

# African Breeze

David Byron

When the sound of the drums is as dark as the sky  
Dancers are moving so fast they can fly  
I just sit all alone on a natural high with the African breeze  
(African breeze)

Fever is growing and eyes getting blazed  
The smell of the night sets the whole place ablaze  
Sit all alone, casually gaze with the African breeze (African breeze)

On the African breeze (African breeze), African breeze (African breeze)

I can smell, I can feel the African night  
And my senses are reaching a new kind of high  
And I know that the feeling I'm getting is right  
With the African breeze (African breeze)

This morning is easing me out of the spell  
Got the African breeze, it's been feeling so well  
I can return with a story to tell of the African breeze (Africa  
n breeze)

African breeze (African breeze), African breeze (African breeze  
)

African breeze, African breeze

I can smell, I can feel the African night  
And my senses are reaching a new kind of high  
And I know that the feeling I'm getting is right  
With the African breeze (African breeze)

This morning is easing me out of the spell  
Got the African breeze, it's been feeling so well  
I can return with a story to tell of the African breeze

African breeze, African breeze