

# Johnny Clegg & Savuka, High Country

There's a girl who lives in the high country  
Where the willows do not weep  
And the rain falls softly and gently  
And does not disturb her sleep  
There's a girl who lives in the high country  
Who lives on tea and dreams  
And I know that she does not love me  
But she plays the game so well  
"Sit by my side and tell me boy  
Is the Milky Way that far? Is the universe really expanding?  
Tell me who you are?"  
I am a bondsman - a poor man  
I am a ghettoman - I am a thief  
Who saw the gutterman who has no compassion  
Who heard the widow who cannot weep  
In the backstreets, in the poor towns  
I hear a thunder which cannot roll  
Mine are the eyes that steal from the orphanage  
A groveller, groping in the grime  
Inside is a Congo-jungle-beast-lion-leopard-man  
A tiger-man from Timbuktu  
Even a lover-man strutting down the avenue  
A winding river searching for the sea...  
And she said that she understood me  
She thought I was complex and sensitive  
"Here" she said, "hold my hand,  
And have a muffin!"  
"Do you see the clouds boy?  
Do you see the ship?  
Do you see the duck?  
Do you love me?"  
Brick by brick the empire is crumbling  
Stone by stone it cracks and folds  
Dreams of phantoms plotting in the jungle  
Vengeance in the elephant grass  
Someone's been at the liquor cabinet  
She's sure someone's been wearing her shoes  
All around her chaos and anarchy  
Light and reason overthrown  
"I'm sure" she says, "they will attack the embassy,  
Take me home, take me home!"  
There's a wind that blows through the high country  
Where the mansion used to stand  
And it blows through the broken down garden  
Where she once held my hand.  
La, la, la, la...