

The lights are bright,  
They make me sweat  
They make me swim this  
Night I won't forget  
Then people scream,  
What do they mean  
And I think they like us,  
Yes that's what it seems

Facing the open door,  
What will he see,  
This paper in hand,  
And it's a contract I think  
Now come and tell me,  
While I'm soaring away  
I wanna be a big one  
Where everyone stares.  
Now give it to me while  
I'm soaring away  
I wanna be a big one  
Where everyone stares.

Just a blur of hands like a silhouette,  
What do I do now, oh I forget  
Those people scream,  
I wish I knew what they mean,  
I think they like us,  
Yes that's what it seems

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