

# March Of The Camels

## White Rabbits

There is people in a picture  
Hanging on the hall wall  
We watch them 'cross the desert  
From an armchair in the hall  
We saw the world from the edge of our seat  
Dance with the harem and drank with sheet  
The man on the back of the camels were following me  
And we make ourselves a home  
At the foot of the steps  
Blankets and old wooden chairs  
And we stayed there  
We laid there, room go smaller  
We beg for water but went for air  
So we ran away from our old brittle home  
We thought it was sand  
And the lamp was the sun  
So let's get outside  
'Cause we've been inside for too long  
And we take a drive  
And the buildings all turn into trees  
And after a while  
We find ourselves down by the sea  
The beach was a dessert  
Outside in an old magazine  
The sheiks and the harem  
Were under the waves  
The camels they all wash away  
And no one is happier  
And nothing is free  
So I think to myself  
We should go and get us a drink

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