Under African Skies

Paul Simon

Joseph's face was black as night
The pale yellow moon shone in his eyes
His path was marked by the stars
In the Southern hemisphere
And he walked his days under African skiesThis is the story of how we begin to remember
This is the powerful pulsing of love in the vein
After the dream of falling and calling your name out
These are the roots of rhythm
And the roots of rhythm remainIn early memory, Mission music
Was ringing 'round my nursery door
I said, "Take this child, Lord from Tucson, Arizona
Give her the wings to fly through harmony
And she won't bother you no more"This is the story of how we begin to remember
This is the powerful pulsing of love in the vein
After the dream of falling and calling your name out
These are the roots of rhythm
And the roots of rhythm remainJoseph's face was as black as the night
And the pale yellow moon shone in his eyes
His path was marked by the stars
In the Southern hemisphere
And he walked the length of his days under African skies

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