

## Ed Motta

# "The Man From The Oldest Buildings"

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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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