

Eric Johnson

"Desert Rose"

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Desert Rose that dances, in heat of the sky,
I must pattern my life about you;
You can make the most when the waters run dry,
Look into the well deep inside you.
My Desert Rose,
Born are the few;
Always with me,
A vision of you.
Acrolith reflection, that floats through my dreams,
Arid is the dust underneath me;
Something far away, a mirage so it seems,
What I long to see, oh, could it be?
My Desert Rose,
Born are the few;
Always with me,
A vision of you.
My Desert Rose,
Born are the few;
Always with me,
A vision of you.
My Desert Rose,
Born are the few;
Always with me,
A vision of you.
Don't fade away.
Don't fade away

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