

Jimmy Page & Robert Plant**"Yallah"**

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Ah, oh yeah, ah, oh yeah
And your city will fall
And your corn won't grow
Thru the silence from the temple
Hear the truth explode

It is written in the dust
So it is whispered in the wind
From the wisdom of the fathers
Where the word begins
Ah, oh yeah, ah, oh yeah

Ah, oh yeah, ah, oh yeah
In the kingdom of gold
And the stolen chance
You can join the celebration
See the children dance

And the bells will ring
And the crowd will roar
And the sand in the glass
Will pour no more

Yallah, yallah, yallah, yallah, yallah!

Ah, oh yeah, ah, oh yeah
And the rivers will freeze
And the hosts descend
Thru the fires and the storms
To the bitter end

And the treasures and the gifts
And the words and truths
Will be cast to the heavens
With Oomrah fruit
Ah, oh yeah, ah, oh yeah
Ah, oh yeah, ah, oh yeah

And your city will fall
And your corn won't grow
Thru the silence from the temple

Hear the truth explode

It is written in the dust
So it is whispered in the wind
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