

## Wilde Kim

### "Shangri La"

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Hidden away, it's the end of a day and you're not really  
thinking at all

There's that same stupid paper on the wall

And a stain where the damp's crawling

He's still looking for his Shangri-La

But he wouldn't know it if it hit him in the face, if it hit  
him in the face

Day turns to daze and indifference plays

While a sun goes on beating in the sky

And a small child falls over as she cries, somewhere  
someone is calling her

She's still looking for her Shangri-La

But she wouldn't know it if it hit her in the face, if it hit  
her in the face

I take a look behind me and the sun shines brighter  
there

And the people much more beautiful, in a place without  
a care

And I'm wondering if there'll ever be room for me in  
Shangri-La

Wondering now, do you love me, and now, as I burn  
with a dangerous desire

Is my time up and on to the next fire

Got my fingers burnt and cut into the wire, do you think  
we will ever learn

As we keep looking for our Shangri-La, our Shangri-La

But we wouldn't know it if it hit us in the face, if it hit us  
in the face

If it his us in the face... (repeats out)

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