

Iron Horse

"Kashmir"

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Oh let the sun beat down upon my face, stars to fill my
dream
I am a traveler of both time and space, to be where I
have been
To sit with elders of the gentle race, this world has
seldom seen
They talk of days for which they sit and wait and all will
be revealed
Talk and song from tongues of lilting grace, whose
sounds caress my ear
But not a word I heard could I relate, the story was
quite clear
Oh, oh.
Oh, I been flying... mama, there ain't no denyin'
I've been flying, ain't no denyin', no denyin'
All I see turns to brown, as the sun burns the ground
And my eyes fill with sand, as I scan this wasted land
Trying to find, trying to find where I've been.
Oh, pilot of the storm who leaves no trace, like
thoughts inside a dream
Heed the path that led me to that place, yellow desert
stream
My Shangri-La beneath the summer moon, I will return
again
Sure as the dust that floats high in June, when movin'
through Kashmir.
Oh, father of the four winds, fill my sails, across the
sea of years
With no provision but an open face, along the straits of
fear
Ohh.
When I'm on, when I'm on my way, yeah
When I see, when I see the way, you stay-yeah
Ooh, yeah-yeah, ooh, yeah-yeah, when I'm down...
Ooh, yeah-yeah, ooh, yeah-yeah, well I'm down, so
down
Ooh, my baby, ooh, my baby, let me take you there
Let me take you there. Let me take you there

