

Jungle Floor

Brothertiger

One moment past
Our bodies cast
No shadow on the plain
Now clear and black
They stride our track,
And we run home again.
In morning-hush
Each rock and bush
Stands hard, and high, and raw:
Then give the Call:
"Good rest to all
That keep the Jungle Law!"
Oooh Oooh OooOooOooh
The dew is dried
That drenched our hide,
Or washed about our way;
And where we drank
The puddled bank
Is crisping into clay.
The traitor Dark
Gives up each mark
Of stretched or hooded claw:
Then hear the Call:
"Good rest to all
That keep the Jungle Law!" Oooh Oooh OooOooOooh
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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