

## Sahara Gold

Bruce Cockburn

Dance music from the corner bar  
Over dogs barking at a passing car  
And your hair tumbles down like sahara gold

Hot night -- streets are full of life  
Carnival faces in rembrandt light  
And your hair tumbles down like sahara gold

Half moon shining through the blind  
Paints a vision of a different kind  
And your hair tumbles down like sahara gold

Wet limbs striped with silver light  
Locked together at the centre of the night  
And your hair tumbles down like sahara gold

Night bloom filling up the room  
With the salt and musk of lovers' rich perfume  
And your hair tumbles down like sahara gold

Animal grins and wild shining eyes  
Laughing and shouting we're a hundred storeys high  
And your hair tumbles down like sahara gold