

# Randy Newman, Christmas In Capetown

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 Cape Town 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 Cape Town but it ain't the same  
The stores are open all the time  
And little kids on skateboards cut in and out of the crowd  
And the Christmas lights still shine  
Myself, I don't like to drink the way  
    I used to, man, you know  
It don't seem to 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?  
It's Christmas in Cape Town  
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