

# Songs Of Good Hope

(c) Copyright, 1997, Lyrics: Hans-Dieter Huober,

SAWUBONA

## **Content:**

16Songs Of Good Hope

(c) Copyright, 1997, Lyrics: Hans-Dieter Huober,

- 1 Good Hope (Intro)
- 2 Have A Cup Of Beer
- 3 Monica
- 4 Ouma
- 5 Mark's Philipolis
- 6 Dealing With The Past
- 7 Soweto's Shebeens
- 8 Tell Me The Truth
- 9 The Perpetrator
- 10 A Word
- 11 Soweto, June '94
- 12 Ben
- 13 Bed & Breakfast
- 14 Collecting The Money
- 15 Rainbow Scatterings
- 16 Elephant's Birthday Jive (Bonus Track)
- 17 Sitting In The Back Of The Bus

## **1 Good Hope (Intro)**

(c) Copyright Text: Hans-Dieter Huober

Far away from South Africa  
Looking at the pictures - we did ya  
Far away from this new nation and land  
Thinking on the good times we spent

Some voices are still in my ear  
Some music, some people, some time  
Some situations that we may fear  
Some food, some sea and some wine

Try to get these pictures alive  
Try to make words to describe  
Try to use all my phantasy  
Try to explain 'how are we...'

Far away from South Africa  
Looking at the pictures - we did ya  
Far away from this new nation and land  
Thinking on the good times we spent

I know pictures and words are not real life  
I know there is nothing like doing a trip  
I know it's not that makes you feel the same way  
As take a trip to South Africa for weeks and stay

Take these songs and close your eyes  
Hope that sound makes you surprise  
Take these songs and open your ears  
These songs are about South African people  
Their lifes their hopes and their fears

## 2 Have A Cup Of Beer

(c) Copyright Text: Hans-Dieter Huober 1997

Walking thru Cape Town's Townships  
Somebody came up to us and said:  
Hey you look so thirsty my dear -  
Let's have a cup of beer

Please come to my brewery and drink Bantu beer  
Fresh made from our women - come it's just here  
We entered the house and a woman filled up a cup  
It tastes something sweet, something strong, we having a chat

They live in shakes made from paper, metal and wood  
They live without running water, looking clean and good  
They live with ten people in one room - shifts for sleeping  
They havn't a job or a car or a garden or a place for loving

Please come to my house and look how we are  
These young boys have no jobs and nothing to do  
They havn't a chance to leave the dreadful situation so far  
Our life is a dead end street - what should we do

They live in shakes made from paper, metal and wood  
They live without running water, looking clean and good  
They live with ten people in one room - shifts for sleeping  
They havn't a job or a car or a garden or a place for loving

Please come to my brewery and drink Bantu beer  
Fresh made from our women - come it's just here  
We entered the house and a woman filled up a cup  
It tastes something sweet, something strong, we having a chat

Walking thru Cape Town's Townships  
Somebody came up to us and said  
Hey you look so thirsty my dear -  
Let's have a cup of beer -  
I feel so sorry, we don't have glasses - I fear

### 3 Monica

(c) Copyright Text: Hans-Dieter Huober

Monica works in the Zoo Lake  
Restaurant until it's too late  
Monica works in the Zoo Lake  
Restaurant until it's too late  
Too late deep into the night  
But Monica said it's alright

She knows how  
She knows when  
She knows everybody  
And you know  
Some day she will go  
From Jo'burg away  
She don't like to stay  
She fears criminals  
Want to hijack her with the car  
She fears that day is not far  
But till the end of that day  
Jo'burg is her place to stay

Monica works in the Zoo Lake  
Restaurant until it's too late  
Monica works in the Zoo Lake  
Restaurant until it's too late  
Too late deep into the night  
But Monica said it's alright  
Monica came from Germany

She got down on her knees  
For living her life totally free  
Monica tells from Namibia  
And she thinks the life is so far  
Much more better there - ja.

