flagstaff, Arizona don't forget Winona
Kingsman, Barstow, San Bernadino.

Would you get hip to this kindly trip
When well you take that California trip
Get your kick on Route 66.

Would you get hip to this kindly trip
Take that California trip
Get your kicks on Route 66.
Get your kicks on Route 66 And I'll meet you on Route 62
Get your kicks on Route 66

Can't Stop the Feeling

Intro: C C/A C/F C/A

C C/A C/F C/A
I got this feelin' inside my bones, It goes electric, wavy when I turn it on.

C C/A C/F C/A
All through my city, all through my home, We're flyin' up, no ceilin', when we in our zone

C C/A
I got that sunshine in my pocket, Got that good soul in my feet

C/F C/A
I feel that hot blood in my body when it drops (ooh).

C C/A
I can't take my eyes up off it, movin' so phenomenally

C/F C/A
Room on lock, the way we rock it, so don't stop.

Bb/C C
And under the lights when everything goes.

Bb/C C
Nowhere to hide when I'm gettin' you close.

Ab/Bb Bb
When we move, well, you already know.

Fm Fm/Bb
So just imagine, just imagine, just imagine.

C C/A C/F C/A
Nothin' I can see but you when you dance, dance, dance.
Feel a good, good creepin' up on you , So just dance, dance, dance.
All those things I shouldn't do, But you dance, dance, dance.
And ain't nobody leavin' soon, so keep dancin'.

I can't stop the feelin', So just dance, dance, dance
I can't stop the feelin', So just dance, dance, dance, come on.

Ooh, it's something magical, It's in the air, it's in my blood, it's rushin' on (rushin' on)
I don't need no reason, don't need control (need control)
I fly so high, no ceiling, when I'm in my zone.

'Cause I got that sunshine in my pocket, Got that good soul in my feet
I feel that hot blood in my body when it drops (ooh)
I can't take my eyes up off it, moving so phenomenally
Room on lock, the way we rock it, so don't stop (stop, stop, stop).

Under the lights when everything goes, Nowhere to hide when I'm gettin' you close
When we move, well, you already know, So just imagine, just imagine, just imagine.

Nothing I can see but you when you dance, dance, dance
Feel a good, good, creepin' up on you, So just dance, dance, dance, come on.

All those things I shouldn't do, But you dance, dance, dance
And ain't nobody leavin' soon, so keep dancin'.

I can't stop the feelin', So just dance, dance, dance
I can't stop the feelin', So just dance, dance, dance
I can't stop the feelin', So just dance, dance, dance
I can't stop the feelin' (yeah), So keep dancin', come on.

- - - - - Oh - - - I can't stop the - - - - I can't stop the
- I can't stop the, I can't stop the...

* *I can't stop the feelin'*,
* *Nothin' I can see but you when you dance, dance, dance.*
* *Feel a good, good creepin' up on you , So just dance, dance, dance.*
* *All those things I shouldn't do, But you dance, dance, dance.*
* *And ain't nobody leavin' soon, so keep dancin'..*

*Got this feeling in my body (I can't stop the feelin')
*Got this feeling in my body (I can't stop the feelin')
*Wanna see you move your body (I can't stop the feelin')
*Got this feelin' in my body...

Break it down
Got this feelin' in my body (ah)
Can't stop the feelin'
Got this feelin' in my body, come on (ooh)

Ain't No Way

Intro: **Cmaj7** **Fmaj7**

C **G/B** **Bb** **A** **F/D** **F/G** **C** **F/D** **F/G**
Ain't no way, For me to love you, If you won't, - let me... now...
C **G/B** **Bb** **A** **F/D** **F/G** **C**
F/D **F/G**

- I know that a woman's duty, Is to help and love a man,
- And that's the way, It was planned.

C **C7** **F**
Oh ho, it ain't no way, (*Ain't no way*) It ain't no way (*Ain't no way- ay*)
Fm **C** **Bb** **A**
It just ain't no way, baby (*Ain't no way*) Ain't no way, baby (*Ain't no way.. oooh*)
F/D **F/G** **C** **C7**
It ain't no way, For me to love you, If you won't let me.....

F **G** **C** **Am**
Stop trying to be Someone you're not.
F **G** **C** **G/B** **Am**
And if you need me, (*O-o- o- oh..*) Like you say. say say. you do, (*- you*)
D **F/G** **F/G**
Oh then baby. baby. baby. don't you know that I (*don't you, don't you, I need you?*)

Oh ho, it ain't no way, (*Ain't no way*) I said that it It ain't no way, it ain't no way it ain't no way baby..no... (*Ain't no way- ay*)
It just ain't no way, (*Ain't no way*) It's just no way, no way, baby (*Ain't no way.. oooh*)
It ain't no wa-ay, For me to love you, If you won't let me.....

One of us

F#m D A E F#m D
If God had a name, what would it be? And would you call it to his face?

A E F#m D A E
If you were faced with him in all his glory. What would you ask if you had

F#m D A E
just one question?

