

Yello, 3rd Of June

This is the 3rd of june, 1988

A highly unimportant day

Some airplane gliding into one of the bigger clouds over manhattan

In a downtown far away, mr. toomy, our face in a crowd

The city was slow and tired

The wall street boys wearing their ties around their neck

Like boxer's towels after a fight

Mr. toomy stopped his pinstripe suit outside a barber shop

Looked at his face, took off his jacket and stepped on it

Who's that, what's that, what do you mean

I'll never know where I lost my dream

Who's that, what's that, gimme your name

3rd of june, end of game

No looking to the right

No looking to the left

Lenny is a target and always on track

Lenny is a target and nobody shoots

Lenny is a target lost the route

Ruins of a child's old fantasy

Ruins of a child was [?]

Lenny is a target and nobody shoots

Lenny is a target lost the route

Who's that, what's that, what do you mean

I'll never know when I lost my dream

Who's that, what's that, gimme your name

3rd of june, end of game

Mr. toomy stopped his pinstripe suit outside a barber shop

Looked at his face

Took off his jacket

Put it on the pavement

Stepped on it

And started preaching like a monk from another world

After some minutes, he had a little crowd

Which dissappeared when a police car passed by slowly

Like rolling gloom

And mr. toomy throws his voice 'til he was the only one in the area

At this early night of june 3rd, 1988

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Who's that, what's that, gimme your name

3rd of june, end of game