

Hoodoo Gurus, Zanzibar

Did we ever meet in Zanzibar,
Two Caucasians at the town bazaar?
Are you who you say you are?
Did you offer me a Dutch cigar?
You must have thought you were so bourgeois.

Are you who you say your are?

After all these years, you haven't changed at all
But I can't say you look the same.

Summer days are hot in zanzibar
And at night the sky is filled with stars.

Listen. You can hear guitars.

Native people, skins as black as tar,
Wear bright-coloured robes in Zanzibar.
They've never even heard of ska!
On a tour of limestone caves
Did we see where traders kept their slaves?

Was that how we spent the day?

After all these years, you haven't changed at all
But I can't say you look the same.

I have never been to Zanzibar
I have always thought it was too far

You're not who you say you are.