

# Private Show

## Britney Spears

I want your attention in this room  
Your eyes on mine  
Sit you down, hop onto your pot of gold  
You make me come alive Swing it to the left, swing it to the right  
Strutting on the stage, center of the lights  
Trippin' smiles ain't coming down  
Take your seat now Put on a private show  
Pull the curtains until they close  
I put on a private show  
We'll be wilting out on the low  
Work it, work it, boy watch me work it  
Slide down my pole, watch me spin it and twerk it  
Work it, work it, boy watch me work it  
Slide down my pole, watch me spin it and twerk it  
Put on a private show  
Pull the curtains until they close  
I put on a private show  
We'll be wilting out on the low  
We don't need crowds, we just need us  
All my feelings are about to erupt  
All my tricks, they're spectacular  
My encore is immaculate Swing it to the left, swing it to the right  
Strutting on the stage, center of the lights  
Trippin' smiles ain't coming down  
Take your seat now Put on a private show  
Pull the curtains until they close  
I put on a private show  
We'll be wilting out on the low  
Work it, work it, boy watch me work it  
Slide down my pole, watch me spin it and twerk it  
Work it, work it, boy watch me work it  
Slide down my pole, watch me spin it and twerk it  
Put on a private show  
Pull the curtains until they close  
I put on a private show  
We'll be wilting out on the low  
Strut it out, strut it out, eyes on me (eyes on me)  
Watch me strike a pose, feel my heat (feel my heat)  
Spin it 'round, spin it 'round, three-sixty  
Ain't no boundaries here, no cameras, please  
Ooh, ooh, baby, baby  
Ooh, ooh, baby, baby

Ooh, ooh, so entertaining  
Ooh, ooh Put on a private show  
Pull the curtains until they close  
I put on a private show  
We'll be wiling out on the low  
Work it, work it, boy watch me work it  
Slide down my pole, watch me spin it and twerk it  
Work it, work it, boy watch me work it  
Slide down my pole, watch me spin it and twerk it  
Put on a private show  
Pull the curtains until they close  
I put on a private show  
We'll be wiling out on the low Credits are closing now  
Guess that's the end  
Can we go again?  
Can we do it all again?  
Nah, I'll take a bow  
Up, down, run it 'round  
Tasting on my apple pie  
Apple pie, satisfy

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>