

In The Music

Kongos

They say we sang
before we talked
now we talk so much
but we don't say a thing

The heathen stamped
his foot in time
he got so high
he opened up the heavens

This is the part where you stand up
put your hands together and really give it up
do you know what i'm saying
do you know what i mean

Close your eyes
(and) choose a destination
(and) try to forget
everything you thought you knew
(cos) don't you know
there is no church or nation
but you can believe
in the music

History can you
tell me over this
broken telephone
just what they knew

We're going through the motion
our devotion just a token
for tradition's sake taking our potions
and we're faking our emotions

This is the part ...

Close your eyes ...