

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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