

Zanzibar

Hoodoo Gurus

Did we ever meet in Zanzibar?
Two Caucasians at the town bazaar
Are you who you say you are?

Did you offer me a dark cigar?
You must have thought you were so bourgeois
Are you who you say you are?

After all these years, you haven't changed at all
But I can't say you look the same

Summer days are hot in Zanzibar
In the night, the sky is filled with stars
Listen, you can hear your guitars

Native people, skins as black as tar
Wear bright colored robes in Zanzibar
They've never even heard of ska

On a guided tour of limestone caves
Did we see where the traders kept their slaves?
Was that how we spent the day?

After all these years, you haven't changed at all
But I, I can't say you look the same

I have never been to Zanzibar
I have always thought it was too far
You're not who you say you are

You're not who you say you are
You're not who you say you are