

Sting, Desert Rose

Layli ya layli ya

Hadaee mada tawila

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Wa ana nahos ana wahala ghzalti

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Wa ana nahos ana wahala ghzalti

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I dream of rain

I dream of gardens in the desert sand

I wake in pain

I dream of love as time runs through my hand

I dream of fire

Those dreams are tied to a horse that will never tire

And in the flames

Her shadows play in the shape of a man's desire

This desert rose

Each of her veils, a secret promise

This desert flower

No sweet perfume ever tortured me more than this

And as she turns

This way she moves in the logic of all my dreams

This fire burns

I realise that nothing's as it seems

I dream of rain

I dream of gardens in the desert sand

I wake in pain

I dream of love as time runs through my hand

I dream of rain

I lift my gaze to empty skies above

I close my eyes, this rare perfume

Is the sweet intoxication of her love

Aman aman aman

I dream of rain

I dream of gardens in the desert sand

I wake in pain

I dream of love as time runs through my hand

Omri feek entiya

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Ma gheer entiya

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Ma gheer entiya

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Sweet desert rose

Each of her veils, a secret promise

This desert flower

No sweet perfume ever tortured me more than this

Sweet desert rose

This memory of Eden haunts us all

This desert flower, this rare perfume

Is the sweet intoxication of the fall

Ya lili ah ya leel