

Phillip Thomas

"Guru"

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Well here she comes through the trees
In her saffron robes and dangling beads
She's a special child, touching the Holy Sea
Where White no longer is pure
And Red, the colour of the cure
In San Francisco she lights a flame
And in Brazilian bars they chant his name
She's a special child who's playing the Godfind game
Where White no longer is pure
And Red, the colour of the cure
They're taking your name away
I don't want your guru
I don't need your paradise
I love you for what you are
Perfection's not mine
No more family, no more friends
No expectations now, no bitter ends
For she's a special child, with a castle she must defend
Where White no longer is pure
And Red, the colour of the cure
They're taking your name away
Well, it's over now, I think I know
We tried to work it out, someone let go
I've got a special place, your bridge to the outside
world
Where White no longer is pure
And Red, the colour of the cure
They've taken your name away

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