

# The Jungle

NoMeansNo

I did not sail the seas or fly on the wind  
But I found the jungle and myself within  
I found you before I found myself  
But to the natives I looked like everyone else  
Brown skin under a tropical sun in the Jungle

And then I heard the bass and felt the wind on my face  
As it throbbed and rippled from an inland place  
I found the sand and then my feet  
And I followed the trail of repetetive beats  
Into the drakness, in under the trees of the Jungle

The guitrar's cries were like a flickering fire  
And I saw the light before I opened my eyes  
I would only find what I was looking for  
As crawled beneath the brambles on the forest floor  
I had been here many times before

Hear the voices cry and see the sparks fly  
As before my eyes in the stinging smoke  
A streaming beast is at the end of ist rope  
At the end of fear, at the end of hope  
Round and round, beyonf ist reach  
Teh shadows flickered on the circling trees  
The naives dance, naked and wild  
Stamping their feet, and twirling their knives  
No one knows whta I felt in my heart  
As I rose to my feet and played my part in the Jungle

The bass is the love that I feel in my heart  
The guitar you see is my learing tree  
The drums are the sound that you heard from the start  
They the are tools of the trade, of the craft and the art  
But when will I sail across endless seas?  
And what message will fly on the wind to me?  
What will is see in the smoke and the sparks?  
When , oh when, will I play my part in the Jungle?