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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