Arabian Night

Oh I come from a land, from a faraway place Where the caravan camels roam Where it's flat and immense and the heat is intense It's barbaric, but hey, it's home

When the wind's from the east And the sun's from the west And the sand in the glass is right Come on down Stop on by Hop a carpet and fly To another Arabian night

Arabian nights Like Arabian days More often than not Are hotter than hot In a lot of good ways

Arabian nights 'Neath Arabian moons A fool off his guard Could fall and fall hard Out there on the dunes