

Bruce Cockburn

"Sahara Gold"

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Dance music from the corner bar
Older dogs barking at a passing car
And your hair tumbles down like sahara gold

Hot night, streets are full of life
Carnival faces in Rembrandt light
And your hair tumbles like Sahara gold

Half moon shining through the blind
Paints a vision of a different kind
And you hair tumbles down like Sahara Gold

Wet limbs striped with silver lines

Locked together at the center of the night
And your hair tumbles down like Sahara Gold

Night bloom filling up the room
With the sultan musk of lover's rich perfum
And your hair tumbles down like Sahara Gold

Animal grins and wild shining eyes
Laughing and shouting we're a hunderd stories high
And your hair tumbles down like Sahara Gold

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