Get what I want And still it's a mysterious thing that I want So when I get it I make sense of a mysterious thing 'Cause I've taken flight on such a serious wing I, and you are the same and Either fiction or dreaming We know enough to admit We know enough to admit We know enough to admit It's my pleasure And your pleasure It's my pleasure And your pleasure Oh, an echo calls up the line An indication of time Our togetherness That is how we evolved We became our needs Ages up inside Escaping similar pain Dreaming safe and secure Generations in line Old and then the youth Come to meet or fade A chromosomal raid Built by what we got built for As much as what we avoid So the mystery lifts We know enough to admit We know enough to admit It's my pleasure And your pleasure It's my pleasure And your pleasure That's the same That's what we're here for! Pleasure, it's my pleasure It's my pleasure, it's my pleasure That's what we're here for! Pleasure, it's my pleasure It's my pleasure, it's my pleasure That's what we're here for! Pleasure Pleasure Pleasure Pleasure, oh You know it's true Pleasure, pleasure

Pleasure, pleasure Pleasure, pleasure Pleasure, pleasure