

President Mr. "Up'N'Away (Sir Prophet Version)"

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Up and away (2x)

Rap 1:

Souls may fly, visions blurr,
Deep as any dancetrack you've heard,
Blowing storms as I tell,
Smacking some funk on a dance realm,
Blasting brains he wants in,
If you may ask who it is?
It's dance floor knocking,
My sibliminual name Sir Prophet,
My Quest success from the start,
Has torn me and my flame apart,
But there's a creation by man,
That brings us back together again

Chorus:

Up'n'Away, we need a place to hide
Gonna get up, gonna get up
Up'n'Away, we gonna fly so high
Gonna get up, gonna get up
I wanna get away
Wanna get up and get away
I wanna get away
Wanna get up and get away
I wanna get away
Wanna get up and get away
I wanna get away
Gonna get up, gonna get up
Up'n'Away

Rap 2:

Second to minutes, minutes from hours,
From days all the way up to weeks,
Dying from the crime of time,
Slipping down through the hour glass as I speak,
Europe and America, thousand of miles, yes, between
the two,
The creation of man I can fly will bring me back to you,
No more sad times, our passion will return today,
Tonight I will feel you, cos I can fly up and away

Chorus (1x)

Rap 3:

Finally we've been asked,
To shift into a dancing climax,
Heavy rain, the deepest snow,
Can't stop the sound of dancefloor,
Now the flavoured flow has hit ya,
So I say you best remember,
The force that will keep us high,
u.p.a.n.d.a.w.a.y.

Chorus (2x)

Up and away

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