Kashmir

David Garrett

Whoa let the sun beat down upon my face
Stars to fill my dream
I am a traveller of both time and space
To be where I have been
Sit with elders of a gentle race
This world has seldom seen
Talk of days for which they sit and wait
All will be revealedTalk an' song from tongues of lilting grace
Sounds caressed my ears
And not a word I heard could I relate
The story was quite clear
Whoah-ohh-oh
Whoah-ohh-oh-ohOoh, oh, baby I been blind
No-yeah, ah mama, there ain't no denying
Oh, oooh yes, I've been blind
Ma-ma-ma, ain't no denying, no denying, yeahOh! All I see turns to brown
As the sun burns the ground
And my eye fill with sand
As I scan this wasted land
Tryin'a find, tryin'a find
Where I been - ooh-ooh-oohOh pilot of the storm who leaves no trace
Like thoughts inside a dream
You've the map that led me to that place
Yellow desert screen
My Shangri-la beneath the summer moon
I will return again
As the dust that blows high in June
When moving through KashmirOh father of the four winds fill my sails
'Cross the sea of years
With no provision but an open face
Along the straits of fear
Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, whoa-oh, oh, ohOh! When I'm on, when I'm on my way, yeah!
When I see, when I see the way you stay yeah!
Ooh yeah-yeah, ooh yeah-yeah. When I'm down, yes
Ooh yeah-yeah, ooh yeah-yeah. When I'm down, so down
Ooh my baby, ooh my baby let me take you there
Oh, come on, come on, oh let me take you there
Let me take you there

Ooh yeah yeah, ooh yeah yeah ... (fades out)

Songwriters
JAMES PATRICK (JIMMY) PAGE, JOHN BONHAM, ROBERT PLANT, ROBERT ANTHONY PLANTPublished by
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/