

## Dr. Livingstone

## Crowded House

Steam ship, sail down the river  
Fight the mosquitoes that fly in a swarm  
White smoke covers the jungle  
See Dr. Livingston land with a thunk  
Young women weep for their dying babies  
Down where the sad willows gather  
I am a white man in Africa  
If I were to stay here  
There'd be no one to save me

I hear the drums  
I know it's urgent  
Switch to record  
I hear survival in his hands  
I get the picture  
But I will never understand  
Mad world, invisible army

Blow up the bridges and come like a storm  
Young girl, eyes full of promise  
Carry the baby and keeping it warm

Down where the sad willows gather  
Young men go down on their knees  
I am a white man in Africa  
With more than just my god to appease  
I hear the drums

I know it's urgent  
I get the picture  
I hear survival in his hands  
Switch to record

But I will never understand

How there is love in his face  
'Midst of all this waste  
In the Mozambique sun

Under the gun  
I hear the drums  
I hear survival in his hands  
I hear the drums

There is a curse upon this land  
I hear the drums  
I know it's urgent  
I hear survival in his hands  
Hit record  
I will never understand

Get the picture  
Carry the sound and the fury  
Left all alone in a war zone  
Hours later  
Carry the sound and the fury  
Thoughts of my bed

So tell me about all the places you go  
All the lives that you swallow, the people you keep  
Leave me tired and ready for sleep  
Wrestle my soul  
That's where I want to be  
Deep in a monastery