Jo'burg isn't sometimes a pretty city  
Jo'burg is sometimes so seedy  
Jo'burg isn't the golden paradise  
Jo'burg has sometimes a bad surprise

But: Jo'burg is free and fast  
Jo'burg is now not past  
Jo'burg has Arts Alive  
Jo'burg is a endless Jive  
Jo'burg has the Kieppie's Club  
Jo'burg's music is so cool and fab  
Jo'burg's summers are so pretty  
Jo'burg remains Monica's city

Jo'burg is like so many big cities -  
A mirror of the world  
Sometimes bad - sometimes pretty

Monica works in the Zoo Lake  
Restaurant until it's too late  
Monica works in the Zoo Lake  
Restaurant until it's too late  
Too late deep into the night  
Monica said it's alright  
She knows how  
She knows when  
She knows everybody  
And you know  
Some day she will go

From Jo'burg away  
She don't like to stay  
She fears criminals  
may hijack she with her car  
She said that day is not far

But till the end of that day  
Jo'burg remains her place to stay

## 4 Ouma

(c) Copyright Text: Hans-Dieter Huober, 1997

Peter's wife is Ouma  
And Ouma is mama  
Of Peter's three boys  
The boys call her Mama  
Like their father Ouma  
And sometimes - Ouma  
Shout her man - come on ya  
Hey, hey Mbelengwa -  
Where do you have your cigarettes

And Mbelengwa I fear  
You drink too much beer!

Mbelengwas livin' near Sandton  
They have a new house  
They changed from Soweto  
They were proud of their new home  
And many friends from Soweto  
Yees, Oau Kee - they come on  
And happiness with everyone

Peter's wife is Ouma  
And Ouma is mama  
Of Peter's three boys  
The boys call her Mama  
Like their father Ouma  
And sometimes - Ouma  
Shout her man - come on ya  
Hey, hey Mbelengwa -  
Where do you have your cigarettes?  
And, Mbelengwa, I fear  
You drink too much beer!

Peter's friend wrote me an E-mail  
Ouma's boys were seriously burned  
And their cousin - she slepped overnight  
And a petrol bomb flew into  
The boys sleeping room - last night  
Through the window - right  
The boys and the cousin suffered  
The house on fire - a big flame!  
Ouma shout out - Mbelengwa!  
Help the boys, the cousin, help me  
Wanna run away - away from insanity

The children came to the hospital

Their wounds heal after weeks  
Their house was rebuild after months  
Their shock will stay for years

They never forget the flame  
And - who did it - why  
And what a shame  
Who did it and why  
Who you want to blame?

Mbelengwas livin' near Sandton  
They have a new house  
They changed from Soweto  
They proud of their new home  
And many friends from Soweto  
Yees, Oau Kee - they come on  
And again happiness with everyone

Peter's wife is Ouma  
And Ouma is mama  
Of Peter's three boys  
The boys call her Mama  
Like their father Ouma  
And sometimes - Ouma  
Shout her man - come on ya  
Hey, hey Mbelengwa -  
Where do you have your cigarettes  
And Mbelengwa I fear  
You drink too much beer!

Peter's wife is Ouma  
And Ouma is mama  
Of Peter's three boys  
The boys call her Mama  
Like their father Ouma  
And sometimes - Ouma

Shout her man - come on ya  
Hey, hey Mbelengwa -  
Where do you have your cigarettes  
And Mbelengwa I fear  
You drink too much beer!

## 5 Mark's Philippolis

(c) Copyright Text: Hans-Dieter Huober

Land, only land - and  
Land, only land - and  
It's land, only land - and  
Nothing as fields - and  
Nothing as one street - and  
And still Burenland - and...

...Somewhere, deep into the Freestate  
Lives Mark with his family - and  
Collecting records from every band  
He loves the old heroes like the KISS  
He plays the good old stuff like it is  
It's part of their life in Philippolis

Land, only land - and  
Land, only land - and  
It's land, only land - and  
Nothing as fields - and  
Nothing as one street - and  
And still Burenland - and...

