

Aqaba

June Tabor

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(Bill Caddick)

A man, lost in time and space, adrift in his dreaming
While like an Arab steed the motorcycle flying on
Past the English fields, the misty morning hedgerow
The wind in the wire weeds, the warm sirocco sighing

Ch: Aqaba, all my life turns on you
All my life returns to you

Out of the silent wastes, no friends, no quarter
The blood is up, the senses race, the last dawn is
Breaking
And over the sleeping host, the unsuspecting shadows
Grim as a desert ghost to the pale ride awaiting

Now your eyes are turned from me, I shall surprise you
Turn your faces to the sea, I shall come riding
Down from the desert sands that glorious morning
Oh what a deadly dance drummed out of hiding

The puppies bobbing on the tide, the blood in the sand
Dunes
The sun dying in the sky, the black shades falling
Over the dead of night, the church bells tolling
The owl in his silent flight, the desert wind calling