

Aida, Dance of the Robe

It's knowing what they want of me that scares me
It's knowing having followed, I must lead
It's knowing that each person there compares me
To those in my past whom I now succeed
But how can whatever I do for them now
Be enough, be enough
Aida, Aida
All we ask of you
Is a lifetime of service, wisdom, courage
To ask more would be selfish, but nothing less will do
Aida, Aida
Your robe should be golden, your robe should be perfect
Instead of this ragged concoction of thread
But may you be moved by it's desperate beauty
To give us new life for we'd rather be dead
Then live in the squalor and shame of the slave
To the dance, to the dance

Aida, Aida
All we ask of you
All we ask is a lifetime of service, wisdom, courage
To ask more would be selfish, but nothing less will do
Aida, Aida
Aida
Aida, Aida
Aida, Aida, Aida
I know expectations are wild and almost beyond my fulfillment
But they won't hear a word of a doubt or see signs of weakness
My nigh on impossible duty is clear
If I can rekindle my ancestors' dreams
It's enough, it's enough, it's enough
(Aida, Aida, Aida, Aida, Aida, Aida)
It's enough