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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/