

International Love Song

Caedmon's Call

Can I take your picture, put it in my billfold
You'll never believe where I will take you
Can I have your headband, put it in my suitcase
You know I'm always gone before I think to thank you

I'm a soul that wanders in the field between
The Hyatt and the Leela
Empty as a tiffin in the afternoon

A perfect love is a world without hunger
A perfect love is a world without hunger

Freckles on your forehead, twinkle in your eye
You look just like my true love
Is she in your village, when can I meet her
She's so indigenously dressed, you're so indigenously dressed

I'm a thumb that wanders through the pages of
The National Geographic
Straining at my cell phone in an airport lounge

A perfect love A perfect love is a world without hunger

You know a perfect love is a world without hunger
I've never seen it
I've never heard of it before
But I keep on looking for
A world without hunger

Cricket for baseball, polo for golf
Curry for ketchup and barbecue sauce
Lookin' to find a reason to shine
Waitin' in rickshaws standing in line

Or wandering through the field between
The Hyatt and the Leela
Empty as a tiffin