

3rd Of June

Yello

This is the third of June, nineteen eighty eight
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 boxers 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
Third of June, end of game

No looking to the right
No looking to the left
Lenny is a target, always on track
Lenny is a target, nobody shoots
Lenny is a target lost the route
Ruins of a child's old fantasy
Ruins of a child was Miami
Lenny is a target, 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
Third 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 disappeared 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 third, nineteen eighty eight

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Third of June, end of game