

# Primitive Man

Silvetti

Well, it happened after midnight  
Fire burnin hot  
The clan had all assembled  
Fanned the flames of God  
The witch doctor had spoken  
The children hid in fear  
The chief and all his warriors  
They sacrificed the deer  
Well, you sing with me baby  
The bravado for your soul  
Top of the crooked honour  
You know I

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