

Miserlou

The Trashmen

Desert shadows creep across purple sands
Natives kneel in prayer by their caravans

There, silhouetted under an eastern star
I see my long lost blossom of shalimar

You, Misirlou, Are the moon and the sun, fairest one

Old temple bells are calling across the sand
We'll find our Kismet, answering love's command

You, Misirlou, are a dream of delight in the night

To an oasis, sprinkled by stars above
Heaven will guide us, Allah will bless our love