

Murphy's Law

"Brown-Eyed Man"

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Born in Karachi
Grew up North American
Mother in a sari
Father dressed like a businessman
One foot in the old world
One foot in the new
And always the pressure
To choose between the two

There was a wife
She didn't know
The pain she would cause
When she lost her head and walked out the door
In Canada
They change their husbands like their clothes
But nothin', no nothin'
Breaks up a Muslim home

Andheray Anken
Look out on the holy land
There is much that lies well hidden
In the eyes of the brown-eyed man

If one life is ended
A new life must get begun
So we walk to Mecca
Underneath the blazing sun
Abandoning the questions
Makes the answers fall in place
I seek the crescent moon
To find the man behind my face

Andheray Anken
Look out on the holy land
There is much that lies well hidden
In the eyes of the brown-eyed man

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