...Somewhere, deep into the Freestate  
Lives Mark with his family - and  
They live in the house of Lawrence van der Post  
A house which was damaged and lost  
They bought it from the Prince of Wales  
They tried hard for that sale

Land, only land - and  
Land, only land - and  
It's land, only land - and  
Nothing as fields - and  
Nothing as one street - and  
And still Burenland - and...

Mark is a fan and he likes van der Post  
But for the folks in his town - for the most  
They have no idea about that famous writer  
They did not know that Post was a fighter  
For human rights and for all the black  
They havn't a common sense on that track

Mark lives on his own as Lawrence did  
With his child and his wife on an island  
Mark plays those days all good old songs  
From the Beatles, the Kinks and the Stones  
May be that helps him in some way - and

To survive in Phillipolis - still Burenland

Land, only land - and  
Land, only land - and  
It's land, only land - and  
Nothing as fields - and  
Nothing as one street - and  
Still Burenland - and...

And if you are on the way thru that land  
Make a stop in Phillipolis - and  
Ask for the house of Lawrence van der Post  
Mark and his wife are very kind hosts  
Have look into the house, stay for some days - and  
Hear 'Till the end of the day' Paul Simon's Graceland

(Yeah, Philippolis you really got me!)

Land, only land - and  
Land, only land - and  
It's land, only land - and  
Nothing as fields - and  
Nothing as one street - and  
Still Burenland - and..

## 6 Dealing With The Past

(c) Copyright Text: Hans-Dieter Huober/

He worked ten minutes by car away  
He dealt 40 years or so not so far away - yeah!  
From where I live - 'could reach him fast  
His name was Alfred - he dealt with the past

Alfred was the public prosecutor for NS cases  
And he dealt with Germany's past and NS faces  
He saw all this incredible things and crime  
After all he was a man with a good sense humor -  
he remains Alfred Streim

He fought against ignorance and forgetfulness  
With loneliness and sometimes with some success  
But he got of all NS criminals only seven percent  
He lives his life - his life for NS victims he spent

Alfred was the public prosecutor for NS cases  
And he dealt with Germany's past and NS faces  
He saw all this incredible things and crime  
After all he was a man with a good sense humor -  
he remains Alfred Streim

Alfred worked ten minutes by car away  
He dealt 40 years so far away - yeah!  
From where I live - 'could reach him fast  
His name was Alfred - he dealt with the past

I met Alfred the first time on congress about South Africa  
We talked about a country 10 000 Kilometres - so far  
He said they have still fight against Apartheid and forgetfulness  
I never will forget Alfred's words - Yes, I confess!

He worked ten minutes by car away  
He dealt 40 years not so far away - yeah!  
From where I live - 'could reach him fast  
His name was Alfred - he dealt with the past  
He worked ten minutes by car away  
He dealt 40 years not so far away - yeah!  
From where I live - could reach him fast  
His name was Alfred - he dealt with the past

## 7 Soweto's Shebeens

c) Copyright Text: Hans-Dieter Huober

Saturday Night in Soweto  
Let's go to the Shebeens, oho  
Say hello daag, hi and saubona  
This people take care and wanna

Know where do you come from  
How do you do - son  
How do you feel - here  
Come on sit down and drink a beer  
You feel alright - yeah  
Talking about Beckenbauer, drinking liqueur  
And German soccer and Adolf Hitler  
Talking about the distance of black and white  
Talking about the years of the Apartheid

Saturday Night in Soweto  
Let's go to the Shebeens, let's go  
Say hello daag, hi and saubona  
This people take care and wanna

Know where do you come from  
How do you do - son  
How do you feel - here  
Come on sit down and drink a beer

Moon says I will show you how I cook  
Come to my kitchen and look  
Try porridge and chicken and what you like  
You are the very first of the white

