Did he lay, did he watch or collect bric-a-brac living in the jungles of Africa Lying on a death bed, a cot, without being sick He's every man's life, lived for another

The jackals howl under the evening street lamp wait long through the cold for the mourning sun Far off a suitor play mandolin on the sand those between, either hither or thither run

Words fallout of your mouth like sand from a sieve Your talk of love tries to catch me in your dreams Caught in your arms I beg you to let me live through lovers praises I hear but muffled screams

Our man in his fortress says, "I'll live as I please" surrounding him chimpanzees live in their trees