

Sahara Gold

Bruce Cockburn

Dance music from the corner bar
Over dogs barking at a passing car
And your hair tumbles down like sahara gold

Hot night -- streets are full of life
Carnival faces in rembrandt light
And your hair tumbles down like sahara gold

Half moon shining through the blind
Paints a vision of a different kind
And your hair tumbles down like sahara gold

Wet limbs striped with silver light
Locked together at the centre of the night
And your hair tumbles down like sahara gold

Night bloom filling up the room
With the salt and musk of lovers' rich perfume
And your hair tumbles down like sahara gold

Animal grins and wild shining eyes
Laughing and shouting we're a hundred storeys high
And your hair tumbles down like sahara gold