

Lagos Slums

Brazzaville

He's had bicycles and sons
He's had salted fish and dark rum
Now his days are almost done
In the Lagos slums

He was a farmer for a while
Growin' plantains by the coastline
And some said he had a smile
Like a movie star

La ah La ah ah ah

(He) met his wife one Friday night
At a dance hall near the train tracks
And his heart soared like a kite
In the evening light

(He) worked the oil fields once
Saved some money for his family
Built a house near Eden's Point
Where they raised their boys

He says it's hard to be a man
Who works and still can't feed his children
But he does the best he can
In the New World Plan

We're all forgotten
This road leads nowhere