

The Fever Tree

Rome

Now the mourners file in
Let the ceremony begin
Unlock the rape gate

To your childhood country
To the slow-hand war
Their wrath has made scavengers of us all,
And stripped us of our pride

An honorable fall
Their wrath has reduced us to thieves
Once and for all

Now your clouds are aching;
Aching with rain
Your laws are brown with age

And so I lay, shivering in the wet shade
Of the Fever Tree, all pale
With the waste of it all

We all felt Rhodesia's youth
Ebbing away;
Leopard crawling in the dust and thorns
Leopard crawling in the dust and thorns
Leopard crawling in the dust and thorns
Leopard crawling in the dust and thorns