

17. Africa

T+B: ||: Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo bah :||

S+A: ||: Dah dah ... :||

TB: I hear the drums echoing tonight,
but she hears only whispers of some quiet conversation.
She's coming in 12:30 flight, her moonlit wings reflect
the stars that guide me towards salvation.
I stopped an old man along the way,
hoping to find some long forgotten words or ancient melodies.
He turned to me as if to say:
„hurry boy it's waiting there for you“.

Alle: Doo, doo, doo, doo.

Alle: 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 rains down in Africa. Gonna take some time
to do the things we never had. Ooh.

T+B: ||: Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo bah :||

S+A: ||: Dah dah ... :||

T+B: 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 seek to cure what's deep inside,
frightened of this thing that I've become.

Alle: Doo, doo, doo, doo.

Alle: 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 rains down in Africa. :||
Gonna take some time to do the things we never had.
Ooh, - doo doo doo doo doo doo doo, bah!