

# Kashmir

Oh, let the sun beat down upon my face  
With stars to fill my dreams  
I am a traveler of both time and space  
To be where I have been  
Sit with elders of the gentle race  
This world has seldom seen  
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  
Oh, oh  
Oh, oh

Ooh, baby, I been flying  
No yeah, mama, there ain't no denying  
Oh, ooh, yeah I've been flying  
Mama, mama, ain't no denying, no denying

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've been

Oh, pilot of the storm who leaves no trace  
Like thoughts inside a dream  
Here is 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 in June  
When moving 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  
Oh, oh  
Oh, oh

Ooh

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