

Roxette, Cinnamon Street

Growing up
on Cinnamon Street.
Everywhere you look
there are lots of people to meet,
it's seven o'clock,
the breakfast treat.
Now the schoolbus is here,
hurry up and grab a seat.
All the dreams are tiny ones,
another week has just begun
on Cinnamon Street.
There was a girl
on Cinnamon Street,
the same age as me,
we shared the curiosity.
I won her heart
cos I could play guitar.
I promised her heaven at once
and later all the stars.
But it all remained the same
cos things can never change
on Cinnamon Street.
I can hear my heartbeat
the very first time we made love,
life was a lazy rest in the sun.
Later we went dancing,
staying up all night long
- playing all our favourite songs,
Cinnamon songs:
Oh oh na na na na na.
I say goodbye
to Cinnamon Street.
Springtime is here
and the air is so dry and sweet.
I walk in a cloud,
the smell of cinnamon bread,
it's in my blood
since the day I was born
'til I wake up... dead.
And the sun is smiling gently,
a funny shade of red,
Cinnamon Street.
I still feel my heartbeat
the very first time we made love,
life was a lazy day in the sun.
Later we went dancing,
hanging out all night long
- singing all our favourite songs,
Cinnamon songs:
Oh oh na na na na na.