

## Phillip Boa

### "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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