

# Michael McDonald, Kikwit Town

(Michael McDonald And Chester Thompson)

From a house comes the sound of an infant crying  
People stand and stare at the door  
They dare not go in  
Where a child lies sobbing beside a lifeless body  
Trying in vain to awaken the mother within

This chain of death has so many faces  
From the frightened man to the pitiful child  
Where is our deliverance here?  
Will this not pass over?

[Chorus:]  
I won't go back to Kikwit Town  
I won't go back  
I won't go back to Kikwit Town  
I won't go back

They would not give us my father's body  
The men in orange suits started gathering 'round  
They asked the names of all who live here  
As they threw him down in hole and burned his house down

What have we done to deserve this?  
God's wrath has surely come  
He lets the devil walk among us  
He lets death into our homes  
Where is our deliverance here  
From this demon loosed upon us?

[Chorus]

Is it not enough we live in this squalor?  
Is it not enough these sacrifices we make?  
Are we not entitled to some mercy  
On this short journey we take?

[Chorus]

They said come down and answer all our questions  
It's best for all if I turn myself in  
But I know as sure as I walk through that hospital door  
I will never see daylight again

What have we done to deserve this?  
God's wrath has surely come  
He lets the devil walk among us  
He lets death into our homes  
Where is our deliverance here  
From this demon loosed upon us?

[Chorus]