

Desert Rose

Eric Johnson

Desert Rose that dances, in heat of the sky,
I must pattern my life about you;
You can make the most when the waters run dry,
Look into the well deep inside you.

My Desert Rose,
Born are the few,
Always with me,
A vision of you.

Acrolith reflection, that floats through my dreams,
Arid is the dust underneath me;
Something far away, a mirage so it seems,
What I long to see, oh, could it be?

My Desert Rose,
Born are the few,
Always with me,
A vision of you.

My Desert Rose,
Born are the few,
Always with me,
A vision of you.

My Desert Rose,
Born are the few,
Always with me,
A vision of you.
Don't fade away.
Don't fade away.