

The wind softly drifting along
The Caribbean sunrise
As the day goes by things get slower and more amusing
Until, finally, in a sudden splash
Of glory
The night begins again

Wild, twisting, two-step, turning
The yearning of young and old alike

The crickets begin with anxiety
Muffled by darkness
Ancient rites of voodoo are brought to mind
In jungles, all things appear to be just what they are
The spirit that lies within

Wild, twisting, two-step, turning
The yearning of young and old alike

Ahhhh...