

Johnny Clegg & Savuka "Scatterlings Of Africa"

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Copper sun sinking low
Scatterlings and fugitives
Hooded eyes and weary brows
Seek refuge in the night

They are the scatterlings of Africa
Each uprooted one
On the road to Phelamanga
Beneath the copper sun
And I love the scatterlings of Africa
Each and every one
In their hearts a burning hunger
Beneath the copper sun

Broken wall, bicycle wheel
African sun forging steel, singing
Magic machine cannot match
Human being human being
African idea
African idea
--make the future clear
--make the future clear

They are the scatterlings of Africa
Each uprooted one
On the road to Phelamanga
Beneath the copper sun
And for the scatterlings of Africa
The journey has begun
Future find their hungry eyes
Beneath the copper sun

Ancient bones from Olduvai
Echoes of the very first cry
"Who made me, here and why? --
Beneath this copper sun."
My very first beginnings
Beneath the copper sky
Lie deeply buried
In the dust of Olduvai

And we are scatterlings of Africa

Both you and I
We are on the road to Phelamanga
Beneath a copper sky
And we are scatterlings of Africa
On a journey to the stars
Far below we leave forever
Dreams of what we were
Hawu beke Mama-ye! Mama-ye!
In the beginning
Beneath the copper sky
Ancient bones
In the dust of Olduvai
Who made us, here, and why
Remember!

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