Africa

Words & Music by David Paich & Jeff Porcaro

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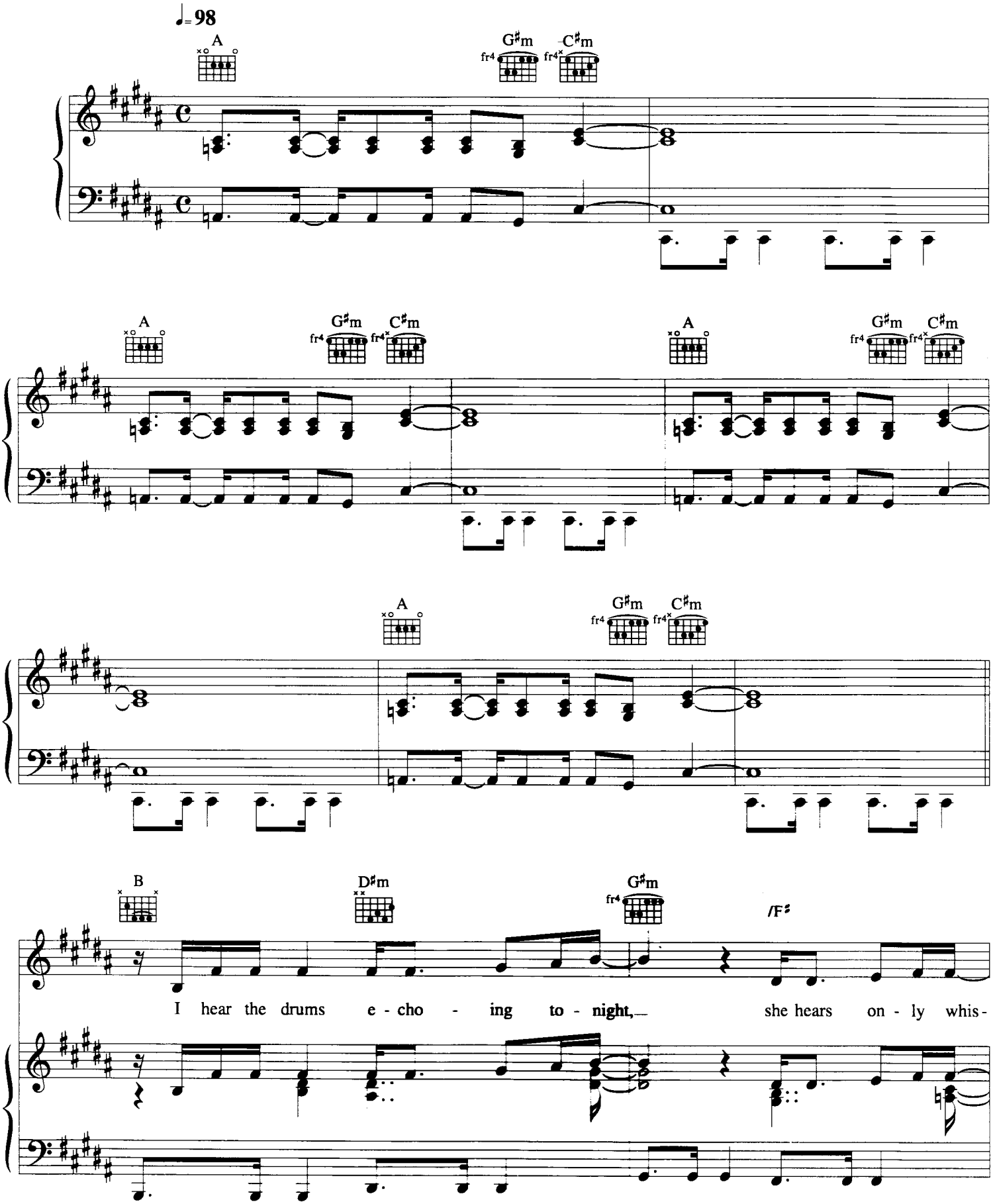
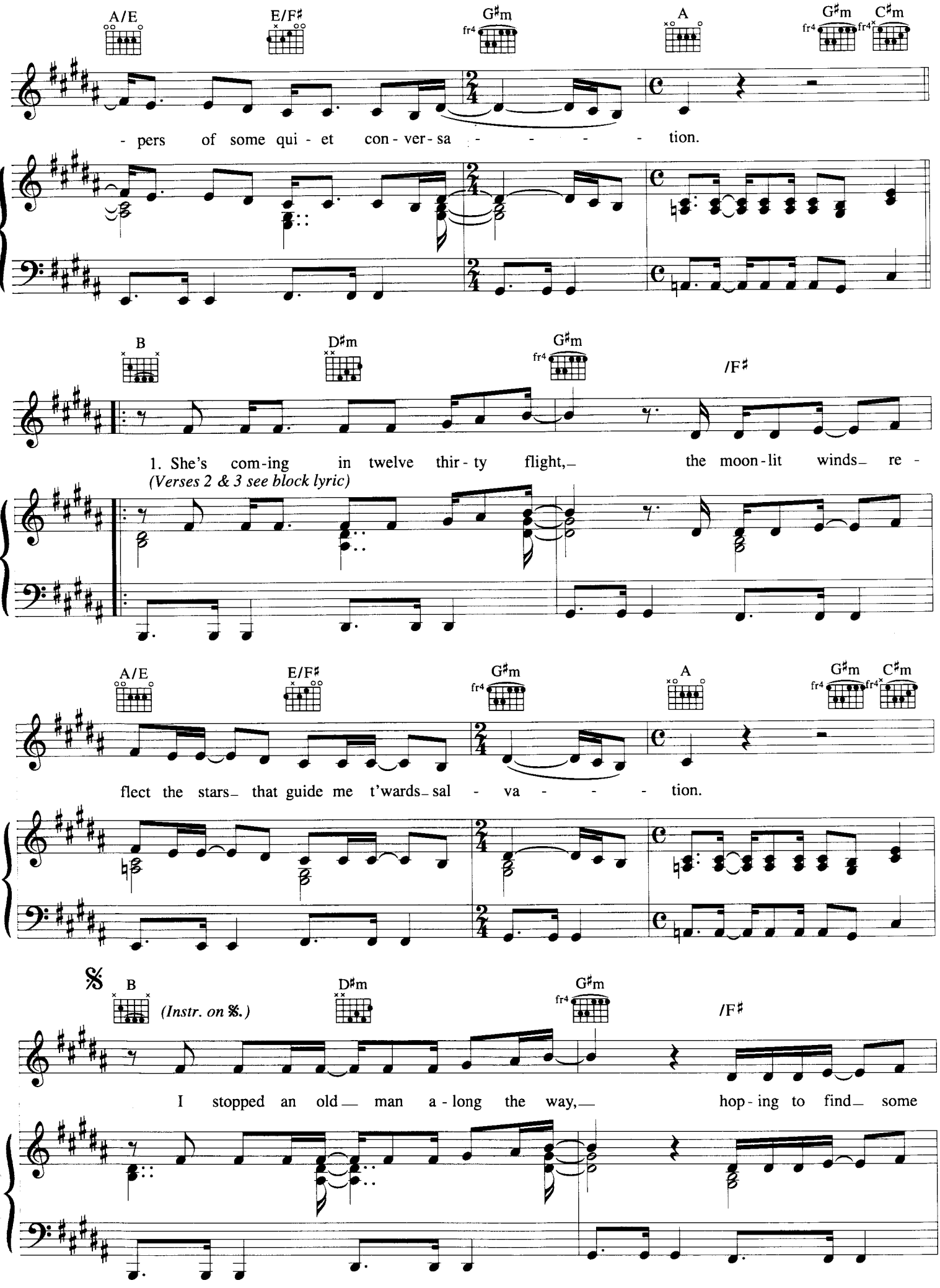
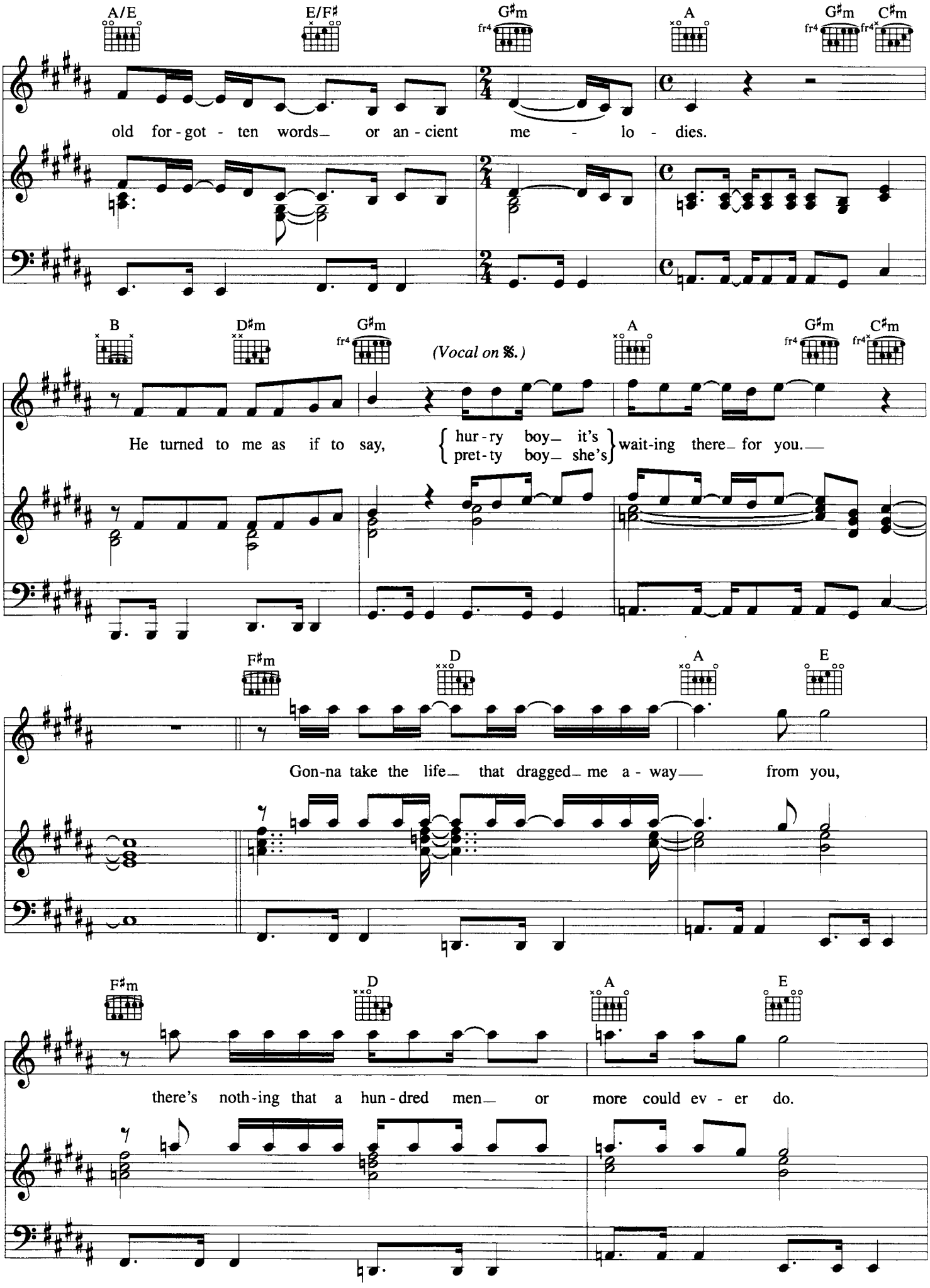
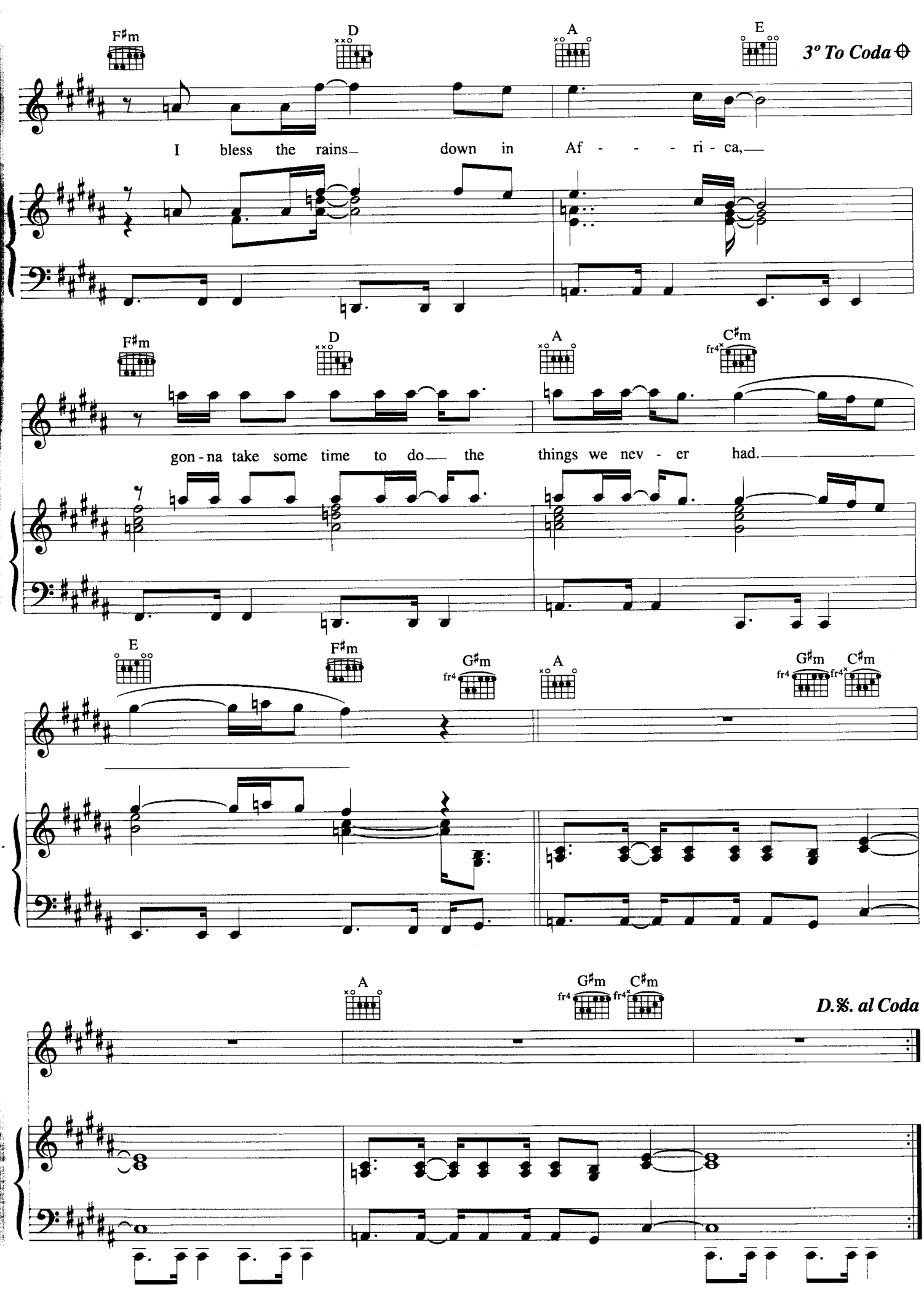
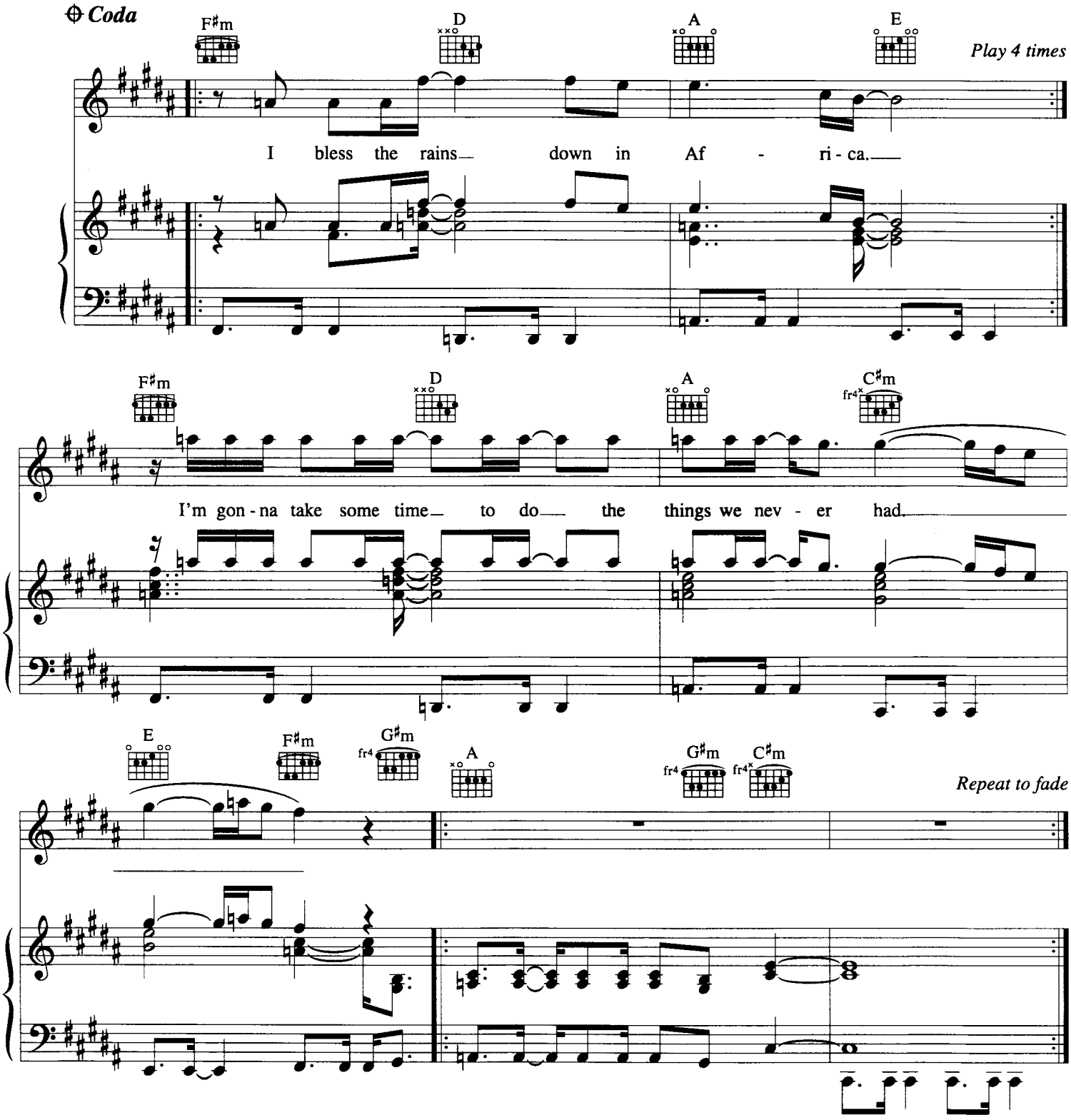



A/E
E/F♯
G♯m
