

# Dr Livingstone

## Crowded House

Steam ship, sail down the river  
Fight the mosquitoes that fly in the swarm  
White smoke cover the jungle  
See Dr.Livingston land with a thunk  
Down where the sad willows gather  
Young women weep for their dying babies  
I am a white man in Africa  
If I were to stay here, there'd be no one to save me  
I hear the drums, I know it's urgent  
I hear survival in his hands  
Switch to record I get the picture  
But I will never understand  
Mad world, invisible army  
Blow up the bridges and come like a storm  
Young girl, eyes full of promise  
Carry the baby and keeping it warm  
Down where the sad willows gather  
Young men go down on their knees  
I am a white man in Africa  
With more than just my God to appease  
I hear the drums, I know it's urgent  
I hear survival in his hands  
Switch to record I get the picture  
But I will never understand  
How there is love in his face  
'Midst of all this waste  
In the Mozambique sun  
Under the gun  
I hear the drums  
I hear survival in his hands  
I hear the drums  
There is a curse upon this land  
I hear the drums, I know it's urgent  
I hear survival in his hands  
Hit record get the picture  
I will never understand  
Carry the sound and the fury  
Left all alone in a war zone  
Carry the sound and the fury  
Hours later thoughts of my bed  
Leave me tired and ready for sleep  
So tell me about all the places you go  
All the lives that you swallow, the people you keep  
Deep in a monastery  
That's where I want to be  
Wrestle my soul

Songwriters

NEIL FINN  
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