

I hear the drums echoing tonight But she hears only whispers of
some quiet conversation. She's coming in, 12:30 flight. The mo
onlit wings reflect the stars that guide me towards salvation.

I stopped an old man along the way Hoping to find some old forg
otten words or ancient melodies. He turned 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
that a hundred men or more could ever do, I bless the rains do
wn in Africa, Gonna take some time to do the things we never ha
d.

The wild dogs cry out in the night As they grow restless longin
g for some solitary company. I know that I must do what's right
, Sure as Kilimanjaro rises like a leopardess above the Serenge
ti. I seek to cure what's deep inside Frightened of this thing
that I've become.

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