

## Tea in the Sahara

Sting

My sisters and I  
Have this wish before we die  
And it may sound strange  
As if our minds are deranged  
Please don't ask us why  
Beneath the sheltering sky  
We have this strange obsession  
You have the means in your possession

We want our tea in the Sahara with you  
We want our tea in the Sahara with you

The young man agreed  
He would satisfy their need  
So they danced for his pleasure  
With a joy you could not measure  
They would wait for him here  
The same place every year  
Beneath the sheltering sky  
Across the desert he would fly

Tea in the Sahara with you  
Tea in the Sahara with you

The sky turned to black  
Would he ever come back?  
They would climb a high dune  
They would pray to the moon  
But he'd never return  
So the sisters would burn  
As their eyes searched the land  
With their cups full of sand

Tea in the Sahara with you  
Tea in the Sahara with you  
Tea in the Sahara with you  
Tea in the Sahara with you