

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 mans 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 seive  
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