

I hear the drums echoin' tonight
but she hears only whispers of some quiet conversation
she's coming in, twelve-thirty flight.
Her moonlight wings reflect the stars that guide me
toward salvation
I stopped an old man along the way,
hoping to find some old forgotten words or ancient
melodies
he turns to me as if to say: hurry boy it's waiting there for
you

it's gonna take a lot to drag me away from you
there's nothing but 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

Wild dogs cry out in the night
as the grow restless longing for some solitary company
I know that I must do whats right
As sure as Kilimanjaro rises like Olympus above the
Serengeti
I seem to cure whats deep inside
frightened of this thing that I've become

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