

Randy Newman, You've Got A Friend In Me

Every night
In Jungletown
All the boogies in the street
Radios turned up very loud
Playin' "Dancing Queen";
They love our music
This English girl from the North somewhere
Is stayin' with me at my place
Drinkin' up all my beer
Talkin' about the poor niggers all the time
It's a real disgrace she says
I tell her Darling don't talk about things you don't understand
I tell her Darling don't talk about something you don't know anything about
I tell her
Darling, if you don't like it here, go back to your own miserable country
It's Christmas in Capetown, but it ain't the same
Oh, the boys on the beach are still blowin'
And the summer wind still kicks the clouds around
You know my little brother, babe
Well, he works out at the diamond mine
I drove him out there at five this mornin'
The niggers were waitin' in a big long line
You know those big old lunch pails they carry, man
With a picture of "Star Wars" painted on the side
They were starin' at us real hard with their big, ugly, yellow eyes
You could feel it
You could feel it
It's Christmas in Capetown, but it ain't the same
The stores are open all the time
And the little kids on skateboards cut in and out of the crowd
And the Christmas lights still shine
Myself, I don't like to think the way I used to, man, you know
It don't seem t get me high
And the beer don't taste the way it ought to taste somehow
And I don't know why
Don't talk to me about the planes
Man, I've heard it
Just take a look around
What are we gonna do, blow up the whole damn country?
I don't know
It's Christmas in Capetown
It's Christmas in Capetown
It's Christmas in Capetown