

Ed Motta**"The Man From The Oldest Building"**

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If I could love
The music in the air
If I could go
Just dancing everywhere
If I was the one
Who fights to live
With never care

And in green parks
I'd run until I'm light
And in pictures
I'd be the best upright
And in every street
Someone was there
To hold me tight

But I never go
(I don't even try to)
Where the others go
(I don't even cry for)
And the taste I find
No one else will find

No one is there
When I climb the stairs
And no one ever
Is watching my movies
The movies I live in
No one on the sidewalk
The side that I step on
Nobody will order
My sweet pies
And so
For this helluva drink
I'm alone
With me, me

And I go home
To meet my newest chair
And I whistle
Like something's in the air

Then the elevator doors unfold
And there was you

All around you
Is smelling something new
All about you
Is shining into view
When I turned the lights
And shut the door
Then there was you

See my furniture
(Try my dusty pillows)
See my window view
(That's a bat who dances)
These are my old stamps
I collect these things

But I forgot
To introduce myself
I'm just the guy
From the oldest of buildings
The emptiest party
The strangest of clothing
The top of the listings
Of no matches ever
But still burning deep
To be tempted to learn so
Oh, please won't you sit

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