

## **Clem Snide** **"African Friend"**

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Your beautiful African friend  
Next to him I look so white  
So white that you turned away  
And wanted me out of your sight

To be exotic and I did pretend  
In the back yard to slowly undress  
As you pull the twigs from my hair  
That I'd put there myself, I confess

So come lay on the couch with me  
'Cuz nature's too wild and free  
Come lay on the couch  
We don't have to work on our tans

A beautiful African man  
Well, next to him, I felt so white  
As white as a page in a book  
That I'd read but still don't understand

So I joked of a forbidden fruit  
As we argued into the night  
In a city of tanning salons  
And TV screens all shining bright

So come lay on the couch with me  
'Cuz nature's too wild, it's too wild and free  
Come lay on the couch  
We don't have to work on our tans

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