

Africa

Chris De Burgh

I hear the drums echoing tonight
she hears only whispers
of some quiet conversation
she's coming in 12.30 flight
the moonlit wings reflect the stars
that guide me towards salvation
I stopped an old man along the way
hoping to find some long forgotten
word 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 rain's down in Africa
gonna take some time to do
the things we never had ooh ooh
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 seem to cure what's deep inside
frightened of this thing that I've become
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