

# Pino Daniele, The Desert In My Head

Where my soul is hot and dry  
and the setting sun is red  
I will spread my wings and fly  
to the desert in my head.  
In my head  
I am wrestling with the wind  
In the emptiness I'm whole  
and my heart begins to sing  
In the desert of my soul  
Of my soul  
We will ride on a caravan  
on a caravan  
you and I just like Jasmine and  
Aladdin  
runaway from the city race  
from the city race  
in the heart of the desert  
none knows your face  
two souls in the endless plane  
two souls like a hurricane, hurricane  
The mirage before our eyes  
our eyes  
with a shiny silver dome  
silver dome  
where the ancient pillars rise  
in the desert we're at home,  
we're at home  
We will ride on a caravan  
on a caravan  
you and I just like Jasmine and Aladdin  
runaway from the city race  
from the city race  
In the heart of the desert  
none knows your face  
two souls in the endless plane  
two souls like a hurricane  
solo per amore  
two souls in the endless plane  
solo per amore si  
two souls like a hurricane, hurricane.  
We will ride on a caravan  
on a caravan  
you and I just like Jasmine and Aladdin  
run away from the city race  
from the city race  
in the heart of the desert  
none knows your face  
soltanto per amore  
two souls in the endless plane  
soltanto per amore  
two souls like a hurricane  
ma si pu scegliere di vivere  
soltanto per amore  
per amore si, per amore si...