

BUSH TAXI

In a bush taxi to Kom Ombu
The wheel bearings don't sound very good
The driver's keffiyeh dances in the wind
We're driving at a 100 where it's 50

We're overtaking like "Ben Hur"
A crocodile skull as a mascot on the hood
The driver says "symbol for rebirth
We go and come back to this earth, insh-alla"

Says 'Religion no problem, my friend
When religion good problem ends
Problem is...WHITE FLESH, my friend!
White flesh give you foolish men

The car in front of us, and three more at once
And then past the Subaru full of sugar cane
'White flesh, white flesh make men crazy
work no more and then men lazy!'

Break under a billboard
Driver offers Cleopatra's
He looks inside himself when he speaks
Hands of leather, face of stone

The workshop was a caravanserai
Tyres, engines, oily stuff
A rusty anvil stands ready
Parallel-vice waits for the right time

A scuffle by the roadside
A mob beats a man with sugar cane
His truck smashed into the melons
The mob pulls his trousers off

Driver says 'Sometimes at night
when I can't sleep I look and I find
Oum Kalthoum on the radio
I listen and then I cry
a little bit and then I sleep"

Actually not that far to go anymore
Where should your name be in the credits?
Was it a documentary, a drama, a soap?
When and how did your hero give up?

He who sees the journey from the end
Falls to his knees, counting wounds
When the time comes, it would be nice
You could walk away with a smile on your face

God created lands with lakes
and rivers for man to live, long time ago
But the desert here God made
so that man can find his soul'

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