

One Jungle

The Fixx

The sailor walks across the ocean
Unsafe on waves of glass
Any time dark skies could open
And he could perish at the mast

His stomach turns, the potion burns
He's lifting every stone

Money comes, and money goes
But man must always have a home
Money comes, and money goes
Man could never be alone

Hunter in his leafy temple
Monkeys sing, the lion rides
Jungle tempting with example
His gun always by his side

The potion burns, his stomach turns
He's lifting every stone

Astronauts on a travelled plan
Searching for his other man
The plastic pawn is in his hand
And in the other, a looking glass

His stomach turns, the potion burns
He's lifting every stone

Money comes
Money goes