

Bite The Bullet

Karl Wolf

It's gonna take a lot to drag me away from you
There's nothing that a hundred men or more could ever do
I bless the rains down in Africa
Gonna take some time to do the things we never had
Hear the drums echoing tonight
But she hears only whispers
Of some quiet conversation
She's coming in twelve-thirty flight
Her moonlit wings reflect the stars
That guide me towards salvation
I stopped an old man along the way
Hoping to find some old
Forgotten words or ancient melodies
He turned to me as if to say
"Hurry boy, it's waiting there for you"
It's gonna take a lot to drag me away from you
There's nothing that a hundred men or more could ever do
I bless the rains down in Africa
Gonna take some time to do the things we never had
The wild dogs cry out in the night
As they grow restless longing
For some solitary company
I know that I must do what's right
Sure as Kilimanjaro rises
Like Olympus above the Serengeti
I seek to cure what's deep inside
Frightened of this thing that I've become
It's gonna take a lot to drag me away from you
There's nothing that a hundred men or more could ever do
I bless the rains down in Africa
Gonna take some time to do the things we never had
Hurry boy, she's waiting there for you

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