

## Bite The Bullet

Karl Wolf

It's gonna take a lot to drag me away from you  
There's nothing that a hundred men or more could ever do  
I bless the rains down in Africa  
Gonna take some time to do the things we never had

Hear the drums echoing tonight  
But she hears only whispers of some quiet conversation  
She's coming in twelve-thirty flight  
Her moonlit wings reflect the stars that guide me towards salvation  
I stopped an old man along the way  
Hoping to find some old forgotten words or ancient melodies  
He turned to me as if to say: "Hurry boy, it's waiting there for you"

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The wild dogs cry out in the night  
As they grow restless longing for some solitary company  
I know that I must do what's right  
Sure as Kilimanjaro rises like Olympus above the Serengeti  
I seek to cure what's deep inside, frightened of this thing that I've become

Hurry boy, she's waiting there for you