

Africa - my motherland

Written by Joana

<p align="center">Hannover - Germany♦♦♦ 25th June
1992</p> <p align="center">♦</p> <p
align="center">Africa - my
motherland</p> <p align="center">♦</p> <p
align="center">Raisins condensating in the sun</p> <p
align="center">Kraus below, having fun.</p> <p
align="center">Hustle and bustle in the market place,</p> <p
align="center">I find impatience in this race:</p> <p
align="center">Correct and proper yet so abrupt</p> <p
align="center">In the streets the Turks are corrupt</p> <p
align="center">Selling dope to chubby slobs</p> <p
align="center">While more than three-thousand are looking for jobs.</p> <p
align="center">♦</p> <p align="center">Christian Harke takes the
ash</p> <p align="center">As Benson and Hedges takes the
cash.</p> <p align="center">The forward flow is right, not left</p>
<p align="center">Pouches are held tight - afraid of theft.</p> <p
align="center">♦</p> <p align="center">I am a foreigner in my
grandmother's town</p> <p align="center">A South African in a German
gown.</p> <p align="center">Eight-twenty pm, yet the sun still
shines</p> <p align="center">Greenwich holds the boundaries on
times.</p> <p align="center">♦</p> <p
align="center">My motherland so far away,</p> <p
align="center">A place of criminality they say</p> <p
align="center">But in my heart your beauty burns;</p> <p
align="center">Even as a new leaf in my life turns;</p> <p
align="center">As in yours, dear S.A.</p> <p align="center">But
now a favour - if I may:</p> <p align="center">Look after my family, and
keep them gay.</p> <p align="center">Codesa will help determine the
way.</p> <p align="center">And with these thoughts - I must
away.</p>