

Newman Randy

"Christmas in Capetown"

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Every night

In Jungletown

All the boogies in the street

Radios turned up very loud

Playin' "Dancing Queen"

They love our music

This English girl from the North somewhere

Is stayin' with me at my place

Drinkin' up all my beer

Talkin' about the poor niggers all the time

It's a real disgrace she says

I tell her Darling don't talk about things you don't understand

I tell her Darling don't talk about something you don't know anything about

I tell her

Darling, if you don't like it here, go back to your own miserable country

It's Christmas in Capetown, but it ain't the same

Oh, the boys on the beach are still blowin'

And the summer wind still kicks the clouds around

You know my little brother, babe

Well, he works out at the diamond mine

I drove him out there at five this mornin'

The niggers were waitin' in a big long line

You know those big old lunch pails they carry, man

With a picture of "Star Wars" painted on the side

They were starin' at us real hard with their big, ugly,
yellow eyes

You could feel it

You could feel it

It's Christmas in Capetown, but it ain't the same

The stores are open all the time

And the little kids on skateboards cut in and out of the
crowd

And the Christmas lights still shine

Myself, I don't like to think the way I used to, man, you
know

It don't seem t get me high

And the beer don't taste the way it ought to taste
somehow

And I don't know why

Don't talk to me about the planes

Man, I've heard it

Just take a look around

What are we gonna do, blow up the whole damn
country?

I don't know

It's Christmas in Capetown

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