

Thomas Dolby

"Jungle Line"

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Rousseau walks on trumpet paths
Safaris to the heart of all that jazz
Through i-bars and girders- through wires and pipes
The mathematic circuits of the modern nights

Through huts through Harlem through jails and gospel
pews
Through the class on Park and the trash on Vine
Through Europe and the deep deep heart of Dixie Blue
Through savage progress cuts the jungle line

The jungle line, the jungle line
Screaming in a ritual of sound and time
Floating, drifting on the air-conditioned wind
And drooling for a taste of something smuggled in

Pretty women funneled through valves and smoke
Coy and bitchy, wild and fine
And charging elephants and chanting slaving boats
Charging, chanting down the jungle line

There's a poppy wreath on a soldier's tomb
There's a poppy snake in the dressing room
Poppy poison- poppy tourniquet
It slithers away on brass-like mouthpiece spit

And metal skin and ivory birds
Go steaming up to Rousseau's vines
They go steaming up to Brooklyn Bridge
Steaming up above ...

The jungle line
(The jungle line)
The jungle line
(The jungle line)
The jungle line (whoa ho ho)
(The jungle line)
The jungle line (whoa ho ho)
(The jungle line)
The jungle line (whoa ho ho)
(The jungle line)

(fade)

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