

Chris Rea, Sierra, Sierra

Sierra, Sierra

Tell me where is this place you are from
You speak of a land
Filled with warm sea and sand
And the ladies who lie in the sun

Sierra, Sierra

Your distant lights fading away
Crossing those stars to the music and bars
Sierra, is it just like you say ?
Sheep counting never worked well
Since the day that I fell
For your ***** dreams
Of a thousand this world's so *****
And I'm pulsed to the wind
At the sight of the song and the sea
Strange cigarettes
Clothes so warm and so wet
You can see through so quite easily
Sierra, Sierra

Sierra, Sierra,

Please tell me you'll stay

Sierra, Sierra,

Till night turns to day

I got so many dreams they can never run dry
My bedroom's becoming a crates on the sky
Filled with dancing tequilas and chickens on spits
White-shirted waiters and girls with big tails
Love in the night in the ways of moonlight
Sierra, please tell me it fits