

# Manhattan Transfer, Greek Song

You who were born with the sun above your shoulders  
You turn me on, you turn me on  
You have to know  
You who were born where the sun she keeps her distance  
You turn me on, you turn me on  
But so does she

You who were born there where beauty is existence  
You turn me on, you turn me on  
Your body heals my soul  
You who were born where you shiver and you shudder  
You turn me on  
The girl is gone  
So come on, let's go

All the pearls of china fade astride a volta  
Don't sew bee-lines to anybody's hide  
Save your poison for a lover who is on your side

One way is rome and the other way is mecca  
On either side  
On either side of our motorbike  
One way is home and the other way is papa  
On either side  
On either side, prepare to strike

When i get back i will dream in barnes and nobles  
Dont leave me here  
Dont leave me where angels fear to tread  
When i get back i will bleed after my beating  
Dont leave me here  
Dont leave me here, im scared to death

All the pearls of china fade astride a volta  
Don't sew bee-lines to anybody's hide  
Save your poison for a lover who is on your side