

# 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 its rope  
At the end of fear, at the end of hope  
Round and round, beyond its reach  
The shadows flickered on the circling trees  
The natives dance, naked and wild  
Stamping their feet, and twirling their knives  
No one knows what I felt in my heart  
As I rose to my feet and played my part in the Jungle

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