

## South Africa

Roy Harper

Once I was anothers lover  
Now I am my own  
Trying to call myself a brother  
Living here alone  
Maybe if you came to see me  
Wishing I wasn't so blind  
Sitting here thinking to be free  
Maybe we'd all change our mind

She is kind and beautiful  
I am young and strong  
We have never met each other  
But it can't be long  
Oft' I have slept by her window  
Often I whisper her name  
And wonder that words in the wind blow  
Happy that hers are the same