

# The Jungle

## NoMeansNo

I did not sail the seas or fly on the wind  
But I found the jungle and myself within

I found you before I found myself

But to the natives I looked like everyone else

Brown skin under a tropical sun in the Jungle  
And then I heard the bass and felt the wind on my face  
As it throbbed and rippled from an inland place

I found the sand and then my feet

And I followed the trail of repetitive beats

Into the darkness, in under the trees of the Jungle  
The guitar cries were like a flickering fire  
And I saw the light before I opened my eyes

I would only find what I was looking for

As crawled beneath the brambles on the forest floor

I had been here many times before  
Hear the voices cry and see the sparks fly  
As before my eyes in the stinging smoke

A streaming beast is at the end of ist rope

At the end of fear, at the end of hope

Round and round, beyonf ist reach

Teh shadows flickered on the circling trees

The naives dance, naked and wild

Stamping their feet, and twirling their knives

No one knows whta I felt in my heart

As I rose to my feet and played my part in the Jungle

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