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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