

Scatterlings of Africa

Johnny Clegg

Copper sun sinking low
Scatterlings and fugitives
Hooded eyes and weary brows
Seek refuge in the night
Chorus
They are the scatterlings of Africa
Each uprooted one
On the road to Phelamanga
Where the world began
I love the scatterlings of Africa
Each and every one
In their hearts a burning hunger
Beneath the copper sun
Ancient bones from Olduvai
Echoes of the very first cry
"Who made me here and why
Beneath the copper sun?"
African idea
African idea
Make the future clear
Make the future clear
Chorus...
And we are the scatterlings of Africa
Both you and I
We are on the road to Phelamanga
Beneath a copper sky
And we are the scatterlings of Africa
On a journey to the stars
Far below, we leave forever
Dreams of what we were

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