

Pino Daniele, The Desert In My Head

Where my soul is hot and dry
and the setting sun is red
I will spread my wings and fly
to the desert in my head.
In my head
I am wrestling with the wind
In the emptiness I'm whole
and my heart begins to sing
In the desert of my soul
Of my soul
We will ride on a caravan
on a caravan
you and I just like Jasmine and
Aladdin
runaway from the city race
from the city race
in the heart of the desert
none knows your face
two souls in the endless plane
two souls like a hurricane, hurricane
The mirage before our eyes
our eyes
with a shiny silver dome
silver dome
where the ancient pillars rise
in the desert we're at home,
we're at home
We will ride on a caravan
on a caravan
you and I just like Jasmine and Aladdin
runaway from the city race
from the city race
In the heart of the desert
none knows your face
two souls in the endless plane
two souls like a hurricane
solo per amore
two souls in the endless plane
solo per amore si
two souls like a hurricane, hurricane.
We will ride on a caravan
on a caravan
you and I just like Jasmine and Aladdin
run away from the city race
from the city race
in the heart of the desert
none knows your face
soltanto per amore
two souls in the endless plane
soltanto per amore
two souls like a hurricane
ma si pu scegliere di vivere
soltanto per amore
per amore si, per amore si...