

Sam Roberts, Lions Of The Kalahari

When I die won't you please feed me
To the lions of the Kalahari
I don't care if they eat my bones
Cause I know I won't be going home

Oh, it's never far away from me
Oh, it's never far away from me

Rubber on dust as the wheels go round
I had never heard a sweeter sound
Till the day that I heard my baby cry
These things I shall carry until I die

Oh, she's never far away from me
Oh, she's never far away from me

The rains came heavy and we closed our eyes
And listened to the song pouring from the skies
Two miles from the border as the eagle flies
But the desert is the same on the other side

The leaves on Mt. Royal turn from green to gold
And crimson as the autumn light takes hold
October's here, I'm another year old
There'll be more telling 'fore my story is told

Oh When I die won't you please feed me
To the lions of the Kalahari
I don't care if they eat my bones
Cause I know I won't be going home

Oh, it's never far away from me
Oh, it's never far away from me

Oh, she's never far away from me
Oh, she's never far away from me

Oh, it's never far away from me
Oh, I'm never far away from you