

Kurt J. Moser**"Lisboa"**

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A lonely sunbeam through the venician blind
- in it's dusty glance- dances on your belly
This arid, dark but tranquil hotel room
Our last resort in the middle of Lissabon
The murmur down the street of unknown men
In our ears it sounds like hazy buzz:

Of tales Â– obscure Â– and full of secrets
And now Â– right here Â– I grope your spirit

This place seems to me a farewell
- from time and tide Â– and all our reins
I'm sipping on my last glass of Madeira
Listening to the calm sound of brown Tejo
And all the people that invanely have tried
To strike us back will never know:

The ease to be without subjection
- my creed Â– my choice Â– and my conviction

As you will wear the mask of Persephone
I know that the time has come to get up
And we will find our way through the Alfama
- the harbour at dusk Â– where we will embark
The tower of BelÃ©m the last thing that we see
And then the fog enfolding us

Because this time we won't give in Â– no this time we
won't give in:

To rocks and stones and all rejections
So glad for days lived without perfection

Because life brushes by just like an arrow
It should be light and free like a sparrow

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