Manhattan Transfer, The Twelfth

The hour's up it's past eleven
We're breathing and today's the twelfth
Witness for the composition testifying for itself
Lost the early contradictions focusing with all intent
Coming clean to one another we figure out why we're been sent
Working on our disappearance there'll be none for all to see
Operation Final Clearnce take us where we want to be
Time's arrive to turn it overdream believers come to realise
Wishing on a four-leaf clover gets you nothing then the flower dies
If you ever move
Or ever get out
Tell me where to?
Why not...

Where it's hot nicce and hot but don't touch the lava
(Molten lava)
Siren voices singing sun sits high above
And with our minds made up we'll share a cup of steamy java
(Steamy java)
With a view we knowwe will come to love
We never said we were born and bread home town Hawaiian
(We're not Hawaiians)

Gonna make it to where sun sits high above
They'll roll the welcome mat outonto this offshore island
(Sunny island)
With a view down at the ocean spreading the lotion and love

Where it's hot nicce and hot but don't touch the lava
(Molten lava)
Siren voices singing sun sits high above
And with our minds made up we'll share a cup of steamy java
(Steamy java)
With a view we knowwe will come to love