

Desert Rose

Sting

Hadaee mada tawila
Wa ana nahos ana wahala ghzalti
Wa ana nahos ana wahala ghzalti
Wa ana nahos ana wahala ghzalti I dream of rain
I dream of gardens in the desert sand
I wake in vain
I dream of love as time runs through my hand I dream of fire
Those dreams are tied to a horse that will never tire
And in the flames
Her shadows play in the shape of a man's desire This desert rose
Each of her veils, a secret promise
This desert flower
No sweet perfume ever tortured me more than this
And as she turns
This way she moves in the logic of all my dreams
This fire burns
I realize that nothing's as it seems I dream of rain
I dream of gardens in the desert sand
I wake in vain
I dream of love as time runs through my hand I dream of rain
I lift my gaze to empty skies above
I close my eyes
This rare perfume is the sweet intoxication of her love Aman aman aman
Omry feek antia
Ma ghair antia
Ma ghair antia
hair antia
I dream of rain
I dream of gardens in the desert sand
I wake in vain
I dream of love as time runs through my hand Sweet desert rose
Each of her veils, a secret promise
This desert flower
No sweet perfume ever tortured me more than this
Sweet desert rose
This memory of Eden haunts us all
This desert flower
This rare perfume, is the sweet intoxication of the fall
(Ya lili ah ya leel)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

