

# Alan Menken, Arabian Nights

Oh, I come from a land, from a far away place  
Where the caravan camels roam  
Where they cut off your ear  
If they don't like your face  
It's barbaric, but hey, it's home  
When the wind's from the east  
And the sun's from the west  
And the sand in the glass is right  
Come on down, stop on by  
Hop a carpet and fly  
To another Arabian night  
Arabian nights  
Like Arabian days  
More often than not  
Are hotter than hot  
In a lot of good ways  
Arabian nights  
'Neath Arabian moons  
A fool off his guard  
Could fall and fall hard  
Out there on the dunes