No whites have ever been here  
No whites have ever drunken that beer  
No whites have no idea what I mean  
If we talking about Saturday night in a Shebeen

Saturday Night in Soweto  
Let's go to the Shebeens, let's go  
Say hello, daag, hi and saubona  
This people take care and wanna

Know where do you come from  
How do you do - son  
How do you feel - here  
Come on sit down and drink a beer

## **8 Tell Me The Truth**

(c) Copyright Text: Hans-Dieter Huober, 1995

Tell me now the truth  
Who has shot my boys  
Tell me now the truth  
I will hear your voice

They came in the night  
They broke in my house  
They killed my children  
They destroyed my life

Tell me now the truth  
Who has shot my boys  
Tell me now the truth  
I will hear your voice

Now - I can not forget  
Now - I must live on  
Now - I must talk about  
Now - I must cry loud

Murder - Where are you?  
Murder - Where do you live?  
Murder - How do you feel?  
Murder - Emotions of steel?

Tell me now the truth  
Who has shot my boys  
Tell me now the truth  
I will hear your voice

I don't want you forgive  
But you know I must live  
Oh Murder - I want you  
On the Commission of Truth

Tell me now the truth  
Who has shot my boys  
Tell me now the truth  
I will hear your voice

Murder - Where are you?  
Murder - Where do you live?  
Murder - How do you feel?  
Murder - Emotions of steel?

Tell me now the truth

Who has shot my boys  
Tell me now the truth  
I will hear your voice

Our land need the truth  
Take care only the truth  
Oh - I wish I can forgive  
Because - I have to live

Murder - Where are you?  
Murder - Where do you live?  
Murder - How do you feel?  
Murder - Emotions of steel?

Murder - You broke my life  
Murder - You broke my wife  
Murder - You broke the nation  
Murder - You want reconciliation?

Yes - we need reconciliation  
No, no, not collaboration  
Yes- we need reconciliation  
Yes - to heal our new nation

## 9 The Perpetrator

(c) Copyright Text: Hans-Dieter Huober, 1995

Yes I am  
Yes I am  
Yes I am  
Yes I am

I am the perpetrator  
You may ask me - alright  
How can I lived and killed  
For the state of Apartheid

Yes I am  
Yes I am  
Yes I am  
Yes I am

I am the perpetrator  
You are looking for  
That I tell my story  
That will be your glory

Yes I am  
Yes I am  
Yes I am  
Yes I am

I am the perpetrator  
I don't want tell anymore  
You may say I am guilty  
Doesn't matter there will be

Our right  
Our fight  
Our right  
Our fight  
To bring back the state of Apartheid

I don't need reconciliation  
I don't need - your new nation  
I only want to have my right  
Die for the state of Apartheid

It's our right  
It's our fight  
It's our right  
It's our fight

But the Truth Commission said:  
The decision is: nobody has the right  
To die or kill -  
For Apartheid - alright.  
That's our fight  
That's our fight  
That's our fight  
That's our fight

## 10 A Word

(c) Copyright Text: Hans-Dieter Huober 1997

Sometimes only a word  
may change a world  
Talk about Justice  
Do you notice?  
Look at the people  
Some are evil  
Look at the evil  
They are still people

Look at the people  
In South Africa  
Some of the evil  
Still there - ya

Only one word  
May change a world  
Justice  
Do you notice?

You ask for justice  
But you must notice  
They can not afford  
They haven't that word

Ubuntu means peace -  
Peace with the devil  
The peace with the past  
To bring back at last  
Justice for the nation  
And real relations  
Between all the nations  
Between all the people  
No chance for the evil

Ubuntu, ubuntu....

