

The sun  
Blowing the moon away  
Lights me up for  
One more day  
The streets are naked  
In the morning sun  
The night lifts behind me  
I run and run

Morning heat  
Puts a thin film of sweat on my face  
A little man, his eyes half closed  
Puts chairs on tables  
Admires his work  
And collects a quarter from the floor

I head over to broadway  
Where I watch myself  
Having a slow breakfast  
Trying to impress the barman with a fresh voice  
When I ask for the bill

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Desire  
Desire for the unknown eyes  
Desire for the unknown name  
I'm burning in the morning sun, I want to run  
Desire for the unknown name  
Desire for the unknown love  
I'm burning in the morning sun