

Last Train To Istanbul

Steve Hackett

Your two eyes like minarets
Rise in twin pools of white
The incandescent fires of spring
Radiant against the vault of night

On the last train to Istanbul

Journey to the heart, dancers on thin ice
Lantern moon, a magic carpet ride
Soulscapes, island nights
In your eyes an afterlife

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Curling smoke becomes the djinn
Lovers wish for everything
Temple pillars built on clouds
In your sleep awaking now

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