

Jacaranda Bougainvillea

Al Jarreau

Oh what a dream, Oh what a story.
Don't have to weep, Come and enjoy a smile.
Opening scene is just like a doorway.
Here's a story, in rhythm and rhyme.

There is a tree on the street and in the forest.
Lavender dream whispered a poet.
Bright potpourri. The envy of orchids,
When it's dressed in a pink and fuchsia twine.
Jacaranda tree and the Bougainvillea vine.

Oh Mandela, that garden that you made,
Is a vision of the prayer, you must've been prayin' everyday.
Sweet Azaleas, every color every kind.
And the first and the last are all divine.

There is a dream of the trees and of the flowers.
There is a season of peace at the borderline...
Where we're redeemed and history will crown us.
Jacaranda tree and Bougainvillea vine.

Oh Mandela, would you say that it's alright?
When the children play they always say, they say that we were like
Cinderella, in your garden there's a shrine,
To the first and the last they're all divine.

One and all, big and small, a common birth.
Each and every child for all his worth.
Take the one who's always last and make him first.
Take these seeds. Seed the earth.

Comin' along,
Oh what a long way we have come.
Comin' along,
Makin' a home for everyone.
Comin' along, way down South in Africa
Look at (Study) the Jacaranda tree huggin' the Bougainvillea