

# Mbuti Pygmy

Mbuti, Mbuti, Mbuti pygmy.  
Mbuti, Mbuti, Mbuti pygmy.  
Little people runnin' round.  
Little people runnin' round.  
Lookin' for the honey tree.  
Lookin' for the honey tree.  
Eatin' on the elephant.  
Eatin' on the elephant.  
All week long.  
All week long.

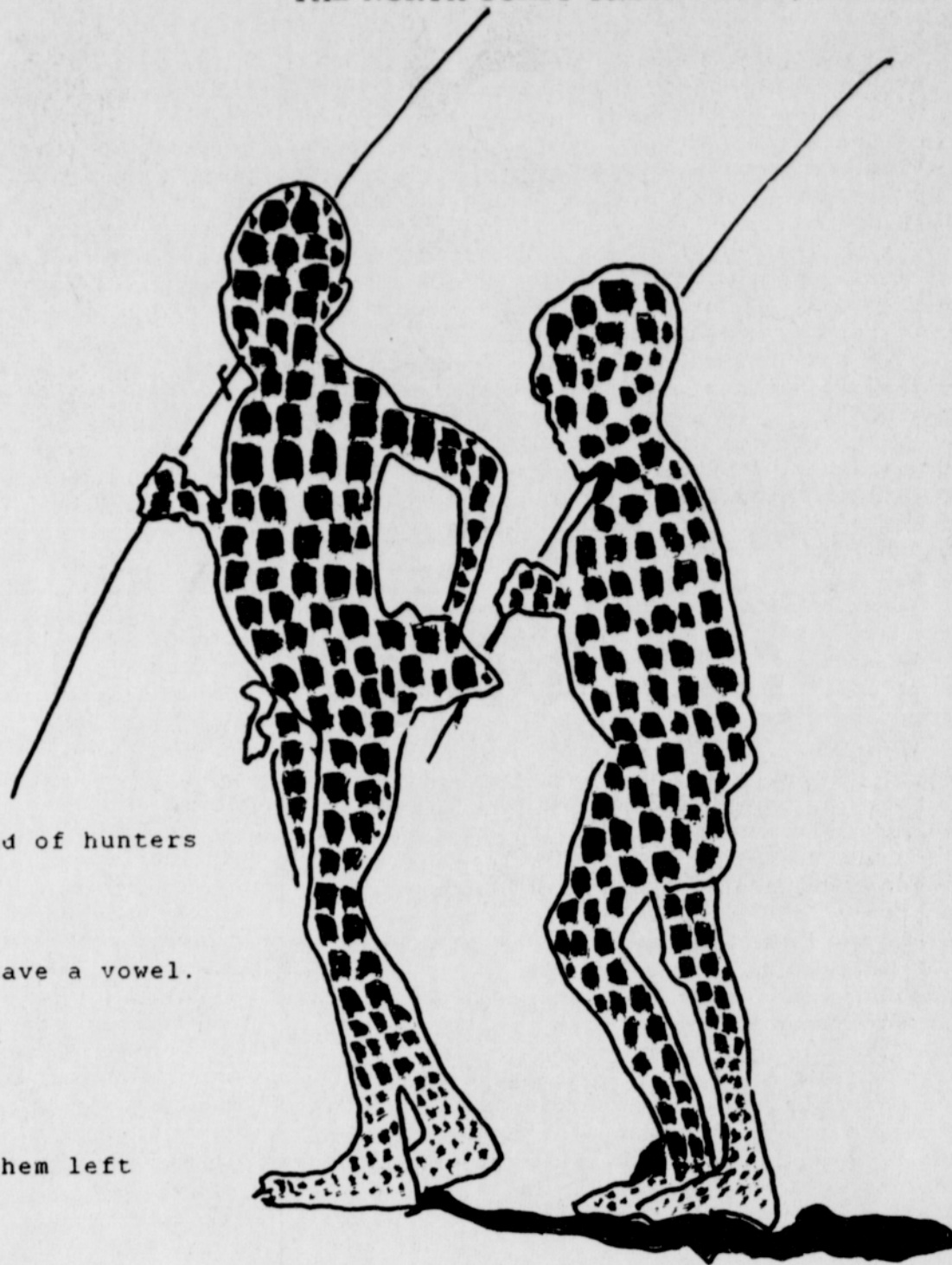
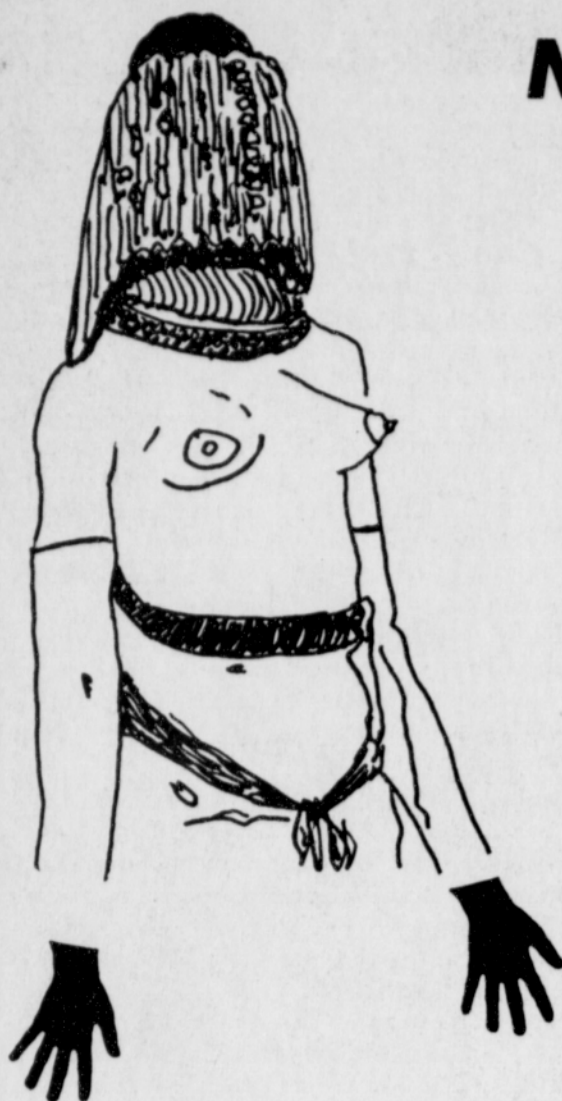
Play the *molimo*.  
Play the *molimo*.  
Play the *molimo*.  
Oh so low.  
In the Ituri.  
In the Ituri.  
In the Ituri where it always rains.

