

## Desert Rose

Eric Johnson

Desert Rose that dances, in heat of the sky,  
I must pattern my life about you;  
You can make the most when the waters run dry,  
Look into the well deep inside you.

My Desert Rose,  
Born are the few,  
Always with me,  
A vision of you.

Acrolith reflection, that floats through my dreams,  
Arid is the dust underneath me;  
Something far away, a mirage so it seems,  
What I long to see, oh, could it be?

My Desert Rose,  
Born are the few,  
Always with me,  
A vision of you.

My Desert Rose,  
Born are the few,  
Always with me,  
A vision of you.

My Desert Rose,  
Born are the few,  
Always with me,  
A vision of you.  
Don't fade away.  
Don't fade away.