

Shape of a Broken Heart

Imany

Africa, has the shape of a broken heart
and the Heart of a broken land,

Fell from heaven
Straight to hell,
Now your children are missing

I try to understand
Who I am
Years after years
God, it feels the same

Heart fever
Everybody's gone
And noone that I know
Anybody won

Africa, has the shape of a broken heart
And the Heart of a broken land,

Fell from heaven
Straight to hell,
Now your children are missing

Kiss their forehead
And hold their hands
Close their eyes
And put their name on the braise

Dust is dust
And who goes of it
So goes of it

Africa, has the shape of a broken heart
And the Heart of a broken land,

Fell from heaven
Straight to hell,
Now your children are missing

In the wind blows,
And the children brodes
Sitiing on a side of a road
Whatch you all the boats

Africa, has the shape of a broken heart
And the Heart of a broken land,

Fell from heaven
Straight to hell,
Now your children are missing

Now I understand
Who I am, who I am, who I am ...

Now tell me how
Tell me how,

I can accept the thing
The thing that I can't change