

Leona Naess

"Yes, It's Called Desire"

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Sweet melodies bring bitter memories
Sing in my ear and drown out my heart
Who will it be to silence the storms?
Who will it be to bring on the organs, the violins, the
charms?

Don't waste no time, the streets are on fire
Hold out your arms, yes, it's called Desire
Getting quite sleepy but you held the door
The light from your eyes asks me for more

Rolling down hills and climbing up trees
Means something to you when you are locked in New
York City
Come find me there, I'm anywhere
I will be in the garden beneath the tree line, make a bee
line

Don't waste no time the streets are on fire
Hold out your arms, yes, it's called Desire
Getting quite sleepy but you held the door
The light from your eyes asks me for more, asks me
for more

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