The Desert Song

Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II

Sigmund Romberg

My desert is waiting. Dear, come there with me. I'm longing to teach you Love's sweet melody. I'll sing a dream-song to you, painting a picture for two: Blue heaven and you and I, And sand kissing a moonlit sky. A desert breeze whispering a lullaby, Only stars above you To see I love you. Oh, give me that night di-vine And let my arms in yours entwine. The desert song calling, Its voice enthralling Will make you mine.