

Peter Cetera, Scheherazade

He was the sultan of Samarcand
He had a harem of dancing girls at his command
He owned all the eye could see
Something was wrong, he wasn't happy
And then it happened much to his surprise
The loveliest woman he'd ever seen
He asked her name and she replied
Scheherazade

She was the daughter of the Grand Vizier
A real beauty with the heart of gold, she was so sincere
She made a date with destiny
Marry the king, make him happy

He was enchanted on their wedding night
Just a captive under her spell
Spending a thousand and one Arabian nights

All of his body tingled with delight
Hearing the stories she loved to tell
She was a vision, such a lovely sight
Scheherazade

He made a promise on the morning star
He would change, throw away his scimitar
So she came to stay
And that's the why the story goes
Until this very day