

# Thumpin' Music

Commodores

Threw a party late last night,  
Drew a hundred people or more,  
Dancin' every dance they knew,  
Feet stompin' through the floor  
(Happy people.) People everywhere.  
Arms and feet were flyin',  
Flyin' through the air.  
(You can feel it all over.)  
Something there wouldn't let me go,  
Made me sing and it was all'

(Thumpin' music) Thumpin' music loud and strong.  
(Thumpin' music) It keeps me dancin' all night long.  
(Thumpin' music) Thumpin' music turns me on.  
(Thumpin' music) Put the beat back there where it belongs.

That funky house is no longer standing.  
We tore it down last night.  
We was a bumpin', a swingin', a singin' aloud,  
And screamin' 'Dynamite!'

We searchin' for another place,  
It must be made of stone.  
It's got to stand the pressure,  
Of movin' and getting' it on.  
(You can feel it all over.)  
Ah that base was jumpin' loud and clear.  
That's really what I want to hear.

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(Thumpin' music) Put the beat back there where it belongs.

(You can feel it all over.)

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