

## Sierra, Sierra

Chris Rea

Sierra, Sierra  
Tell me where is this place you are from  
You speak of a land  
Filled with warm sea and sand  
And the ladies who lie in the sun

Sierra, Sierra  
Your distant lights fading away  
Crossing those stars to the music and bars  
Sierra, is it just like you say ?  
Sheep counting never worked well  
Since the day that I fell  
For your \*\*\*\*\* dreams  
Of a thousand this world's so \*\*\*\*\*  
And I'm pulsed to the wind  
At the sight of the song and the sea  
Strange cigarettes  
Clothes so warm and so wet  
You can see through so quite easily  
Sierra, Sierra

Sierra, Sierra,  
Please tell me you'll stay  
Sierra, Sierra,  
Till night turns to day  
I got so many dreams they can never run dry  
My bedroom's becoming a crates on the sky  
Filled with dancing tequilas and chickens on spits  
White-shirted waiters and girls with big tails  
Love in the night in the ways of moonlight  
Sierra, please tell me it fits