

# Black, Let Me Watch You Make Love

Hand me my five and dime,  
pass me my shirt hung on the line.  
I'll polish up my boots  
and then take the first plane stateside I can find.  
It's a handicap to try to see this far,  
when this place seems so cramped and small.  
In the streets they whisper legends  
and it seems that I'm riding for a fall.  
I'm leaving,  
I'm leaving.  
All of my sense is shot,  
the streets are like a premonition of a crime.  
I wrote without you,  
then I took the first plane stateside I could find.  
If they could they would've stopped me,  
they'd say I'm gaping at a dream.  
I'm leaving,  
I'm leaving.  
So I polish up my brand new car,  
then take my tunes from door to door.  
I try not to see their faces  
as I'm dealing out my aces,  
the horizon seems so far away.  
From a penthouse for a king and queen  
I expected more of the stuff of dreams.  
If they can they like to get their man  
and cut him right down to his knees.  
And I'm reeling,  
once again I'm leaving.  
I'm leaving  
and once again I'm leaving.  
And I'm leaving,  
once again I'm leaving.  
---&gt;&gt; Enrique Morano &lt;&lt;---