

# Digging for Some Words

Johnny Clegg

Wanderers and nomads have gone to see their chieftains  
Will this be the end of the rain and the birds?  
Who can send an emissary to speak to the seasons?  
For the ravens and the crows already soak up the skies I'm digging for some words beneath the stones in  
Zimbabwe  
I'm searching for a drum song in the jungles of Zaire  
I'm groping for the blood moon in the mountains of Malawi  
Looking for the lion of Ethiopia Settling dusk gets darkened by the bark of the baboon  
The frogs and the owls no longer call to the moon  
The warlords have gathered, blue smoke hiss from teeth of chrome  
And the baobab trembles in the boiling blood loam The fireplace is broken and the grinding stone too  
Its million pieces flung across the plains of Africa  
Each dusty fragment, a seed from which grows  
The memory of a debt that only you and I will know  
Wanderers and nomads have gone to see their chieftains  
Will this be the end of the rain and the birds?  
Who can send an emissary to speak to the seasons?  
For the ravens and the crows already soak up the skies Seven seasoned soldiers have been summoned from  
Saigon  
A craven walkie-talkie puts their bloodshot armor on  
Some drink beer, milk, some drink kinky-kola  
Sheep dogs live in Outeniqua, gun dogs in Angola Flames lick the corners of each hungry horseman's smile  
They have locusts in their scabbards and desert's in their eyes  
Passing through the air, they leave a sea of fetid rumors  
As they ride upon the skyline on a secret trail of lies Wanderers and nomads have gone to see their chieftains  
Will this be the end of the rain and the birds?  
Who can send an emissary to speak to the seasons?  
For the ravens and the crows already soak up the skies  
I found some words beneath a stone in Zimbabwe  
I heard a distant drum song in the jungles of Zaire  
The blood moon spoke of war in the mountains of Malawi  
But I never found the lion of Ethiopia Wanderers and nomads have gone to see their chieftains  
Will this be the end of the rain and the birds?  
Who can send an emissary to speak to the seasons?  
For the ravens and the crows already soak up the skies  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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