

Olivia Lufkin, Africa

I hear the drums echoing tonight
But she hears only whispers of some quiet
conversation
She's coming in 12:30 flight
The moonlight wings reflect the stars that guide me
toward salvation
I stopped an old man along the way
Hoping to find some long-forgotten words of ancient
melodies
He turned to me as if to say
"Hurry boy, it's waiting there for you"
It's gonna take a lot to drag me away from you
There's nothing that a hundred men or more could ever
do
I bless the rains down in Africa
Gonna take some time to do the things we never have
The wild dogs cry out in the night
As they grow restless longing for some solitary
company
I know that I must do what's right
As sure as Kilimanjaro rises like Olympus above the
Seragetti
I seek to cure what's deep inside
Frightened of this thing that I've become
"Hurry boy, she's waiting there for you"