

# Capetown

Harry Belafonte

She sparkles like a diamond  
Look at all her people  
Look at them dance, look at them laugh  
Singing a song  
They make like happy children  
Wearing friendly faces  
Everyone knows, everyone knows they belong  
Where they belong

Capetown, Im drowning in your beauty  
Capetown, but my hearts not feeling nicely  
Capetown, angel black, white sin  
Capetown, there's a shadow on your mountain  
Capetown, there's a flaw in your sparkle  
Capetown, there's a crying at your crossroads  
Let me in, let me in, let me in

The rush of silky color  
The sound of Dixie Banjos  
Mongrel melodies in quarter tones  
Streets of Malay marchers  
Hatted in their feathers  
The lilt, the lilt of xhosa Saxophones, xhosa saxophones

Capetown, there's a hole at the heart of you  
A hole where district six used to be  
Capetown, now brown ghosts are dancing  
To be free, oh to be free  
Capetown, there's an island in your ocean  
Capetown, where black blood is running  
Capetown, hear the voices calling from your sea  
You belong to me, oh you belong to me, hmm

Tidy whitewashed houses  
Sprays of wild flowers  
The heart and soul of gentility  
The vineyards, and the orchards  
Warm white sandy beaches  
Old and graceful luxury

Capetown, they're squatting in your desert  
Capetown, in shanties made of plastic  
Capetown exiles in your homeland  
Capetown, struggling with your reason  
Capetown, holding back your madness  
Capetown, it's a bitter fruit you harvest  
Capetown, oh, oh  
Capetown Im drowning in your beauty  
Capetown, but my hearts not feeling nicely  
Capetown, angel black, white as sin