

Mediaeval Baebes, Desert Rose

When the desert sand blows softly to the end
And the winter nights bring maidens to despair

Ahh-dee-ahh, Ahh-dee-ahh

When the sky is black and moon is full and round
Then you'll hear her cry and hear her soul abound

Ahh-dee-ahh, Ahh-dee-ahh

Desert Rose
She'll come to thee
Sweeter than
the honey bee
Lips so red
you'll want to taste
The deadly itch
the old embrace

Desert Rose
She'll steal your heart
Make mockery
Of every part
Deal your host
A wish a'make
And wondering
In jest despair

Ahh-dee-ahh, Ahh-dee-ahh
Ahh-dee-ahh, Ahh-dee-ahh
Ahh-dee-ahh, Ahh-dee-ahh