

Whoa let the sun beat down upon my face,
Stars to fill my dream.
I am a traveller of both time and space,
To be where I have been.
Sit with elders of a gentle race
This world has seldom seen,
Talk of days for which they sit and wait,
All will be revealed.

Talk an' song from tongues of lilting grace,
Sounds caressed my ears,
And not a word I heard could I relate,
The story was quite clear.
Whoah-ohh-oh
Whoah-ohh-oh-oh.

Ooh, oh, baby I been blind.
No-yeah. Ah mama, there ain't no denying.
Oh, ooh yes, I've been blind.
Ma-ma-ma, ain't no denying, no denying, yeah.

Oh! All I see turns to brown,
As the sun burns the ground,
And my eye fill with sand,
As I scan this wasted land.
Tryin'a find, tryin'a find
Where I been - ooh-ooh-ooh.

Oh pilot of the storm who leaves no trace,
Like thoughts inside a dream.
You've the map that led me to that place,
Yellow desert screen.
My Shangrila beneath the summer moon,
I will return again.
As the dust that blows high in June
When moving through Kashmir.

Oh Father of the four winds fill my sails,
'Cross the sea of years,
With no provision but an open face
Along the straits of fear.
Whoa-oh, whoa-oh, whoa-oh, oh, oh.

Oh! When I'm on, when I'm on my way, yeah!
When I see, when I see the way you stay -yeah!
Ooh yeah-yeah, ooh yeah-yeah. When I'm down, yes.
Ooh yeah-yeah, ooh yeah-yeah. When I'm down, so down.
Ooh my baby, ooh my baby let me take you there.
Oh, come on, come on, oh let me take you there
Let me take you there
Ooh yeah yeah, ooh yeah yeah ... (fades out)