

White Hot

Tom Cochrane

Waiting by the shoreline
In Somalia for your reply
I need you to come see me
That's no lie

The guns are getting closer
The sweat pours like dew
That fell from the trees in Tripoli
In the spring

I'm white hot
I can't take it anymore
I'm white hot
By the Somalian shore
Yes, I'm burning to the core
I need rain

Cast out from the jungle
With no rations or canteen
For selling faulty riffles
To the thieves in Tanzania

Adventures and misfortune
Nothing wagered, nothing gained
I have wandered through the desert
Found the ocean not the rain

I can remember the nights
By the strand in Tripoli
We were so much cooler then
I had you and my poetry to protect me
We were so much younger then
I need rain

I'm white hot
I can't take it anymore
I'm white hot
By the Somalian shore

I'm white hot
Yes, I'm burning to the core
I need rain, I need rain, I need rain

I can remember the nights
By the sea in Tripoli
Were, were so much colder then
I had you and my poetry to protect me

We were both soldiers then
Bolder then, colder then
I need rain, I need rain, I need rain
White hot
White hot
Water