

Caedmons Call

"Two Weeks In Africa"

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Johannesburg to Capetown,
the plane had barely touched down.
She was taking photos for the friends back home.
This was always where she felt her heart belonged.
She was finally here,
the sky was bright and clear.

(Two weeks...)
And we all can feel the calling,
(Two weeks...)
to make the world a little smaller.
And so a girl got on a plane,
for two weeks in Africa.

Johannesburg to Houston,
she came home on a mountain.
But school was starting, things kept moving on.
Before you knew it, seven years had gone.
She found a picture of her,
standing, smiling,
arms around the starving kids.
She swore not to forget,
she swore not to forget...

(Two weeks...)
And we all can feel the calling,
(Two weeks...)
to make the world a little smaller.
And so a girl got on a plane,
for two weeks in Africa.

And if we follow our dear sun
to where the stars are not familiar.
Faces turn to numbers,
numbers fall like manna from the sky.
Why, oh why?
Oh Father, why?
One village in Malawi now has water running pure and
clean.
One church alive in Kenya's full of truth and love and
medicine.

We put the walls up, but Jesus keeps them standing.
He doesn't need us, but He lets us put our hands in.
So we can see, His love is bigger than you and me.

(Two weeks....)
And we all can feel the calling,
(Two weeks....)
to make the world a little smaller.
And so a girl got on a plane,
for two weeks in Africa.

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