Beneath A Desert Moon

From the mountains of the moon to the mighty delta From the deserts of the West to the shining sea Beneath the canopy of stars flowed the serpent river Flowing through my father's land that he left to me From the baker to the priest to the candle maker From the highest to the low in my father's land We make our offer to the sun 'fore the break of morning Or else everything we have will just turn to sand

I have a lot to ask I have a lot that I need to say I have so much to do And all I need is another day

From the soldier to the scribe to the carpet maker All the different colored threads in a carpet loom A woven tapestry of life is our mighty nation This is the writing on the wall of my father's tomb

We have a lot to ask We have a lot that we need to say We have so much to do And all we need is another day

Beneath the desert moon I call you Beneath the desert moon I sing Beneath the desert moon so lonely I'm just a boy who would be king

With just the moon to guide us We sometimes lose our way If there's a light inside us We'll follow, follow it to the brightness of the day

Every single blade of grass every yellow flower Every ripple on the sea or the blue blue Nile Every leaf on every tree every single creature From the smallest little bird to the crocodile

We have a lot to ask We have a lot that we need to say We have so much to do And all we need is another day

Beneath the desert moon I call you Beneath the desert moon we sing Beneath the desert moon we're waiting Before the coming of the king

Beneath the desert moon that's sinking We see the Eastern skies on fire This is where darkness leaves And shining waters fall And let the shadows run And we'll say, "welcome to the sun"

Brand new day...

Sting

From the mountains of the moon to the mighty delta From the deserts of the West to the shining sea Beneath the canopy of stars flowed the serpent river Flowing through my father's land that he left to me