

## Don Johnson Big Band

### "Cocoa Cacao"

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You're in your private oasis, the last place on Earth  
Cover your traces, wear a mask made of dirt  
And watch the sun trickle through the bamboo  
Colouring everything green above the sand dune

The rain trickles down onto my skin  
(Oh, now Marching Archie gone Lebanon)  
I let it run through, don't feel a thing  
(Everything is aight in Bunemazemnao)

When the azure surrounds you on every side  
Hold up a shell and listen to the friendly smile  
The sea and it's waves will put you under a spell  
And freeze time in your breathing space  
And the sounds of your freedom fight  
Are falling asleep in the fleeting light  
No more struggles, it's quiet and calm, just  
Travel with the stars in the sky as your compass

Moro num pais tropical  
Quiero te beijar

Zulumatu dwele aio  
Ghulu n'dwela

The leaves make a roof over my head  
I crawl back into my bamboo shed  
The jungle's my friend, it gives me shelter  
Away from the urban helter-skelter  
In the morning I take a swim  
The blue water makes me sing...

Chorus

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