

Al Stewart, Here In Angola

I can't deal with all this undergrowth talk
It just trips my feet and tangles up my thoughts
You're trying to sell me your new faith
Tell me why you'd do it

And your hands are clenched
And you're talking low
With your eyes like flames
Your voice like snow
Someone dug a pit for you
and you fell right into it.

Tell me how the universe was meant to be
Take another sip of your cola
You be the colonel of the cavalry
I'll be Francis Ford Coppola
We'll go together through the jungle night
'Til the moon and stars fade out of sight
Waiting for the dawn to come
Here in Angola
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I can't remember how you got this way
I can still recall you in a younger day
The earnestness still drips off you like butter
And you fling round words in a holy war
And you look so vague, but seem so sure
Don't you ever just want to break right down and stutter

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Ah, why don't you let it go
Ah, you'd be too wise to know
That time will get you anyway
It's at your door today.

I can't deal with these periscope views
And the caveman scrawl that you call news
Hey, why don't you make a note to cancel your next visit
Well, I knew that things were getting out of control
When you found your faith and lost your soul
If there's something you'd rather die than compromise
What is it?

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