

Mark Olson, Letter from africa

Don't I love my summer sunshine
Don't I love my summer sunshine
I went walking down a road
A thief came by and stole my clothes
Be there if I could
Don't know how I should
Leave my own family
Oh my Africa letter sends you a song
Oh we were such good friends back then
We dug ditches in the sun
And we worked hard the whole day long
I miss the songs too
And I miss that small kitchen
Where we would talk some
Oh my Africa letter sends you a song
Everyday I try to keep
All the good things
In front of me yeah
But our roads have crumbled
Hope our worlds have tumbled
All the way around
Oh my Africa letter sends you a song
Don't I love my summer sunshine
Don't I love my summer sunshine