

AFRICA

I hear the drums echoing tonight
Hears only whispers of some quiet conversation

She's coming in, 12:30 flight
The moonlit wings reflect the stars that guide me towards salvation

I stopped an old man along the way
Hoping to find some long forgotten words or ancient melodies

He turned to me as if to say, "Hurry boy, it's waiting there for you"

It's gonna take a lot to take 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

The wild dogs cry out in the night
As they grow restless, longing for some solitary company

I know that I must do what's right
As sure as Kilimanjaro rises like Olympus above the Serengeti

I seek to cure what's deep inside, frightened of this thing that I've become

CHORUS 2x