

Angola

Sam Roberts

Heat pouring in through the holes slowing traffic to a crawl
Time, time is only silhouettes, shadow puppets on the wall
Pouring in through the holes slowing traffic to a crawl
Makes you tick but don't forget that you can never have it all

Listen to the raindrops falling on the treetops
Angola, Angola, I never should have left you alone

Many miles from home on the dawn patrol
Where the elephants roam and the red hills roll
Red sand red sand like a sea of blood
Cold hands on the trigger wet boots in the mud
Listen to the gunshots echo through the treetops
Angola, Angola, I never should have left you alone
The world's on fire, there's nowhere to run
The world's on fire, try and hold on

And if you're doing what you shouldn't turn the other way
Because the proof is in the pudding so the old wives say
You gotta cut that rope till your hands are free
And throw off that yoke that keeps you on your knees
Listen to the gunshots echo 'cross the rooftops
Angola, Angola, I never should have left you alone
The world's on fire, there's nowhere to run
The worlds' on fire, try and hold on

Can you feel it, can you feel it, I can taste it, I can taste it
Is it real now, is it real now, did we make it, did we make it
Can you feel it, can you feel it, I can taste it, I can taste it
If we dream it, if we dream it, we can make it, we can make it

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