

The Police, Tea In The Sahara

My sisters and I
Have this wish before we die.
And it may sound strange
As if our minds are deranged.
Please don't ask us why
Beneath the sheltering sky
We have this strange obsession
You have the means in your possession.

We want our tea in the Sahara with you.
We want our tea in the Sahara with you.

The young man agreed
He would satisfy their need
So they danced for his pleasure
With a joy you could not measure.
They would wait for him here
The same place every year.
Beneath the sheltering sky
Across the desert he would fly.

Tea in the Sahara with you.
Tea in the Sahara with you.

The sky turned to black-
Would he ever come back?
They would climb a high dune
They would pray to the moon.
But he'd never return,
So the sisters would burn
As their eyes searched the land
With their cups full of sand.

Tea in the Sahara with you.
Tea in the Sahara with you.....