

Steve Hackett, Cedars Of Lebanon

I long to gaze at the Cedars of Lebanon
To breathe the air on the mountain of olives
To feast my eyes on Babylon's gardens
To take you back to Sumeria's glory
To set you free with a full man's pardon

In a language as old as the whispering sands
Ever submerging the towers of silence

I long to show you one thousand golden Buddhas
I long

The street is crying its lost it's name
Inscription washed away by the pouring rain
I long