

Oh, I come from a land, from a faraway place  
Where the caravan camels roam  
Where it's flat and immense  
And the heat is intense  
It's barbaric, 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

Arabian nights, like Arabian days  
More often than not  
Are hotter than hot  
In a lot of good ways

Arabian nights, 'neath Arabian moons  
A fool off his guard  
Could fall and fall hard  
Out there on the dunes