

Jungle Haze

Peter Murphy

You smile at me with your lost eyes
In awe of what you think
Your heaven feel the way the wanderlust
Your gold just cold, cold steel Where is love in that jungle haze
You're building temples made of sand You call on them to kiss your feet
When you should kiss their hand
He that heaven thick with dust
You're wishing still so clean Where is love in that jungle haze
You're building temples made with sand
Leave your city, leave your dream
Let the silent sway

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