

Out Of Africa

Roger Whittaker

I was standing on a beach.
As naked as the day I was born.
Surrounded by the thunder of the waves,
Pounding on that shore.
There was music in the air
And it started a song in my heart.
In the sea and the sun and the sand
And the wind out of Africa.

Out of Africa, yeah, yeah, yeah,
Out of Africa, yeah.
Out of Africa, right, out of Africa...

There was a three-year-old boy,
Dancing to the radio.
Yeah, jivin' to the sounds of
Chuck Berry and Fats Domino.
Now some people think he is out of his mind.
But he hasn't gone far.
He down by the sea on the sand in the wind
Out of Africa.

Out of Africa, yeah, out of Africa, yeah.
Out of Africa, right, out of Africa...

And sometimes when I lose my way,
She take's me by the hand
And leads me back to where it all began...
Yeah, in Africa.

Pfeifsolo

Out of Africa, yeah, yeah, yeah,
Out of Africa, yeah.
Out of Africa, right, out of Africa...

I was standing on a beach.
As naked as the day I was born.
Surrounded by the thunder of the waves,
Pounding on that shore.
There was music in the air
And it started a song in my heart.
In the sea and the sun and the sand
And the wind out of Africa.

Out of Africa, out of Africa, out of Africa,
Yeah, out of Africa.

Pfeifsolo...