

# 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