Yes, It's Called Desire

Leona Naess

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

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