

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