NoMeansNo, The Jungle

I did not sail the seas or fly on the wind
But I found the jungle and myself within
I found you before I found myself
But to the natives I looked like everyone else
Brown skin under a tropical sun in the Jungle

And then I heard the bass and felt the wind on my face
As it throbbed and rippled from an inland place
I found the sand and then my feet
And I followed the trail of repetetive beats
Into the drakness, in under the trees of the Jungle

The guitrar cries were like a flickering fire
And I saw the light before I opened my eyes
I would only find what I was looking for
As crawled beneath the brambles on the forest floor
I had been here many times before

Hear the voices cry and see the sparks fly
As before my eyes in the stinging smoke
A streaming beast is at the end of ist rope
At the end of fear, at the end of hope
Round and round, beyonf ist reach
Teh shadows flickered on the circling trees
The naives dance, naked and wild
Stamping their feet, and twirling their knives
No one knows whta I felt in my heart
As I rose to my feet and played my part in the Jungle

The bass is the love that I feel in my heart
The guitar you see is my learing tree
The drums are the sound that you heard from the start
They the are tools of the trade, of the craft and the art
But when will I sail across endless seas?
And what message will fly on the wind to me?
What will is see in the smoke and the sparks?
When , oh when, will I play my part in the Jungle?