

Sahara Gold

Bruce Cockburn

Dance music from the corner bar
Older dogs barking at a passing car
And your hair tumbles down like sahara goldHot night, streets are full of life
Carnival faces in Rembrandt light
And your hair tumbles like Sahara goldHalf moon shining through the blind
Paints a vision of a different kind
And you hair tumbles down like Sahara GoldWet limbs striped with silver lines
Locked together at the center of the night
And your hair tumbles down like Sahara GoldNight bloom filling up the room
With the sultan musk of lover's rich perfum
And your hair tumbles down like Sahara GoldAnimal grins and wild shining eyes
Laughing and shouting we're a hunderd stories high
And your hair tumbles down like Sahara Gold

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