

Worksheet 3

AFRICA

I hear the echoing tonight

But she hears only whispers of some quiet conversation

She's coming in twelve-thirty

Her moonlit wings reflect the stars that guide me towards

I stopped an old man along the way

Hoping to find some old words or ancient melodies

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

[Chorus:]

It's gonna take a lot tome away from you

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

I bless the rainsin Africa

Gonna take some time to do the things we never

The wild dogs out in the night

As they grow restless longing for somecompany

I know that I must do what's right

Sure asrises like Olympus above the Serengeti

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

[Repeat chorus]

[Instrumental break]

Hurry boy, she's waiting there for you

[Repeat chorus]