

## 3rd Of June

Yello

This is the third of June, nineteen eighty eight  
A highly unimportant day  
Some airplane gliding into one of the bigger clouds over Manhattan  
In a downtown far away, Mr. Toomy, our face in a crowd  
The city was slow and tired  
The wall street boys wearing their ties around their neck  
Like boxers towels after a fight  
Mr. Toomy stopped his pinstripe suit outside a barber shop  
Looked at his face, took off his jacket and stepped on it

Who's that, what's that, what do you mean  
I'll never know where I lost my dream  
Who's that, what's that, gimme your name  
Third of June, end of game

No looking to the right  
No looking to the left  
Lenny is a target, always on track  
Lenny is a target, nobody shoots  
Lenny is a target lost the route  
Ruins of a child's old fantasy  
Ruins of a child was Miami  
Lenny is a target, nobody shoots  
Lenny is a target lost the route

Who's that, what's that, what do you mean  
I'll never know when I lost my dream  
Who's that, what's that, gimme your name  
Third of June, end of game

Mr. Toomy stopped his pinstripe suit outside a barber shop  
Looked at his face  
Took off his jacket  
Put it on the pavement  
Stepped on it  
And started preaching like a monk from another world  
After some minutes, he had a little crowd  
Which disappeared when a police car passed by slowly  
Like rolling gloom  
And Mr. Toomy throws his voice 'til he was the only one in the area  
At this early night of June third, nineteen eighty eight

Who's that, what's that, what do you mean  
I'll never know when I lost my dream  
Who's that, what's that, gimme your name  
Third of June, end of game