Misirlou

Brassroots

Desert shadows creep across purple sands.
Natives kneel in prayer by their caravans.

There, silhouetted under and eastern star,
I see my long lost blossom of shalimar

You, Misirlou, Are the moon and the sun, fairest one.

Old temple bells are calling across the sand.
We'll find our Kismet, answering love's command.

You, Misirlou, are a dream of delight in the night.

To an oasis, sprinkled by stars above,
Heaven will guide us, Allah will bless our love.

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