

The 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

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