

Simon And Milo, Omobolasire

(intro)

The politics of nations got me down
Geography and policy have run me out of town
Seems like worldly things have come between us now
But I've got the will and if there's a way
I'll get to you somehow

Omobolasire, I really wanta see ya
Omobolasire, hang on because I'm on my way

She is my lover
From the heart of Africa
Like no other
Princess of Nigeria
I was delirious
Ya that sun was beating down
Lady mysterious
Like an oasis that I found
And then she smiled
And then she came
And when she spoke
She told me her name

Omobolasire, I really wanta see ya
Omobolasire, hang on because I'm on my way

Short cut through Lagos
Through the market place together
Was getting serious
I could have stayed that way forever

As fate dictated I had to go back home to London
My heart vibrated
Cause I knew I had to get to you

Then came that sad day
A flight from Heathrow back to Lagos
Desperate to see ya
But they would not let me through
What can I do?
'Cept write to you
And everyday my letters will say