

# Lamu

Michael W. Smith

Here, we are on a boat out on the sea  
Off the coast of Africa  
Heading for peaceful shores  
With a cast of strangers to an island hideaway Ooh, I hear you tellin' me of the place we soon will be  
A rebirth from life's demise  
Where the world is still, it's ideal  
Anything you dream is real, it's Hotel Paradise And you say it's nice when you run to Lamu, far away  
Leave the pain far behind you hoping it won't find you  
In Lamu, far away you say it's there that you can run  
From the one inside of you So, here we are on an island in the sea  
Near the coast of Africa  
And when it's right, Lamu nights  
They can be so inviting Heaven here on Earth But I hear you telling me, this is everything you need  
Well, I don't think it's true  
'Cause the way you feel isn't real  
You attempt to try and fill the void that's digging through And it's killing you, when you run to Lamu, far away  
Though that pain was behind you it can even find you  
In Lamu, far away because you never can run  
From the one inside of you I hear you tellin' me of the place we soon will be  
A rebirth from life's demise  
Where the world is still, it's a ideal  
Anything you dream is real, it's Hotel Paradise And you say it's nice when you run to Lamu, far away  
Leave the pain far behind you hoping it won't find you  
In Lamu, far away though that pain was behind you  
It can even find you in Lamu, far away  
Because you never can run, from the one inside of you

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