

Africa

Auteur : Toto — (sans accords)

I hear the drums echoing tonight
She hears only whispers of some quiet conversa - tion
She's coming in, twelve thirty flight
The moonlit wings reflect the stars that guide me toward salva - tion
I stopped an old man along the way
Hoping to find some old forgotten words or ancient melo - dies
He turned to me as if to say "hurry boy, it's waiting there for you"

Gonna take a lot to drag me away from you
There's nothing that a hundred men or more could ever do
I bless the rains down in Africa
Gonna take some time to do the things we never had...
Ooo Ooo

The wild dogs cry out in the night
As they grow restless longing for some solitary compa-ny
I know that I must do what's right
As sure as Kilimanjaro rises like Olympus above the Ser - engeti
I seek to cure what's deep inside
Frightened of this thing that I've become

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There's nothing that a hundred men or more could ever do
I bless the rains down in Africa
Gonna take some time to do the things we never had...
Ooo Ooo

"hurry boy, she's waiting there for you"

It's gonna take a lot to drag me away from you
There's nothing that a hundred men or more could ever do
I bless the rains down in Africa
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Gonna take some time to do the things we never had...
Ooo Ooo
(Repeat and fade)