Arabian Nights

Aladdin

Oh, I come from a land, from a faraway place
Where the caravan camels roam
Where it's flat and immense
And the heat is intense
It's barbaric, but hey, it's homeOh, I come from a land, from a faraway place
Where the caravan camels roam
Where they cut off your ear
If they don't like your face
It's barbaric, but hey, it's homeWhen the wind's from the east and the sun's from the west
And the sand in the glass is right
Come on down stop on by
Hop a carpet and fly
To another Arabian nightArabian nights, like Arabian days
More often than not
Are hotter than hot
In a lot of good waysArabian nights, 'neath Arabian moons
A fool off his guard
Could fall and fall hard
Out there on the dunes

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