Maybe you won't get the connection  
between my lover leaving and this band of hunters  
and gatherers  
in the African rainforest who are  
so small  
that our name for them doesn't even have a vowel.

The root liquor they brew is wild but  
their bouncers are  
like only five foot two.

There are maybe only two hundred of them left  
in Zaire.

But, I can't say as I blame you.



## Bul Shively

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The *molimo* is the ancient, ritualistic  
music.....

thing  
which has in recent  
history been blown on a rusty  
iron pipe but used to be  
played on a giant snake,  
a hollow giant snake,

one that wanted to be played.

So, they'd make camp  
and they'd burn off the jungle that  
had grown up where they'd burned  
off the jungle maybe five years before  
for maybe the last 10,000 years, and  
they'd grow food and stuff  
that you and I have never  
heard of  
and eat it  
and trade it  
and sell it for next to nothing.

Then came rubber.

Rubber grows on trees.  
So does wood.

Now  
perhaps you're starting to see  
the connection between love and pygmies  
and it has nothing to do  
with the size.

It rains in the rainforest-  
the Ituri  
the Olympic...

what we don't know is  
what will happen next  
if things change.  
She's out of work,  
I want to move. In, out, away.  
She takes a vacation,  
a retreat,... I can't afford  
to go visit her when third  
is a prayer and fourth a dream.  
I don't know if she wants me  
to visit her. Neither does she.

