

Sarah Brightman, Desert Rose

Somewhere, she knows that he will find her
Til every single teardrop became a desert rose
Love her, and hold your hand above hers,
Until the crossroads Meet you - a legend that will come true -
No longer will you call her a desert rose

Somewhere, she knows that he will find her
Til every single teardrop became a desert rose
Love her, and hold your hand above hers
Until the crossroads meet to - a legend that will come true -
No longer must you follow a desert rose