

Hemingway

Peter Sarstedt

Hemingway and I went hunting for sharks
just off the cost of Lorenzo Marx.
The old man drank rum from a two gallon jar
bought from the pirates of old Zanzibar.
Africa then was a sight to behold
with rhino and elephant in numbers untold.

Africa, Africa, birthplace of man.
Africa, Africa, birthplace of man.
The wild ones must suffer in a race for the land.

Hemingway stood back, wiped the tears from his eyes.
He said "I won't be here to see the fire in the skies.
Then I'll give you the future and I'll take the past.
But just one more look cause it may be my last."

Africa, Africa, birthplace of man.
Africa, Africa, birthplace of man.
The wild ones must suffer in a race for the land.

Hemingway fell deeply in love with the land
and he read a prophecy in the lines of his hand.
Though awe-struck in wonder through the debts of his soul,
he was aware then for whom the bell tolls.
So he took to the hills and the old nomad walks
beneath the snow lines to where the black leopard strolls.

Africa, Africa, birthplace of man.
Africa, Africa, birthplace of man.
The wild ones must suffer in a race for the land.

Lyrics submitted by Stephan.

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