



AFRICAN TIME

By Wayne Visser

I'm living my days in African time
I'm walking the ways of season and rhyme
I'm weaving the maze of culture and crime
I'm soaking the rays of scattered sunshine

You think that I'm slow
You think that I'm lazy
You think I don't know
You think that I'm crazy

But I'm beating my drum to African time
I'm hearing the hum of friends on the line
I'm counting the sum of blessings I find
I'm tracing the crumbs of love left behind

You think that I'm late
You think that I'm aimless
You think I don't rate
You think that I'm nameless

Still I'm setting my pace to African time
My life's not a race for the clock or bell chime
I'm moving with grace on a mission sublime
I'm claiming back space for African time

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