

# 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