

Scatterlings of Africa

Johnny Clegg

Copper sun sinking low
Scatterlings and fugitives
Hooded eyes and weary brows
Seek refuge in the night

Chorus

They are the scatterlings of Africa

Each uprooted one

On the road to Phelamanga

Where the world began

I love the scatterlings of Africa

Each and every one

In their hearts a burning hunger

Beneath the copper sun

Ancient bones from Olduvai

Echoes of the very first cry

"Who made me here and why

Beneath the copper sun?"

African idea

African idea

Make the future clear

Make the future clear

Chorus.....

And we are the scatterlings of Africa

Both you and I

We are on the road to Phelamanga

Beneath a copper sky

And we are the scatterlings of Africa

On a journey to the stars

Far below, we leave forever

Dreams of what we were

Songwriters

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