

Caedmon's Call "International Love Song"

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Can I take your picture
Put it in my billfold
You'll never believe where I will take you
Can I have your headband
Put it in my suitcase
You know I'm always gone before I think to thank you
I'm a soul that wanders
In the field between the Hyatt and the Leela
Empty as a tiffen in the afternoon
A perfect love is a world without hunger
A perfect love is a world without hunger
Freckles on your forehead
Twinkle in your eyes
You look just like my true love
Is she in your village
When can I meet her
She's so indigenously dressed
You're so indigenously dressed
I'm a thumb that wanders through
The pages of the National Geographic
Staring at my cell phone in an airport lounge
A perfect love
Maybe I'll stay here
Is a world without hunger
You know a perfect love is a world without hunger
I've never seen it
I've never heard of it before
But I keep looking for
A world without hunger
Cricket for baseball
Polo for golf
Curry for ketchup and barbecue sauce
Lookin' to find a reason to shine
Waitin' in rickshaws, standing in line
Or wandering through the field
Between the Hyatt and the Leela
Empty as a tiffen

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