

# Sleep Of A Thousand Tears

Hawkwind

With your white arms wrapped around me  
And locked in embrace so cold  
We slept a thousand years or more  
To awake in a land of gold  
Where, the king of the world was a creature  
Both man and woman and beast  
Under landscape boiled with a million strange flowers  
And the sun set in the east  
And we were heroes you and I  
By virtue of age and skill  
And we rode to the land at the edge of the skies  
To an emerald tower on a hill