

Yello "3rd of June"

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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 meant to be
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 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 3rd, 1988

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

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