

Graham Parker, Durban Poison

The Zulus are rising from their shanty towns
The Injuns are launching a counter attack
The funeral pyre's burning as I strike a match
And everything goes up in smoke again, oh

Durban Poison, oh oh oh oh, Durban Poison
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A white man is talking in a twisted accent
Somewhere between British and Boer
Says if you hate somebody lock them up, but I can't be sure
if I'm just dreaming, I'm dreaming of

Durban Poison, oh oh oh oh, Durban Poison
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A choir is singing their voices ring out
A child is bouncing on her mother's knee
The cradle of mankind is waking at last
Seeds grow where nothing ever grew before,

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