

Kemopetrol, African Air

Sitting by the pool,
I'm waiting here in plain solitude

Count the people hanging
'round the neighbourhood

I can recognise the fence
between the girls and the guys

That's the local way
to keep their children wise

Chorus:
The night draws a picture
of you in my arms

The sound of the discos
and humming of the cars

That's alright

When you come I will be open
to the touch of your love

There's a certain sound
when everything you need can be found

That fills your ears
when your little world starts coming around

The hot African air
it doesn't seem to mind nor to care

to bring some coolness
on the sheets two lovers share

Chorus

Chorus

Chorus