

TEACHER'S NOTES

AFRICA

I hear the drums echoing tonight

But she hears only whispers of some quiet conversation

She's coming in twelve-thirty flight

Her moonlit wings reflect the stars that guide me towards salvation

I stopped an old man along the way

Hoping to find some old forgotten words or ancient melodies

He turned to me as if to say: "Hurry boy, it's waiting there for you"

[Chorus:]

It's gonna take a lot to drag me away from you

There's nothing that a hundred men or more could ever do

I bless the rains down in Africa

Gonna take some time to do the things we never had

The wild dogs cry out in the night

As they grow restless longing for some solitary company

I know that I must do what's right

Sure as Kilimanjaro rises like Olympus above the Serengeti

I seek to cure what's deep inside, frightened of this thing that I've become

[Repeat chorus]

[Instrumental break]

Hurry boy, she's waiting there for you

[Repeat chorus]