

# Michael W. Smith, Lamu

Here we are on a boat out on the sea  
Off the coast of Africa  
Heading for peaceful shores  
With a cast of strangers  
To an island hideaway  
I hear you telling me  
Of the place we soon will be  
A rebirth from life's demise  
Where the world is still - it's ideal  
Anything you dream is real  
It's Hotel Paradise  
And you say it's nice (when you run to)

(CHORUS)

Lamu - far away  
Leave the pain far behind you  
Hoping it won't find you  
Lamu - far away  
You say it's there that you can run  
From the one inside of you

So here we are on an island in the sea  
Near the coast of Africa  
And when it's right - Lamu nights  
They can be so inviting  
Heaven here on earth  
But here on earth  
But I hear you telling  
This is everything you need  
Well, I don't think it's true  
Cause the way you feel isn't real  
You attempt to try and fill  
The void that's digging thru  
And it's killing you (when you run to)

(CHORUS)

Lamu - far away  
Tho' that pain was behind you  
It can even find you in  
Lamu - far away  
Because you never can run  
From the one inside of you