

Togbe

In our time of pain, when all we had was tears falling on the ground
Our great Volta was no more, her waters had run dry and no crops could be grown
So we sent our princess north to go and see what help could be found
And the man that she brought back had a familiar eye;
We saw this; our great Togbe had come home...

CHORUS

Hear the women and children call his name! (oh woah oh oh!)

Hear the men all tell stories of his fame! (oh woah oh oh!)

From the roof of the world, he heard our plight

So he came to fight, to set things right

He's the father of our hearts; we called, he came!

Living in a foreign land, surrounded by the walls holding back the sea;

Living as a humble man, building others' homes, with skin as white as bone;

But the elders said they saw the old king in his eyes, and we agreed;

And the land cried out to him 'my people are in pain'

He heard this and he knew that this was his home...

CHORUS