Arabian Nights
Arr: Jytte

Alan Menken / Howard Ashman

Oh, I come from a land, from a far away place where the caravan camels roam. Where they cut off your ear if they don't like your face. 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 lotta good ways. Arabian

nights b'neath Arabian moons, a fool off his

guard could fall, and fall hard there on the dunes