

Motorama

"Budapest"

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Stone in your fist smells like sea
Refreshing old memories of your lover

The haze over the hills, it's getting cold,
Can't chase the time

I see, it's Budapest in your eyes
I see, it's Budapest in your eyes

And she's falling to my arms, falling apart
And your terror sails so far away

Sound of a flute makes me weak
Blowing soft melodies to the harbours

It floats near your head, I feel it's warmth
Can't breathe enough

I see, it's Budapest in your eyes
I see, it's Budapest in your eyes

Budapest in your eyes, howling through the harbours
Budapest in your eyes, blinking through the night

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