

# Sarah Brightman, Mysterious Days

Springtime in Tangier  
The sky's getting wider  
Renewing its splendour  
The world's getting brighter

Setting out just like the sun  
That's never seen the rain  
Stepping out we're homeward bound  
And never be the same

Ah- we lay our hearts wide open  
Ah- we live mysterious days  
Ah- the spell cannot be broken  
Ah- we live mysterious days  
American writers  
Now work in the attic  
Up in the Casbah  
There's plenty to worship

Shine again Arabian moon  
And be the guiding light  
Life is changing like the dunes  
Wandering in the night

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Ah- we live mysterious days  
Ah- the spell cannot be broken  
Ah- we live mysterious days