

## One Jungle

The Fixx

The sailor walks across the ocean  
Unsafe on waves of glass  
Any time dark skies could open  
And he could perish at the mast

His stomach turns, the potion burns  
He's lifting every stone

Money comes, and money goes  
But man must always have a home  
Money comes, and money goes  
Man could never be alone

Hunter in his leafy temple  
Monkeys sing, the lion rides  
Jungle tempting with example  
His gun always by his side

The potion burns, his stomach turns  
He's lifting every stone

Astronauts on a travelled plan  
Searching for his other man  
The plastic pawn is in his hand  
And in the other, a looking glass

His stomach turns, the potion burns  
He's lifting every stone

Money comes  
Money goes