

I hear the drums echoing tonight  
But she 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

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 have.

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  
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]