## 11 Soweto, June 1994

(For Peter Mbelengwa)

(c) Copyright: Text: Hans-Dieter Huober, 1994

Spent a day in the South of Africa  
A day so cold with rain and snow  
Spent a day there with Peter and hope for sure  
We will come back to

SO - WE - TO

A lot of these old TV pictures running  
Through my head  
But Peter told us - don't worry  
There is no more violence  
Remember the Isac Morrison School  
Some people were dead  
It's past, people take care  
What they are living for

(Chorus):

Yees, come with me, come with me, let's go  
Into Jo'burg's South Western Township

SO - WE - TO

We stopped in front of  
The St. Matthews School  
Children in the school yard  
Outside it was so cool  
50 or so running straight to us -  
Yees, they did ya  
Want to be part of the pictures  
Of Cornelia's camera.

(Chorus):

Yees, come with me, come with me, let's go  
Into Jo'burg's South Western Township

SO - WE - TO

We've moved into a class room -  
Little girls and boys  
Look on the children's smiling faces -  
Into their eyes  
Learning with so much fun  
And creativity - indeed  
Running English lessons  
On their PCs

A few minutes by car away  
From the St. Matthew's School  
Some adults learning how to run business  
I tell you it was cool,  
John and Maria want  
To open a grocery store,  
Yees, these people know  
Exactly what they are living for.

(Chorus):  
Yees, come with me, come with me, let's go  
Into Jo'burg's South Western Township

SO - WE - TO

At last Peter showed us Soweto's Home  
For The Aged  
We asked a old lady  
What has been changed?  
She said: we live our daily life  
As we did ever before  
That change is the change for our grandchildren  
Not for us anymore

She looked thru' the window  
With tears in her eyes  
A Winter day - but the spring in her heart  
Tells not lies

(Chorus):  
Yees, come with me, come with me, let's go  
Into Jo'burg's South Western Township

SO - WE - TO

(Everybody):  
Yees, come with me, come with me, let's go  
Into Jo'burg's South Western Township

SO - WE - TO

(Everybody):  
Yees, come with me, come with me, let's go  
Into Jo'burg's South Western Township

SO - WE - TO

## 12 Ben

(c) Copyright Text: Hans-Dieter Huober/Music: Thomas Grollmus, 1998

No, I never saw a Township  
No, I never trust to go  
No, I never saw a Township  
No, I never trust to go

Ben is a friend  
And he lives in Cap Town  
With his wife and two children  
Ben is a friend  
And he wants everything know  
But - what - a Township, oh no!

Ben, we saw the Guguleta Township  
Not far from your house  
Not far from where the life is hip  
Ben, we saw the Guguleta Township  
Not far from your house  
Not far from where the life is hip

No, I never saw a Township  
No, I never trust to go  
No, I never saw a Township  
No, I never trust to go

Why do you don't want go there  
Why do you want to ignore them  
Why do you feel so alone there  
Why do you fear people are square  
Why do you think they hate the white  
Trust yourself - this folks are alright

You go as a rich man  
You meet the people and discuss  
You will find a lot of the poor  
But you will find a lot of them proud  
And you find - people like you  
With dignity - come one - trust you!

No, I never saw a Township  
No, I never trust to go  
No, I never saw a Township

Yes, I know I have to go  
No, I never saw a Township  
No, I never trust to go  
No. I never saw a Township  
Yes, I know I will go

### 13 Bed & Breakfast

(c) Copyright Text: Hans-Dieter Huober 1997

Drivin' thru the northern part  
Of South Africa

The car-radio plays a la cart  
Paul Simon and Johnny Clegg,  
Scatterings - singing la, la, la  
Fields, mountains, villages -  
Driving not too fast  
Looking for a guest house  
For bed & breakfast

Stopped at Sabie near Kruger Park  
Looking for Bridget & Davids'  
Soon it's getting dark  
A man with a big dog  
passes by the way  
Sorry - do you know the way?  
The dog smiles and the man said yeah...

