

## **Paul Fisk**

### **"Kashmir"**

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Oh let the sun beat down upon my face  
Stars to fill my dreams  
I am a traveler of both time and space  
To be where I have been  
Sit with elders of a gentle race  
This world has seldom seen  
Talk of days for which they sit and wait  
All will be revealed

Talk and song from tongues of lilting grace  
Sounds caress my ears  
Not a word I heard could I relate  
The story was quite clear

Oh, oh  
Oh, oh

I've been flying  
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

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

Oh, father of the four winds, fill my sails  
Across the sea of years  
With no provision but an open face  
Along the straits of fear

Ohh  
Ohh

When I'm on, when I'm on my way, yeah  
When I see, when I see the way, you stay-yeah

Ooh, yeah-yeah, ooh, yeah-yeah, when I'm down...  
Ooh, yeah-yeah, ooh, yeah-yeah, well I'm down, so  
down  
Ooh, my baby, oooh, my baby, let me take you there

Come on, come on  
Let me take you there  
Come on, come on  
Let me take you there

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