

Shangri-La

Kim Wilde

Hidden away - It's the end of a day
And you're not really thinking at all
There's that same stupid paper on the wall
And a stain where the damp's crawling

He's still looking for his Shangri-la
But he wouldn't know it ...
If it hit him in the face
If it hit him in the face

Day turns to daze
And indifference plays
While a sun goes on beating in the sky
And a small child falls over as she cries
Somewhere someone is calling her

She's still looking for her Shangri-la
But she wouldn't know it ...
If it hit her in the face
If it hit her in the face

I take a look behind me
And the sun shines brighter there
And the people are much more beautiful
In a place without a care
And I'm wondering if there'll ever be room for me
in Shangri-la

Wondering now - do you love me - and now
As I burn with a dangerous desire
Is our time up and on to the next fire
Got my fingers burnt and cut into the wire
Do you think we will ever learn

She's still looking for her Shangri-la
But she wouldn't know it ...
If it hit her in the face
If it hit her in the face

As we keep looking our Shangri-la...
Our Shangri-la
But we wouldn't know it ...
If it hit us in the face
If it hit us in the face