Street 66

Linton Kwesi Johnson

The room was dark, dusk howling softly 6 o'clock
Charcoal light, the fine sight was moving black
The sound was music mellow steady flow
And man son mind just mystic red, green, red, green, your sceneNo man would dance but leap and shake
That sharp through feeling right
Shape that sound, tumbling down
Making movement, ruff enuff'Cos when the music met I-tops
I felt this thing, knew the shock, yeah, had to do and ride the rock
Outta this rock shall come a greener rhythm
Even more dread than what the breeze of glory bredVibrating violence is our only move
Rocking with green rhythm
The drought and dry root outThe mighty poet I roy was on the wire
Weston did a skank and each man laugh and feeling irie
Dread I street 66, the sad man said, any policeman come here
Will get some righteous, raasclot licks, yeah mon, whole heapa licksHours beat, the scene moving right, when all on a sudden
Bam, bam, bam, a knocking upon the door
"Who is that?", asked Weston, feeling right
"Open up, it's the police, come on, open up""What address do you want?"
"Number 66, come on, open up"
Weston, feeling high, replied
"Yes, this is street 66, step right in and take some licks"

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