

# Market Place

**Hugh Masekela**

I see her floating lazily  
Through the market like a butterfly, oh yeah  
I won't forget the day the sun came shining in  
Hey hey na  
Oh yeah  
Just like the dawn, bringing in the rays for that sunshine in Congo  
A flaming torch she lit up the marketplace so brightly  
Colors as in a flower garden  
Gracing her lappa shimmering in purples and yellows  
And all the shades sparkling in the skies in the rainbows of the Congo  
Corn row hair in a million braids  
Eyes lit up like the northern star  
A smile that leaves a spell when she goes to look into my eyes  
She turning me on with fever  
As she passes me by, hey mama  
Suddenly I'm walking right beside her, really turning her on  
When I tell her I'm going wherever  
She'll be going when she leaves the market  
Right away I go to carry her bag of vegetables  
We walk towards the road that goes down to the village, ooh mama  
She locks the door that leads into her hut  
I say wolo mama, wolo mama, iyoh  
The talking drums and the xylophones  
All the tom toms and the tumbas they were wailing  
We had a night time of ecstasy  
And we woke up to the roar of the lion  
She had to rise to the market place  
To her vegetable stall at the market place  
That's where the sun rises  
I won't forget the day the sun came shining in  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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