

BLAST

Upbeat funk-pop. Horns and bass, four-on-the-floor pocket, a grin from the first bar. ~2:11.

[Intro] Uh — let's go! Clap it up, clap it up now

[Verse] Woke up on the sunny side, shook the sleep right off my shoes Got a rhythm in my back pocket and I'm ready to lose the blues Turn the radio to loud, roll the windows to the sky Ain't a Monday gonna hold me when the horns start askin' why

[Pre Chorus] So I hit the floor, hit the floor, and I let it ride Feel it comin' up my spine like a rising tide Everybody in the room got that look in their eye — We about to have a —

[Chorus] BLAST! (blast!) — throw your hands up in the air BLAST! (blast!) — like you just don't have a care Bass in your bones and the horns say YEAH We gon' have a blast, blast, blast tonight! BLAST! (blast!) — nothin' left to lose BLAST! (blast!) — put on your dancin' shoes Bass in your bones and the horns say YEAH We gon' have a blast, blast, blast tonight!

[Bridge] (Horns take it!) Ba-da-da, ba-da-da, everybody now Ba-da-da, ba-da-da, don't you slow it down If your heart's still beatin' then you know the sound — We gon' have a BLAST!

[Chorus] BLAST! (blast!) — throw your hands up in the air BLAST! (blast!) — like you just don't have a care Bass in your bones and the horns say YEAH We gon' have a blast, blast, blast tonight! BLAST! (blast!) — nothin' left to lose BLAST! (blast!) — put on your dancin' shoes Bass in your bones and the horns say YEAH We gon' have a blast, blast, blast tonight!

Written to be sung. The recorded record runs intro → verse → pre-chorus → chorus → horn bridge → final chorus, and fades out on a natural ring-out.