

Jezabels, The

"Sahara Mahala"

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How long,
It seems I've waited.
I've walked a thousand,
To see you to heaven,
To see you, where heather grows.

And I know-know your divide
Between bringing in the light,
Playing in the height of the sky
With hope, with sweet hope,
And playing in the pools where the broken lines
Of your love meet.
You take me on your shoulder,
Sahara Mahala.

And I know I want to be with you all of my days,
On hallowed ground,
But, honey every time we go to gaol,
The seeds of doubt
Come creeping.
Just keep moving
On hallowed ground.

Oh, good feeling,
It seems I've waited;
The seed,
The moment of completeness.
Sahara Mahala,
Sahara Mahala.

I want to be with you all of my days,
On hallowed ground,
But, honey every time we go to gaol,
The seeds of doubt
Come creeping.
Just keep moving
On hallowed ground.

And I get this in winter,
Get these visions, visions.
I get the feel you can kill these visions.

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