

Barbara (Shangri-La)

The Strangers

Last night saw you walking,
Ghostly through the shadows.

Graceful and beguiling,
Solemn solitary.

Your prescence filled my head,
Took my hand and led the way.

Oh, where have you gone?
You're inside the perfume bottle,
It's been more than twenty-five years,
But I 'aint forgeotten.

I can almost hear you calling me,
I can almost hear you calling, calling.

The phantom scent of your skin, crossed the years and shook me,
Innocent and youthful, dangerous and musky,
Caught with my guard down,
As though I turned around for you.

Oh where have you gone?
You're inside the perfume bottle,
It's been more than twenty-five years,
But I 'aint forgotten.

I can almost hear you calling me,
I can almost hear you calling, calling,

I can almost hear you calling me,
I can almost hear you calling, calling,

I've been sitting herefor hours,
I've been talking to you,
Barbara,
That was her,
Shangri-La.

Oh, where have you gone?
You're inside the perfume bottle,
It's been more than twenty-five years,
But I 'aint forgotten,

Oh, where have you gone?
You're inside the perfume bottle,
It's been more than twenty-five years,
But I 'aint forgotten,

Oh, where have you gone?
Where have you gone?

It's been more than twenty-five years...