

# Loreena McKennitt, Caravanserai

This glancing life is like a morning star  
A setting sun, or rolling waves at sea  
A gentle breeze or lightning in a storm  
A dancing dream of all eternity

The sand was shimmering in the morning light  
And dancing off the dunes so far away  
The night held music so sweet, so long  
And there we lay until the break of day

We woke that morning at the onward call  
Our camels bridled up, our howdahs full  
The sun was rising in the eastern sky  
Just as we set out to the desert's cry

Calling, yearning, pulling, home to you

The tents grew smaller as we rode away  
On earth that tells of many passing days  
The months of peace and all the years of war  
The lives of love and all the lives of fears

Calling, yearning, pulling, home to you

We crossed the river beds all etched in stone  
And up the mighty mountains ever known  
Beyond the valleys in the searing heat  
Until we reached the caravanserai

Calling, yearning, pulling, home to you  
Calling, yearning, pulling, home to you

What is this life that pulls me far away  
What is that home where we cannot reside  
What is that quest that pulls me onward  
My heart is full when you are by my side

Calling, yearning, pulling, home to you