

Sabbatical

she

I must admit I'm getting tired
Of sitting on my cloud
Well, heaven's not what I desire
Eternity can wear you out So I get lost on busy boulevards
Forget about my mission
Drown in a pair of tempting eyes
Cultivate my indecision Is that you angel-devil?
(Yeah) Bitter Berlin winter fog
Sweet flavor of Rome's summer smog
Spill the wine at caf costes
Lisbon's rain I like the most I must admit I'm getting tired
Of sitting on my cloud
Well, heaven's not what I desire
Eternity sure wear you out Is that you angel-devil?
(Yeah) I got get-down funky feeling
Inside my soul
But I have my reservations
To keep it on the down low

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