

Sandwalker

The Vintage Caravan

I can hear the desert
It is calling me
Leave behind my possessions
Let my mind roam free
Roam free

Plant my legs into the sand
Raise my hands up to the sun
The transformation has begun
Now we are one

What you have got to offer
Is old and out
Got to break away
From the jungle

Many moons have passed
I have rooted firmly
The moment is here at last
Pick me up

What you have got to offer
Is old and out
Got to break away
From the jungle
Pick me up...