

Circus/Just Dance

Boyce Avenue

There's only two types of people in the world
The ones that entertain
And the ones that observe

Well baby I'm a put-on-a-show kinda girl
Dont like the backseat
Gotta be first

I'm like the ringleader
I call the shots
I'm like a fire cracker
I make it hot
When I put on a show

I feel the adrenaline moving through my veins
Spotlight on me and I'm ready to break
I'm like a performer, the dancefloor is my stage
Better be ready, hope that ya feel the same

Just dance. Gonna be okay.
Da-doo-doo-doo
Just dance. Spin that record babe.
Da-doo-doo-doo
Just dance. Gonna be okay.
Duh-duh-duh-duh
Dance. Dance. Dance. Just dance.

There's only two types of guys out there
Ones that can hang with me
And ones that are scared
So baby, I hope that you came prepared
I run a tight ship, so beware

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All eyes on me in the center of the ring
Just like a circus
When I crack that whip, everybody gonna trip
Just like a circus
Don't stand there watching me

Follow me, show me what you can do
Everybody let go, we can make a dance floor
Just like a

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Just dance. Spin that record babe.
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