

The Other Side

Lucky Dube

His name is Jackson, he lives in Jamaica
Every mornin' he comes down to the docks
To watch the ships come and go
He's been here too long
Mental slavery, has not touched him one bit
He still know his history, he knows where he come from
That is why he believes the ocean
Can give him some answers
About the very very far home
That he's never been to all his life
He says, "I wish I was home, I wish I was in Africa"
Hey, I wish I was home, I wish I was in Africa
I have seen his world, I've seen the other world
I have nothing to say
I put my coat on my shoulders
As I walk away, I heard myself sing
The grass is greener on the other side
Till you get there and see it for yourself
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Till you get there and see it for yourself
His name is Themba, he lives in Soweto
Every mornin' he goes to the airport
To watch the planes come and go
He has changed his African name to a western one
'Cause he doesn't know how it hurts
To have a name you can't be proud of
He hopes that one day
One of these birds of the sky
Can take him away to a very very far land
Running away from the very roots
That so many black people in the world
Are wanting to come back to a place they call home
They wish they were home, they wish they were in Africa
They wish they were home, they wish they were in Africa
I live in his world, I've seen the other world
I got nothing to say
I put my coat on my shoulders
As I walked away I heard myself sing
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The grass is greener

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