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 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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