

Harket Morten, Spanish Steps

Must have been walking
Don't know this place
Somebody stopped talking
Is it written in my face
Thought I'd never leave you
Thought I'd never dare
But I watched you going under
That's a thought i could not bear
Five thousand miles I'm away from you
Drifting by the Spanish steps tonight
Guess you've got my number
Guess you got my line
Guess you got my number
Should I be on your mind
Late at night your footsteps
Barefoot on the floor
Tender eyes from sleeping
In the darkened corridor
I come up the stairway
My naked enemy
Comes stumbling towards me
Wish I could set you free
Five thousand miles I'm away from you...