

Fixx, The "One Jungle"

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The sailor walks across the ocean

Unsafe on waves of glass

Any time dark skies could open

He could perish at the mast

His stomach turns, the potion burns

He's lifting every stone

Money comes, and money goes

Man must always have a home

Money comes, and money goes

Man could never be alone

Hunter in his leafy temple

Monkeys sing the lions ride

Jungle tempting with example

His gun always by his side

Potion burns, his stomach turns

He's lifting every stone

Money comes, and money goes

Man must always have a home

Money comes, and money goes

Man could never be alone

Astronaut on a traveled plan

Searching for his other man

The plastic pawn is in his hand

And in the other, a looking glass

His stomach turns, the potion burns

He's lifting every stone

Money comes, and money goes

Man must always have a home

Money comes, and money goes

Man could never be alone

Money comes, money goes

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