

Dr. Livingstone

Crowded House

Steam ship, sail down the river
Fight the mosquitoes that fly in a swarm
White smoke covers the jungle
See Dr. Livingston land with a thunk
Young women weep for their dying babies
Down where the sad willows gather
I am a white man in Africa
If I were to stay here
There'd be no one to save me

I hear the drums
I know it's urgent
Switch to record
I hear survival in his hands
I get the picture
But I will never understand
Mad world, invisible army

Blow up the bridges and come like a storm
Young girl, eyes full of promise
Carry the baby and keeping it warm

Down where the sad willows gather
Young men go down on their knees
I am a white man in Africa
With more than just my god to appease
I hear the drums

I know it's urgent
I get the picture
I hear survival in his hands
Switch to record

But I will never understand

How there is love in his face
'Midst of all this waste
In the Mozambique sun

Under the gun
I hear the drums
I hear survival in his hands
I hear the drums

There is a curse upon this land
I hear the drums
I know it's urgent
I hear survival in his hands
Hit record
I will never understand

Get the picture
Carry the sound and the fury
Left all alone in a war zone
Hours later
Carry the sound and the fury
Thoughts of my bed

So tell me about all the places you go
All the lives that you swallow, the people you keep
Leave me tired and ready for sleep
Wrestle my soul
That's where I want to be
Deep in a monastery