

Morten Harket, Spanish Steps

Must have been walking
Don't know this place
Somebody stopped talking
It is 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
Drifting by the Spanish steps tonight
Guess you've got my number
Guess you got my line

Five thousand miles I'm away from you
Sleeping by the Spanish steps tonight
Guess you got my number
Should I be on your mind
I'm not that hard to find

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