

Oi

Brazzaville

There's a little cloud
Forming in the dawn
Forming in my mind
I better lie down
Seaweed in my teeth
In my bleeding gums
Oh the winter sun
It makes my brain numb

They say when you die
There's a purple hum
And you feel real calm
And everything's one
But until that day
We have bleeding gums
And the winter sun
We better lie down

Oi chu seh yo
Oi cho-a heh yo
Dhal chu seh yo
Dhal cho-a heh yo