

David Livingstone

Jon Bryant

You be a mystery and I will uncover the truth
You be the chorus and I'll be the verse to go through
You be the dynamite blasting away at the walls we take apart
You be Dave Livingstone and I'll be his African heart

You be my walker and stay with me as I grow frail
You be the wind and direct me when I lose sail
You be the resonance pulsing through every nerve that fails my
knees
And you be John Lennon and I'll be the world that he see's

Sweet midsummer nights with you in my life
With you in my life

You be a flask and I'll be the comfort you hold
You can be stranded and I'll bring you in from the cold
You be the ambulance racing me back down that old familiar road
You be Theresa and I'll be your hands to the poor

Sweet midsummer nights with you in my life
With you in my life

You be a train track and I'll never leave you for long
You be new land and I'll plot my home in your arms
You be the coffee that brings me to life in the early winter bl
ue
You be my lady and I'll be your man through and through
You be my lady and I'll be your man through and through