

## Aqaba

June Tabor

Aqaba

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(Bill Caddick)

A man, lost in time and space, adrift in his dreaming  
While like an Arab steed the motorcycle flying on  
Past the English fields, the misty morning hedgerow  
The wind in the wire weeds, the warm sirocco sighing

Ch: Aqaba, all my life turns on you  
All my life returns to you

Out of the silent wastes, no friends, no quarter  
The blood is up, the senses race, the last dawn is  
Breaking  
And over the sleeping host, the unsuspecting shadows  
Grim as a desert ghost to the pale ride awaiting

Now your eyes are turned from me, I shall surprise you  
Turn your faces to the sea, I shall come riding  
Down from the desert sands that glorious morning  
Oh what a deadly dance drummed out of hiding

The puppies bobbing on the tide, the blood in the sand  
Dunes  
The sun dying in the sky, the black shades falling  
Over the dead of night, the church bells tolling  
The owl in his silent flight, the desert wind calling