

# 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  
Here in Angola

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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