

Godiego, Gandhara

A long time ago when men were all babes
There was a land of the free
Fantasy and dreams
Were its untouched wealth
And goodness and love were real
Each man desires to reach Gandhara
His very own utopia
In the striving, in the seeking soul
Man can see Gandhara
In Gandhara, Gandhara
They say it was in India
Gandhara, Gandhara
The place of light Gandhara
Though long ago and far
Beyond the winding road
Always beyond every bend
A beautiful land still waits for the few
Who make it to the very end
Each man desires to reach Gandhara
His very own utopia
In the striving, in the seeking soul
Man can see Gandhara
(* In Gandhara, Gandhara
They say it was in India
Gandhara, Gandhara
The place of light Gandhara
* repeat