

Sitting by the pool  
I'm waiting here in plain solitude  
Count the people hanging 'round the neighborhood  
I can recognize the fence between the girls and the guys  
That's the local way to keep their children wise

The night draws a picture of you in my arms  
The sound of the discos and humming of the cars  
That's alright  
When you come I will be open to the touch of your love

There's a certain sound when everything you need can be found  
That fills your ears when your little world starts coming around  
The hot African air it doesn't seem to mind  
Nor to care to bring some coolness on the sheets two lovers share

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