**AFRICA (A)**

A G#m7 C#m7

B D#m7 G#m7

I hear the drums echoing tonight

G#m7 G#m7/F A/E E/F# EM7(9)/G# A G#m7C#m7

But she hears only whispers of some quiet conversation

She's coming in twelve-thirty flight

Her moonlit wings reflect the stars that guide me towards salvation

I stopped an old man along the way

Hoping to find some old forgotten words or ancient melodies

He turned to me as if to say: "Hurry boy, it's waiting there for you"

F#m D A E

It's gonna take a lot to drag me away from you

F#m D A E

There's nothing that a hundred men or more could ever do

F#m D A E

I bless the rains down in Africa

F#m D A C#m7 E F#m7

Gonna take some time to do the things we never have before

The wild dogs cry out in the night

As they grow restless longing for some solitary company

I know that I must do what's right

Sure as Kilimanjaro rises like Olympus above the Serengeti

I seek to cure what's deep inside, frightened of this thing that I've become

original key: A