

Tea In the Sahara

Sting

My sisters and I have one wish before we die
And it may sound strange as if our minds are deranged
Please don't ask us why beneath the sheltering sky
We have this strange obsession, you have the means in your possession
Tea in the Sahara with you
The young man agreed, he would satisfy their need
So they danced for his pleasure with a joy you could not measure
Wait for him here, the same place every year
Beneath the sheltering sky, across the desert he would fly
Tea in the Sahara with you
Tea in the Sahara with you
Tea in the Sahara with you
Sky turned to black, would he ever come back?
They would climb a high dune, they would pray to the moon
But he'd never return, so the sisters would burn
As their eyes searched the land with their cups filled full of sand
Tea in the Sahara with you
Tea in the Sahara with you
Tea in the Sahara with you

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