



Ray of Sun

Must be a little piece of sun
that's burning in her happy heart
and shining in her amber eyes
through new mongolian morning's mist.

She lights the lonesome land of grass,
yet country of pure gold and hope.
With ev'ry single ray of sun
she's painting smiles on nomad's face.

She pierces through the desert storm
that's blinding all the people's eyes.
She turns the wall of dust and sand
into a fading haze of silk.

I know she melts december snow
beneath mongolian ev'ning skies,
her dream'll be taking mine at night
to moonlit hills till break of dawn.

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