

Leona Naess, Yes, It's Called Desire

sweet melodies bring bitter memories
sing in my ear and drown out my heart
who will it be to silence the storms who will it be
to bring on the organs the violins the charms

don't waste no time the streets are on fire
hold out your arms , yes, it's called desire
getting quite sleepy but you held the door
the light from your eyes asks me for more

rolling down hills and climbing up trees
means something to you when you are locked
in New York city
come find me there if I'm anywhere
I will be in the garden beneath the tree line
make a bee line

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hold out your arms , yes, it's called desire
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the light from your eyes asks me for more