

# 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 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 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 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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