

# 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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