

Sarah Brightman, Mysterious Days

Springtime in Tangier
The sky's getting wider
Renewing its splendour
The world's getting brighter

Setting out just like the sun
That's never seen the rain
Stepping out we're homeward bound
And never be the same

Ah- we lay our hearts wide open
Ah- we live mysterious days
Ah- the spell cannot be broken
Ah- we live mysterious days
American writers
Now work in the attic
Up in the Casbah
There's plenty to worship

Shine again Arabian moon
And be the guiding light
Life is changing like the dunes
Wandering in the night

Ah- we lay our hearts wide open
Ah- we live mysterious days
Ah- the spell cannot be broken
Ah- we live mysterious days