A
G♯m
C♯m
- pers of some qui - et con - ver - sa - - - - - tion.
B
D♯m
G♯m
/F♯
1. She's com - ing in twelve thir - ty flight,– the moon - lit winds– re -
(Verses 2 & 3 see block lyric)
A/E
E/F♯
G♯m
A
G♯m
C♯m
flect the stars– that guide me t'wards– sal - va - - - - tion.
𝄋
B
(Instr. on 𝄋.)
D♯m
G♯m
/F♯
I stopped an old— man a - long the way,— hop - ing to find– some


A/E
E/F♯
G♯m
fr4
A
G♯m
fr4
C♯m
fr4
old for - got - ten words_ or an - cient me - lo - dies.
B
D♯m
G♯m
fr4
(Vocal on 𝄋.)
A
G♯m
fr4
C♯m
fr4
He turned to me as if to say, { hur - ry boy_ it's / pret - ty boy_ she's } wait-ing there_ for you.__
F♯m
D
A
E
Gon-na take the life_ that dragged_ me a - way__ from you,
F♯m
D
A
E
there's noth-ing that a hun - dred men_ or more could ev - er do.


F♯m
D
A
E
3º To Coda
I bless the rains down in Af - - - ri - ca,
F♯m
D
A
C♯m
fr4
gon - na take some time to do the things we nev - er had.
E
F♯m
G♯m
fr4
A
G♯m
C♯m
fr4
fr4
A
G♯m
C♯m
fr4
fr4
D.%. al Coda



Verse 2:
The wild dogs cry out in the night
As they grow restless longing for some solitary company.
I know that I must do what's right
Sure as Kilimanjaro rises like an empress above the Serengeti.
I seek to cure what's deep inside
Frightened of this thing that I've become.

Verse 3:
Instrumental
Pretty boy she's waiting there for you.