

John Mayer

"Tea In The Sahara"

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My sisters and I
Have this wish before we die
And it may sound strange
As if our minds are deranged

So don't ask us why
Beneath the sheltering sky
We have this strange obsession
You have the means in your possession

Tea in the Sahara with you
Tea in the Sahara with you

The young man agreed
He would satisfy their need
So they danced for his pleasure
With a joy you could not measure

But he'd never return
So the sisters would burn
And his shelter in the sky
Of the desert he would fly

Tea in the Sahara with you
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