

Terence Trent D'Arby, Shalom

The cradle of my desire
Is at your command
What's in a name Shalom?
Segue to my street and
In the middle of it say hello
In the fragrance of your peace
A blossom falls
And my memory remembers
An angel call
What's in a name Shalom
Segue to my street and
In the middle of it say hello
On the trail of where a kiss leads to
I breathe a sigh
Invisible voices say hello
And then goodbye
Maybe she'll come back
Maybe she'll come back home
What's in a name Shalom?
Segue to my street and
In the middle of it say hello
And on Dovetail Junction is a caravan
Where the cradle of my desire is
At your command
Maybe she'll come back
Maybe she'll come back home
What's in a name Shalom?
Segue to my street and
In the middle of it say hello
In the fragrance of your peace
A blossom falls
And my memory remembers
An angel call
The well of loneliness is wet with tears
As a canopy of clouds steals
The limelight from the stars
1998 Words and Music: Sananda