African Child (Trapped In Me)

Infant Sorrow

I have crossed the mystic desert
To snap pictures of the poor
I've invited them to brunch
Let them crash out on my floor.

There's sunshine in my veins
My kitchen's filled with flies
I'm crying out in vain
Like a little African child.

Trapped in me
There's an African child
Trapped in me
There's a little African child trapped in me.

All these rooms are cluttered with the spoils of my fame
My doors and windows shuttered I just can't keep out the rain
There's sunshine down in hell
My kitchen's filled with flies
I'm crying out for help
Like a little African child.

Trapped in me
There's an African child
Trapped in me
There's a little African child trapped in me.

All these blowjobs in limousines
What do they matter
What do they mean
To the little African child
Trapped in me.

(African chant)

African child
Trapped in me
There's an African child
Trapped in me
There's a little African child trapped in me.

There's a little African child trapped in me.
There's a little African child trapped in me.

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