

Kim Wilde, Shangri-La

Written by Kim Wilde

Hidden away - It's the end of a day
And you're not really thinking at all
There's that same stupid paper on the wall
And a stain where the damp's crawling

Chorus:

He's still looking for his Shangri-la

But he wouldn't know it . . .

If it hit him in the face

If it hit him in the face

Day turns to daze

And indifference plays

While a sun goes on beating in the sky

And a small child falls over as she cries

Somewhere someone is calling her

Chorus

She's still looking for her Shangri-la

But she wouldn't know it . . .

If it hit her in the face

If it hit her in the face

Spoken : I take a look behind me

And the sun shines brighter there

And the people are much more beautiful

In a place without a care

And I'm wondering if there'll ever be room for me
in Shangri-la

Wondering now - do you love me - and now

As I burn with a dangerous desire

Is our time up and on to the next fire

Got my fingers burnt and cut into the wire

Do you think we will ever learn

Chorus

As we keep looking our Shangri-la...

Our Shangri-la

But we wouldn't know it . . .

If it hit us in the face

If it hit us in the face