

The Grateful Dead, Blues For Allah

Arabian wind, The needle's eye is thin, The ships of state sail on mirage,
And drown in sand, Out in no-man's land where Allah does command.

What good is spilling blood? It will not grow a thing;
Taste eternity the swords sing: Blues of Allah In 'sh'Allah.

They lie where they fall, There's nothing more to say,
The desert stars are bright tonight lets meet as friends,
The Flower of Islam, The Fruit of Abraham.

The thousand stories have come round to one again,
Arabian night, Our Gods pursue their fight,
What fatal flowers of darkness spring from seeds of light.

Bird of paradise fly in white sky, Blues for Allah In 'sh'Allah,
Let's see with our heart, These things our eyes have seen,
And know the truth must still lie somewhere in between.

Under eternity, under eternity, under eternity blue,
Bird of paradise fly in white sky, Blues for Allah In 'sh'Allah.