

The Scene

Sparks

Some people love to be alone
Some people love to be in railway stations
Some people live by bread alone
Some people revel in hallucinations
Some people always have a comb

Step up, step up, and all aboard

The scene
The floors are shaking
The blood is pumping
The skin is baking
Can you take it, can you take it
You look tough, but that's not enough
It's the scene

Oh no it's not enough

Some people live to work all day
Some people only live for monkey business
Dressed in some Cadillac coupe
They go out slumming as they burn their bridges
And all the while they act blase

Step up, step up, and all aboard

Is you is or is you ain't
Oh yeah
Who's a sinner who's a saint
Oh yeah
Is you just a little vain
Oh yeah
Well, shut my mouth we're both the same

Is you or is you ain't
Oh yeah oh yeah
Wanna take a holiday
Oh yeah oh yeah
To a land that's got no rain
Oh yeah oh yeah
Then hop aboard that rhythm train

End of the story never ends
There'll be a world without extended mixes
There'll be a world without champagne
There'll be a world without those kind of kisses
But then this may not ever end

Step up, step up and all aboard