

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