Blues For Allah

Grateful Dead

Arabian wind, the needle's eye is thin
The ships of state sail on mirage and drown in sand
Out in no man's land where Allah does command
What good is spilling blood? It will not grow a thingTaste eternity the, the swords sing blues of Allah en'sh'allah
They lie where they fall, there's nothing more to say
The desert stars are bright tonight, let's meet as friendsThe flower of Islam, the fruit of Abraham
The thousand stories have come round to one again
Arabian night, our gods pursue their fight
What fatal flowers of darkness spring from seeds of lightBird of paradise fly in white sky, blues for Allah en'sh'allah
Let's see with our heart, these things our eyes have seen
And know the truth must still lie somewhere in between

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