

Sahara

Laurel Aitken

I knew a little girl
And she was born in the ghetto

I knew her so well
She had stories to tell

A mother and a fatherless child
And she was always running wild

She danced for all the men
Every night in the caravan

She was a mother and a fatherless child
And she was always running wild
Sahara! Sahara!

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