

XTC, It's Nearly Africa

(Andy Partridge)

Chant your spirit free;
Rush to greet truth like a dart
Shake your bag o'bones,
Shake your bag o'bones.
That's not traffic roar,
That's a leopard in your heart,
Shake your bag o'bones,
Shake your bag o'bones.
Go tell your stale friends,
go tell false prophets,
And drug traffickers,
Not to try to push our bodies any faster
We're dancing with disaster,
And the first will be the last,
It's nearly Africa,
Oh-oh,
It's nearly Africa,
Oh-oh,
Any day now,
Any day, now now
Unplug future plans;
Finger-paint the sun on you,
Shake your bag o'bones,
Shake your bag o'bones,
Mend your missing links,
I think trust should be the glue,
Shake your bag o'bones,
Shake your bag o'bones,
Go tell your warboys,
Go tell all leeches,
And blind panickers,
Not to try to push your bodies any faster,
We're dancing with disaster,
And the first will be the last,
It's nearly Africa,
Oh-oh,
It's nearly Africa,
Oh-oh,
Any day, now
Any day, now now
Our civilisation car is running wild,
Who did you give the wheel to?
The fat man driving us over the edge of the nearest cliff-face,
Is he the same god that I've seen you kneel to?