

Alan Menken, Arabian Nights

Oh, I come from a land, from a far away place
Where the caravan camels roam
Where they cut off your ear
If they don't like your face
It's barbaric, but hey, it's home
When the wind's from the east
And the sun's from the west
And the sand in the glass is right
Come on down, stop on by
Hop a carpet and fly
To another Arabian night
Arabian nights
Like Arabian days
More often than not
Are hotter than hot
In a lot of good ways
Arabian nights
'Neath Arabian moons
A fool off his guard
Could fall and fall hard
Out there on the dunes