...Bridget & Davids' sounds familiar  
Yeah this isn't so far  
Yeah I know that place  
Yeah I know their faces  
Yeah it's a good place to stay  
Yeah, you must follow this way

Arriving at Bridgit & Davids' soon  
Hello, enjoy the sunny afternoon  
Said the man with the dog  
And his dog smiles like David  
Hello, you are welcome  
Said David's wife Bridgit - and  
Then at David & Bridgets-  
Our nicest days we spent

Some happy days in South Africa  
Some animals of the Kruger we saw  
Some crocodiles and lions in mind  
Some happy days in South Africa  
Just scatterings now - singing la, la, la

Bridget & Davids' sounds familiar  
Yeah this isn't so far  
Yeah I know that place  
Yeah I know their face  
Yeah it's a good place to stay  
Yeah, you must follow this way

Bridgit & David treat us like kings  
Cooking, served everything, endless drinks  
Prepared lunch packages into the night  
To make the days in the Kurger alright

Some happy days in South Africa  
Some animals of the Kruger we saw  
Some crocodiles and lions in mind  
Some happy days in north of South Africa  
Just Scatterings now Ñ singing la, la, la

Bridgit & David act in the old English style  
It's a place were the times stand still for a while  
It's a place were you want to stay for ever  
There is nothing to compare - nothing ever  
Some happy days in South Africa  
Some animals of the Kruger we saw  
Some crocodiles and lions in mind  
Some happy days in the north of South Africa  
Just Scatterings now Ñ singing la, la, la

Bridgit & Davids' is a magic place  
A place were the good old time stays  
Bridgit & Davids' is like in the picture book  
A part of our hearts they just took

Some happy days in South Africa  
Some animals of the Kruger we saw  
Some crocodiles and lions in mind  
Some happy days in the north of South Africa  
Just scatterings now - singing la, la, la

## 14 Collecting The Money

(For Peter Grohmann)

(c) Text: Hans-Dieter Huober 1997

Some curious day  
Peter was on the way  
To Cape Town from Camps Bay  
Arriving some place in the City  
Watched a band playing so pretty  
For watching some times he spent  
Nobody gave any Rand for the band  
Then he had with them a little chat  
Took his hat and at the end  
He collects the money for that band  
The musicians say thanks - and...

Hey man you look so funny  
You are now responsible  
For collecting the money

Hey, hey you look so funny  
Thank you so much  
For collecting the money

Hey, hey man you look so funny  
You are the right man  
For collecting the money

Back on his way  
From Cape Town to Camps Bay  
Peter walks on his own  
As a black taxi-bus driver stopped  
And said come on

Hey man you are alone  
On your way to Camps Bay  
Come on - we are going this way

Hey man you must know  
It's much more better by car  
Camps Bay is too far  
Hey man it is too far  
For a lonesome walk  
Hey come on let's talk

Peter took that car  
And not so far  
The driver said to him  
Hey man you look so funny  
You are now responsible

For collecting the money  
Hey, hey you look so funny  
Thank you so much  
For collecting the money

Hey, hey man you look so funny  
You are the right man  
For collecting the money

Late home in Camps Bay  
Peter came along his way  
And told us his day  
And all about he saw  
His girl friend said come over  
And where do you have  
Your most exclusive pullover  
Come over  
And where do you have your money  
And why do you look so funny -  
His answers are something but not clear  
And his girl friend said

Dear man you look so funny  
You are now responsible  
For collecting the money  
Hey, hey you look so funny  
You are now responsible  
For collecting the money  
Hey, hey man you look so funny  
You are the right man  
For collecting the money  
Hey, hey man you look so funny  
You are the right man  
For collecting the money

## 15 Rainbow Scatterings

(c) Copyright Text: Hans-Dieter Huober/Brian McDonald 1997/2008

A land that hopes  
A land that sounds  
A land that shines  
A land with energy  
A land with comedy  
*A land with mystery*  
*A land with magic on her mind*  
*and a prayer as deep as time*  
A land with tragic  
A land with criminals  
A land with animals  
A land for colors *deep and bright*  
A land for black  
A land for white  
A land for pride  
*In the human spirit bright*  
**South Africa in my mind**  
**Hope you have won**  
**Your last fight**  
**South Africa \_\_\_\_\_ in my mind**  
A land with sea  
A land with poverty  
A land with water  
A land with wine  
A land with nature  
A land for every creature  
A land with talent people  
*A land with life and love as her teacher*  
A world in one land - *can you see, my friend*  
**South Africa in my mind**  
**Hope you have won**  
**Your last fight**

