

## Grateful Dead "Blues For Allah"

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Arabian wind, the needles eye is thin, the ships of state  
sail on mirage,  
And drown in sand, out in no-mans land where allah  
does command.

What good is spilling blood? it will not grow a thing;  
Taste eternity the swords sing: blues of allah in shallah.

They lie where they fall, theres nothing more to say,  
The desert stars are bright tonight lets meet as  
friends,  
The flower of islam, the fruit of abraham.

The thousand stories have come round to one again,  
Arabian night, our gods pursue their fight,  
What fatal flowers of darkness bloom from seeds of  
light.

Bird of paradise fly in white sky, blues for allah in  
shallah,  
Lets see with our heart, these things our eyes have  
seen,  
And know the truth must still lie somewhere in between.

Under eternity, under eternity, under eternity blue,  
Bird of paradise fly in white sky, blues for allah in  
shallah.

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