

Dr. Livingstone

Crowded House

Steam ship, sail down the river
Fight the mosquitoes that fly in a swarm
White smoke covers 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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