

The wind softly drifting along  
The Caribbean sunrise  
As the day goes by things get slower and more amusing  
Until, finally, in a sudden splash  
Of glory  
The night begins again

Wild, twisting, two-step, turning  
The yearning of young and old alike

The crickets begin with anxiety  
Muffled by darkness  
Ancient rites of voodoo are brought to mind  
In jungles, all things appear to be just what they are  
The spirit that lies within

Wild, twisting, two-step, turning  
The yearning of young and old alike

Ahhhh...