

# Arabian Nights

Will Smith

Oh, imagine a land, it's a faraway place  
Where the caravan camels roam  
Where you wander among every culture and tongue  
It's chaotic, but hey, it's home

When the wind's from the east  
And the sun's from the west  
And the sand in the glass is right  
Come on down, stop on by  
Hop a carpet and fly  
To another Arabian night

As you wind through the streets at the fabled bazaars  
With the cardamom-cluttered stalls  
You can smell every spice  
While you haggle the price  
Of the silks and the satin shawls

Oh, the music that plays as you move through a maze  
In the haze of your pure delight  
You are caught in a dance  
You are lost in the trance  
Of another Arabian night

Arabian nights  
Like Arabian days  
More often than not are hotter than hot  
In a lot of good ways

Arabian nights  
Like Arabian dreams  
This mystical land of magic and sand  
Is more than it seems

There's a road that may lead you  
To good or to greed through  
The power your wishing commands  
Let the darkness unfold or find fortunes untold  
Well, your destiny lies in your hands

Only one may enter here, one whose worth lies far within  
A diamond in the rough

Arabian nights  
Like Arabian days  
They seem to excite, take off and take flight  
To shock and amaze

Arabian nights  
'Neath Arabian moons  
A fool off his guard could fall and fall hard  
Out there on the dunes