

Luxt, Kashmir

Oh let the sun beat down upon my face
And stars to fill my dream
I am a traveler of both time and space
To be where I have been
To sit with elders of the gentle race
This world has seldom seen
They talk of days for which they sit and wait
And all will be revealed

Talk and song from tongues of lilting grace
Whose sounds caress my ear
But not a word I heard could I relate
The story was quite clear
Oh, oh

Oh, I been flying, mama, there ain't no denyin'
I've been flying, ain't no denyin', no denyin'

All I see turns to brown, as the sun burns the ground
And my eyes fill with sand, as I scan this wasted land
Trying to find, trying to find where I've been
Trying to find, trying to find where I've been

Oh, pilot of the storm who leaves no trace
Like thoughts inside a dream
Heed the path that led me to that place
Yellow desert stream
Like Shangri-La beneath the summer moon
I will return again
As the dust that floats high in June
When movin' through Kashmir