Dmaj⁷ Esus4 - E Dmaj Esus4 - E
And yeah, yeah God he is great yeah, yeah God is good

Dmaj⁷ Esus4 - E
Yeah, yeah, yeah yeah yeah

F#m D A E x4
What if God was one of us. Just a slob like one of us.
Just a stranger on the bus. Trying to make his way home.
Trying to make his way home.

F#m D A E x4
If God had a face, what would it look like? And would you want to see,
if seeing meant that you would have to believe? In things like heaven and in Jesus
and the saints and all the prophets.

Dmaj⁷ Esus4 - E Dmaj Esus4 - E
And yeah, yeah God he is great yeah, yeah God is good

Dmaj⁷ Esus4 - E
Yeah, yeah, yeah yeah yeah

F#m D A E x8
What if God was one of us. Just a slob like one of us.
Just a stranger on the bus. Trying to make his way home.
Trying to make his way home. Trying to make his way home.
Nobody calls him on the phone.

Dmaj⁷ Esus4 - E x2 → F#m

'Cept from the pope maybe, in Rhome

Walking in Memphis (F)

F G C Am

Put on my blue suede shoes, And I boarded the plane
Touched down in the land of the Delta Blues, In the middle of the pouring rain
W.C. Handy, won't you look down over me, Yeah, I got a first class ticket
But I'm as blue as a boy can be.

F G C Am F G Am

Then I'm walking in Memphis. Walking with my feet ten feet off of Beale.

F G C Am F G F-C-F-C

Walking in Memphis. But do I really feel the way I feel?

Saw the ghost of Elvis, On Union Avenue
Followed him up to the gates of Graceland, Then I watched him walk right through
Now security they did not see him, They just hovered 'round his tomb
But there's a pretty little thing, Waiting for the King
Down in the Jungle Room.
When I was walking in Memphis, I was walking with my feet ten feet off of Beale
Walking in Memphis, But do I really feel the way I feel?

They've got catfish on the table They've got gospel in the air
And Reverend Green be glad to see you, When you haven't got a prayer
But, boy, you've got a prayer in Memphis.

Now Muriel plays piano, Every Friday at the Hollywood
And they brought me down to see her, And they asked me if I would
Do a little number, And I sang with all my might
She said "Tell me are you a Christian child?"
And I said "Ma'am, I am tonight».
Walking in Memphis (Walking in Memphis)
Was walking with my feet ten feet off of Beale
Walking in Memphis (Walking in Memphis)
But do I really feel the way I feel?

Walking in Memphis (Walking in Memphis)
I was walking with my feet ten feet off of Beale
Walking in Memphis (Walking in Memphis)
But do I really feel the way I feel?
Put on my blue suede shoes, And I boarded the plane
Touched down in the land of the Delta Blues, In the middle of the pouring rain
Touched down in the land of the Delta Blues, In the middle of the pouring rain.

ABC E-dur

E A/E ...

Girl: A buh-buh buh buh-buh

Kor: A buh-buh buh buh-buh

Girl: You went to school to learn, girl
Things you never, never knew before

Boy: *I got I before E except after C*

Girl: And why two plus two makes four. Now, now, now
I'm gonna teach you (Teach you, teach you)
All about love, dear, (All about love)

Boy: *Sit yourself down, take a seat
All you gotta do is repeat after me*

E A E E A E

G/B ABC, easy as one, two, three

E A E

+ kor: Or simple as do re mi

H E E E H E F#m E E

ABC, one, two, three, baby, you and me girl

ABC, easy as one, two, three (Oh)

Or simple as do re mi

ABC, one, two, three, baby, you and me girl

Kor: Come on just a little bit

Girl: Come on, let me love you just a little bit

Kor: Teach, teach, sing it out

Girl: Come on, come one, come on let me show you what it's all about

Girl: Reading and writing, arithmetic
Are the branches of the learning tree

Boy: *But listen without the roots of love let me tell you, girl*

Noen: Your education ain't complete

Girl: T-t-t-teacher's gonna show you, (show you, show you)
How to get an A (Nah nah nah nah nah)

Boy: *Spell me, you, add the two*
Listen to me baby, that's all you gotta do

G/B A B C, it's easy as one, two, three

+ kor: Or simple as do re mi

A B C, one, two, three, baby, you and me girl → **koret synger refrenget igjen**

Girl: A B C is easy it's like counting up to three (Oh)

Sing a simple melody

That's how easy love can be. Sing a simple melody.

One, two, three. You and me.

Sit down girl I think I love you

No, get up girl show me what you can do!

Shake it, shake it, baby, (come on now)

Shake it, shake it, baby, (ooh-ooh)

One, two, three baby (oh oh)

That's how easy love can be

A B C it's easy it's like counting up to three

Sing a simple melody

That's how easy love can be

I'ma gonna teach you how to sing it out,

Sing it out sing it out, sing it out, oh baby

A B C it's easy it's like counting up to three

Sing a simple melody

That's how easy love can be

I'ma gonna teach you how to

Sing it out, sing it out

Easy as one two three

Mercy

G

Yeah, yeah, yeah

||: G

I love you

But I gotta stay true

My morals got me on my knees

I'm begging please stop playing games

Dm7

I don't know what you do

C7sus4

But you do it well

G

I'm under your spell

You got me begging you for mercy

Why won't you release me?

