

Oh, I wake up in the morning, can't get out of bed
What a terrible aching in my head?
I'm pulling up the sheet, shutting out the light
But not today, today I cannot fight

I couldn't get to work if I wanted to
The state I'm in you'd be glad if I don't
I wash my face, comb my hair
Any minute and I will soon be there

I'm standing by the sink, looking over Market Square
The freezing windows, going out I cannot face
The dirty dishes from the night before
And dirty clothes are strewn across the floor

I couldn't get to work if I wanted to
The state I'm in you'd be glad if I don't
I wash my face, comb my hair
Any minute and I will soon be there

'Cause I'll go down to Africa
When I fall asleep
The burning plains of Africa
Is where I'm going to be

Oh, I've said goodbye to Holloway
Farewell Southend-on-Sea
The burning plains of Africa
Is where you will find me

I will soon be there
I will soon be there
'Cause I'll go down to Africa
'Cause I'll go down to Africa