

Christmas in Capetown

Randy Newman

Every night
In Jungletown
All the boogies in the street
Radios turned up very loud
Playin' Dancing Queen
They love our music

This English girl from the North somewhere
Is stayin' with me at my place
Drinkin' up all my beer
Talkin' about the poor niggers all the time
It's a real disgrace, she says
I tell her, Darling, don't talk about things
You don't understand
I tell her, Darling, don't talk about something
You don't know anything about
I tell her, Darling, if you don't like it here
Go back to your own miserable country

It's Christmas in Cape Town but it ain't the same
Oh, the boys on the beach are still blowin'
And the summer wind still kicks the clouds around

You know my little brother, babe
Well, he works out at the diamond mine
I drove him out there at five this mornin'
The niggers were waitin' in a big long line
You know those big old lunch pails they carry, man
With a picture of Star Wars painted on the side
They were starin' at us real hard with
Their big ugly yellow eyes
You could feel it
You could feel it

It's Christmas in Cape Town but it ain't the same
The stores are open all the time
And little kids on skateboards cut in and out of the crowd
And the Christmas lights still shine
Myself, I don't like to drink the way
I used to, man, you know
It don't seem to get me high
And the beer don't taste the way it
Ought to taste somehow
And I don't know why

Don't talk to me about the planes
Man, I've heard it
Just take a look around
What are we gonna do, blow up
The whole damn country?

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