

## Dave Matthews

### "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

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, yeah

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

Step on

No denying, no denying, oh

All I see, it turns to brown  
As the sun burns on the ground  
And my eyes they fill with sand  
As I scan this wasted land

Try to find  
Try to find where I've been

All I see, it turns to brown  
As the sun burns on the ground  
And my eyes they fill with sand  
As I scan this wasted land

Try to find  
Try to find just where I've been  
And my eyes they filled with sand

Oh, pilot of the storm which leaves no trace  
Like thoughts inside a dream  
Heed the path that led me to that place  
A yellow desert stream

My Shangrila beneath the summer moon  
I will return again  
Sure as the dust that floats so high and true  
When moving 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

Oh, woah yea, oh, woah yeah

It turns to brown  
As the sun burns on the ground  
And my eyes they fill with sand  
As I scan this wasted land

Try to find  
Try to find where I've been, yeah

All I see it turns to brown  
As the sun burns on the ground  
And my eyes they fill with sand  
As I scan this wasted land

Try to find  
Try to find where I've been, yeah

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