

## March Of The Camels

White Rabbits

There is people in a picture  
Hanging on the hall wall  
We watch them cross the desert from an armchair in the hall  
We saw the world from the edge of our seat  
Dance with the harem and drank with sheet  
The man on the back of the camels were following me

And we make ourselves a home at the foot of the steps  
Blankets and old wooden chairs and we stayed there  
We laid there room go smaller  
We beg for water but went for air  
So we ran away from our old brittle home  
We thought it was sand and the lamp was the sun  
So lets get outside cause we've been inside for too long

And we take a drive and the buildings all turn into trees  
And after a while we find ourselves down by the sea  
The beach was a dessert outside in an old magazine  
The sheiks and the harem were under the waves  
The camels they all wash away  
And no one is happier  
And nothing is free  
So I think to myself we should go and get us a drink