

## Spanish Steps

Morten Harket

Must have been walking  
Don't know this place  
Somebody stopped talking  
Is it 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...