

Robin Williams

"Arabian Nights"

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Oh I come from a land, from a faraway place

Where the caravan camels roam

Where it's flat and immense

And the heat is intense

It's barbaric, but hey, it's home

[Original first verse (1992-93):]

Oh I come from a land, from a faraway place

Where the caravan camels roam

Where they cut off your ear

If they don't like your face

It's barbaric, but hey, it's home }

When the wind's from the east

And the sun's from the west

And the sand in the glass is right

Come on down

Stop on by

Hop a carpet and fly

To another Arabian night

Arabian nights

Like Arabian days

More often than not

Are hotter than hot
In a lot of good ways
Arabian nights
'Neath Arabian moons
A fool off his guard
Could fall and fall hard
Out there on the dunes

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