

## Don Johnson Big Band

### "Broken Daylight"

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It's like that black star track, i'm feeling their beat  
Some cities have a tendency to breath in their sleep  
Heeding their weak warning, i lift my hands high  
Feel a tiny drop of water turn into a landslide  
I can't spy, or see you in the dark  
In my night vision every light can be like a spark  
Heavy like the park at four in the morning  
We're cooking up some noodles 'til the day begins  
dawning  
And feel it warming in my sore muscle torment  
Like all men i stand tall when called into armour  
Eight months of bone breaking fall-winter drama  
Hold strong, nose warm, go storm through the harbour  
I AM the only voice of the city  
My vicinity is pinning me against a brick wall  
Silly me, i really thought i could have had it all  
Roll a paper, cries vaporise, hence the quick fall

It's on, the sound of your voice in them brown eyes  
borders on  
A light dream, i strike three matches by the window  
Fall back on the white sheet and feel the wind blow  
warm  
Getting stronger as you climb in your space suit  
A five minute race through time, and it takes you  
where?  
The lonely streets in the soft august air  
I've seen the hardest stare from a street artist's lair  
When the time to depart is near, the station is empty  
The tracks are warm and i keep pacing them gently  
On my blue train of thought to the valley of deep breath  
Only a week left, and i tried to keep it secret  
But the city got a grip on me, i'm no longer alone  
Feeling weak in my body and strong in my soul  
Long as i hold this thought, i can never fall over  
All this time and no time to get older

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