

Bwana

Lindsey Buckingham

The night brings the stranger,
The jungle cries for more.
The natives in the villages,
The visitor at the door.
We all have our demons,
And sometimes they escape.
But Bwana is the visitor,
In control of your own fate. Bwana, Bwana, Bwana,
Bwana, Bwana, Bwana The night brings on strangers,
The jungle cries for more.
The natives in the villages,
The visitor at the door.

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