

# Kashmir

Ofra Haza

Oh let the sun beat down upon my face, stars to fill my dream  
I am a traveler of both time and space, to be where I have been  
To sit with elders of the gentle race, this world has seldom seen  
They talk of days for which they sit and wait and 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  
Oh, oh.

Oh, I been flying... mama, there aint no denyin  
Ive been flying, aint no denyin, no denyin

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 Ive 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 stream  
My shangri-la beneath the summer moon, I will return again  
Sure as the dust that floats high and true, 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, along the straits of fear  
Ohh.

When Im on, when Im on my way, yeah  
When I see, when I see the way, you stay-yeah

Ooh, yeah-yeah, ooh, yeah-yeah, when Im down...  
Ooh, yeah-yeah, ooh, yeah-yeah, well Im down, so down  
Ooh, my baby, ooh, my baby, let me take you there

Let me take you there. let me take you there