

Dave Matthews & Tim Reynolds

"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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