

## **Kim Wilde**

# **"Shangri-La"**

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Hidden away, it's the end of a day  
And you're not really thinking at all  
There's that same stupid paper on the wall  
And a stain where the damp's crawling

He's still looking for his Shangri-la  
But he wouldn't know it  
If it hit him in the face  
If it hit him in the face

Day turns to daze and indifference plays  
While a sun goes on beating in the sky  
And a small child falls over as she cries  
Somewhere someone is calling her

She's still looking for her Shangri-la  
But she wouldn't know it  
If it hit her in the face  
If it hit her in the face

I take a look behind me  
And the sun shines brighter there  
And the people are much more beautiful  
In a place without a care  
And I'm wondering if there'll ever be room for me  
In Shangri-la

Wondering now, do you love me  
As I burn with a dangerous desire  
Is our time up and on to the next fire  
Got my fingers burnt and cut into the wire  
Do you think we will ever learn now

We keep looking for our Shangri-la  
Our Shangri-la  
But we wouldn't know it  
If it hit us in the face  
If it hit us in the face

If it hit us in the face  
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