C7sus4

You got me begging you for mercy

G

Why won't you release me?

Dm7 C7sus4

I said release me :||

Repeter hele sangen!

Starships

Chords: C C G F Am Am Em F

Uh, let's go to the beach, each
Let's go get away
They say, what they gonna say
Have a drink, clink, found the Bud Light
Bad girls like me, is hard to come by
The Patrón, own, let's go get it on
The zone, own, yes I'm in the zone
Is it two, three, leave a good tip
I'ma blow all my money and don't give two cents

I'm on the floor, floor
I love to dance
So give me more, more, 'til I can't stand
Get on the floor, floor
Like it's your last chance
If you want more, more
Then here I am

Starships were meant to fly
Hands up and touch the sky
Can't stop 'cause we're so high
Let's do this one more time
Starships were meant to fly
Hands up and touch the sky
Let's do this one last time
Can't stop...

Am

(We're higher than any other!) Oh-oh, oh-oh
(We're higher than any other!) Oh-oh, oh-oh
(We're higher than any other!)

Starships were ment to fly...

Am

(We're higher than any other!)
Oh-oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-ohhhh-oh-oh-ohh
(We're higher than any other!)
Oh-oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-ohhhh-oh-oh-ohh
(We're higher than any other!)

Surfin' U.S.A.

Intro: **D**

A7

If everybody had an ocean

D

Across the U. S. A.

A7

Then everybody'd be surfin'

D

Like Californ-i-a

G

You'd see 'em wearing their baggies

D

Huarachi sandals too

A7 G

A bushy bushy blonde hairdo

D

Surfin' U. S. A.

You'd catch 'em surfin' at Del Mar (inside, outside, U.S.A.)

Ventura County line (inside, outside, U.S.A.)

Santa Cruz and Trestle (inside, outside, U.S.A.)

Australia's Narabine (inside, outside, U.S.A.)

All over Manhattan (inside, outside, U.S.A.)

And down Doheny Way (inside, outside)

Everybody's gone surfin' ... Surfin' U.S. A.

We'll all be planning that route

We're gonna take real soon

We're waxing down our surfboards

We can't wait for June

We'll all be gone for the summer

We're on surfari to stay

Tell the teacher we're surfin'V

Haggerties and Swamies (inside, outside, U.S.A.)

Pacific Palisades (inside, outside, U.S.A.)

San Anofree and Sunset (inside, outside, U.S.A.)

Redondo Beach L. A. (inside, outside, U.S.A.)

All over La Jolla (inside, outside, U.S.A.)

At Waimia Bay (inside, outside)

A7 G

Everybody's gone surfin' **x3**

D

Surfin' U.S. A.

Wanna be startin' something

Chords: D/E E

I said you wanna be startin' somethin'
You got to be startin' somethin'
I said you wanna be startin' somethin'
You got to be startin' somethin'

It's too high to get over (yeah, yeah)
You're too low to get under (yeah, yeah)
You're stuck in the middle (yeah, yeah)
And the pain is thunder (yeah, yeah)

I took my baby to the doctor with a fever
But nothing he found
By the time this hit the street
They said she had a breakdown
Someone's always tryin' to start my baby cryin'
Talkin', squealin', lyin'
Sayin' you just wanna be startin' somethin'

I said you wanna be startin' somethin'
You got to be startin' somethin'
I said you wanna be startin' somethin'
You got to be startin' somethin'

||: It's too high to get over (yeah, yeah)
Too low to get under (yeah, yeah)
You're stuck in the middle (yeah, yeah)
And the pain is thunder (yeah, yeah) :||

You're a vegetable (You're a vegetable)
You're a vegetable (You're a vegetable)
They eat offa of you (They eat off of you)
You're a vegetable

Instrumental (ji-hah)

Lift your head up high and scream out to the world
I know I am someone, and let the truth unfurl
No one can hurt you now because you know what's true
Yes, I believe in me, so do believe in you

Help me sing it
Ma Ma Se, Ma Ma Sa, Ma Ma Coo Sa x8

We got the funk

Chord: E9

You've got a real type of thing going down, gettin' down
There's a whole lot of rhythm going 'round
You've got a real type of thing going down, gettin' down
There's a whole lot of rhythm going 'round

We want the funk
Give up the funk
Ow, we need the funk
We gotta have that funk
Ow, we want the funk
Give up the funk
Ow, we need the funk
We gotta have that funk

La, la, la, la, la
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, ow
La, la, la, la, la
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, ow

We're gonna turn this mother out (We want the funk...)
We're gonna turn this mother out

We're gonna turn this mother out

We're gonna turn this mother out

La, la, la, la, la (You've got a real...)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, ow

You've got a real type of thing going down, gettin' down
There's a whole lot of rhythm going 'round
You've got a real type of thing going down, gettin' down
There's a whole lot of rhythm going 'round

We want the funk... (*faster*)