A land for the good  
A land for the bad  
A land for some in the human race  
*A land for some that have gone mad*  
A land to live  
A land to die  
A land that provides everything  
A world in one land - *that's the thing, my friend*  
**South Africa in my mind**  
**Hope you have won**  
**Your last fight**

## 16 Elephant's Birthday Jive

(c) Copyright: Lyrics: Hans-Dieter Huober/Mfaniseni Thusi,1998

(Intro):

This is the jungle called Kruger National Park  
This is where I live, this is where I belong  
Sing along and dance with me in my song  
Called Elephant's Birthday Jive

I was born hundred years ago  
Ooh yes I was born  
As one of the first elephant child  
Living my life in the wild  
I remember everything of my life  
How I used to move so freely  
I remember the hot sun, the wind and the cool night  
Every tree in the Kruger Park

C'mmon lions let's do the Elephant's Birthday Jive - Happy Birthday -  
C'mmon leopards let's do the Elephant's Birthday Jive - Happy Birthday -  
C'mmon kudus let's do the Elephant's Birthday Jive - Happy Birthday -  
C'mmon giraffes let's do the Elephant's Birthday Jive - Happy Birthday -

(Middle Rap):

Visitors we thank you for celebrating with us  
In our beautiful land South Africa  
But for the future of the elephant's family and all  
Other living creatures in the world: don't kill us  
Or take us away!

We elephants do not forget  
The good days and the bad times  
The nice people and the wrong people  
Our roots and where we belong  
We are Africa's living memory  
Survivors of civilization  
We are the animal nation  
Thank you South Africa for saving us!

(Solo)

I am the elephant - hear me now blowing... (trombone)

(Groove)

Woza - woza we lion  
Woza slyojabulani sonke  
Come on - come on all  
Let us dance the elephant's birthday jive  
Woza - woza we leopard

Woza slyojabulani sonke  
Come on - come on all  
Let us dance the elephant's birthday jive

(and all other animals: kudus, zebras, monkeys, rhinos...)

## 17 Sitting in the back of the bus

(For Alex Schrempp)

(c) Copyright: Hans-Dieter Huober , 1999

Sitting with my bag  
In the back  
Of the bus  
Driving forward,  
Thinking back,  
Looking left and right  
No more fight  
Driving forward

Sitting with my bag  
In the back  
Of the bus  
Of the bus  
Of the bus  
Of the bus  
Of the bus

Sitting with my bag  
In the back  
Of the bus  
Driving my mind backward  
Remember when grew up  
In this land  
Remember the years I spent

Sitting in the back  
Of the bus  
Discover new people  
Discover their life  
In their land  
In my land  
Remember the years I spent  
In the front  
Of the bus  
Of the bus  
Of the bus  
Of the bus!

This South African bus had too many bad drivers  
Following wrong ways  
This South African bus needs all of the survivors  
Following the new ways  
When I grew up in this land  
The reality was banned  
No chance to meet this people  
No chance to talk with this people

No chance to walk with this people  
No chance to live with this people  
But now sitting with my bag  
In the back  
Of the bus  
Looking forward  
After a new start

This bus has now a good driver  
Following with a new map better ways  
We are all the lucky survivors  
Of this wrong Apartheid ways  
And you know  
You can remain  
And don't see black

In the back  
With your bag  
Of the rainbow bus  
Of the rainbow bus  
Of the rainbow bus  
Of the rainbow bus  
Of the rainbow bus  
Of the rainbow bus