

I must admit I'm getting tired
Of sitting on my cloud
Well, heaven's not what I desire
Eternity can wear you out

So I get lost on busy boulevards
Forget about my mission
Drown in a pair of tempting eyes
Cultivate my indecision

Is that you angel-devil?
(Yeah)

Bitter Berlin winter fog
Sweet flavor of Rome's summer smog
Spill the wine at café costes
Lisbon's rain I like the most

I must admit I'm getting tired
Of sitting on my cloud
Well, heaven's not what I desire
Eternity sure wear you out

Is that you angel-devil?
(Yeah)

I got get-down funky feeling
Inside my soul
But I have my reservations
To keep it on the down low