Clam Caravan

Spinal Tap

I ride cross the desert on my camel
Over hills of sand
What's that, I see in the distance?
Only hills of sandThere is no oasis in sight
I'll have to ride through the night
If I'm to make Baghdad by light of dawnThe sun's not your friend in the desert
Like he is at home
The wind has a name in the desert, sirocco
But it's barely knownIt's only the hardiest bloom
That can blossom in darkest Khartoum
So I will just stay in my room, tonightThe desert isn't free with her secrets
She's a silent bird, quiet bird
I asked the Sphinx for the answer
It said, "Mums the word"So I'll catch the Zanzibar train
And sleep till I'm wakened by rain
And I'm back in old England again once more

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