

# Kashmir

Alan Kushan

Oh let the sun beat down upon my face  
Stars to fill my dreams  
I am a traveler of both time and space  
To be where I have been  
Secret elders of the gentle race  
This world is seldom seen  
They talk of days for which they sit and wait  
All will be revealed  
Talk and song from tongues of lilting grace  
Whose sounds caress my ear  
But not a word I heard could I relate  
The story was quite clear  
Woah, woah  
Ooh, oh baby I been flying  
Lord yeah mama, there ain't no denyin'  
Oh, ooh yes, I've been flying  
Mama ma, ain't no denyin', no denyin'  
Oh all I see turns to brown as the sun burns the ground  
And my eyes fill with sand as I scan this wasted land  
Trying to find, trying to find where I been  
Oh, pilot of the storm who leaves no trace  
Like thoughts inside a dream  
Heed the path that led me to that place  
Yellow desert screen  
My Shangri-La beneath the summer moon  
I will return again  
Sure as the dust that floats high in June  
When movin' through Kashmir  
Oh, father of the four winds  
Fill my sails, across the sea of years  
With no provision but an open face  
'Long the straits of fear  
Woah, woah, woah  
Oh  
Well, when I want  
When I'm on my way, yeah  
When I see  
When I see the way, you stay, yeah  
Ooh, yeah yeah, ooh, yeah yeah, well I'm down, yes

Ooh, yeah yeah, ooh, yeah yeah, well I'm down, so down  
Ooh, my baby, ooh, my baby, let me take you there  
Oh oh, come on, come on  
Oh, let me take you there  
Let me take you there  
Ooh, yeah yeah, ooh, yeah yeah

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