

# 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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