# Sting, Beneath A Desert Moon

From the mountains on the moon to the mighty delta
From the deserts of the West to the shining sea
Beneath the canopy of stars flows the serpent river
Flowing through my father's land that he left to me

From the baker, to the priest, to the candle maker
From the highest to the low in my father's land
We make our offer to the sun 'fore the break of morning
Or else everything we have will just turn to sand

I have a lot to ask
I have a lot that I need to say
I have so much do
And all I need is another day

From the soldier, to the scribe, to the carpet maker
All the different colored threads in a carpet loom
A woven tapestry of life is our mighty nation
This is the writing on the wall of my father's tomb

We have a lot to ask
We have a lot that we need to say
We have so much do
And all we need is another day

Beneath the desert moon, I call you
beneath the desert moon, I sing
beneath the desert moon, so lonely

I'm just a boy who would be king

With just the moon to guide us
We sometimes lose our way
If there's a light inside us
We'll follow it to the brightness of the day

Every single blade of grass, every yellow flower
Every ripple on the sea of the blue, blue Nile
Every leaf on every tree, every single creature
From the smallest little bird, to the crocodile

We have a lot to ask
We have a lot that we need to say
We have so much do
And all we need is another day

Beneath the desert moon, I call you
beneath the desert moon, we sing
beneath the desert moon, we're waiting
Before the coming of the king

Beneath the desert moon that's sinking
We see the Eastern sky's on fire
This is where darkness leaves
And shining waters fall
And let the shadows run
And we'll say, "welcome to the sun."