

# Faithless "Reasons"

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Reasons to be cheerful, one, two, three  
It's a Saturday night  
Reasons to be cheerful, one, two, three

Uh uh, it's a Saturday night  
Full crew stepping at the function  
Keith Lawrence is a weapon of mass destruction  
Brixton DJ and he played the funk, son  
A local hero yo, but now he ain't unsung

Jimmy brought rum, he looking for clean cups  
No snacks here, you won't be dancing on peanuts  
Strictly hot food, keep you nice and strong  
So you can go on and on and last long

Every time I hear this song, this song  
I will be played deep brown, the place teared down  
Dangerous on the door, seen it all before  
Coats and bags on the floor by the decks

Me next to DJ, I carry the swing  
[Incomprehensible] as he exercising  
Everybody moving as a unified swing  
Gentle up and down fingertips rolling salsa

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Mark and Devo in the corner, heading on in by the  
speaker  
Dressed cool, never known to freak  
Outside by the pool on chairs and bars stools  
Are the lovers long term manually discovered

Some for romance, sum in each others pants  
Some debutantes with pool side veterans  
What better than you catch a cross delta  
And grab a kiss with the moon? That's the number what  
a

Food still hot 'cause your pot's still steaming  
Casey screaming, he's not doing the cleaning  
While he's leaning back with a large grin left  
After him party would simply start again

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This is how I make the party sway  
Yo, I got more styles than Amsterdam got ashtrays  
I blaze in the shadows with my compadres  
And I stay close to home where I'm known to praise

I was raised down south where running your mouth  
Is something my people know all about  
It's a semi professional pastime, gotta get the last line  
You know it's your shout

It's a Saturday night  
Come again

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[Incomprehensible]

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