

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...