

Manhattan Transfer

"Chanson D'amour"

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And he spoke of pastures green
I was never told why
Each journey lasts an age
And my throat feels dry

It must be the lesson
Hidden deep inside
It must be the lesson
So roll the tide

So I began the crossing
My throat burned dry
Searching for satori
The kick in the eye

I am the end of reproduction
Given no direction
Every care is taken
In my rejection

Kick in the eye
Kick in the eye
Kick in the eye
Kick in the eye

Every care is taken
With my rejection
And my abduction
From my addiction

Every care is taken
With my protection
And my abduction
From my addiction

Kick in the eye
Kick in the eye
Kick in the eye
Kick in the eye

