John Mayer "Tea In The Sahara (with Glen Phillips)"

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

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