congo

taras bul'ba

Congo, get to, get to Congo
Get to, get to Congo
Get to, get to Congo
Get to, get to CongoNow could we go to the square they call Congo?
I need to go and lay my feet upon the stone
Where the first of us stood before, before, beforeWhere we sat and played to revive our depleted souls
Where we went to forget our freedom was not our own
Where we went to hold onto the memories of way back homeNow could we?
Now could we?
Now could we go?Get to Cong, get to Cong Congo
Get to Cong, get to Congo
Get to Cong, get to Cong Congo
Get to Cong, get to CongoNow could we go to the square they call Congo?
I need to go and lay my feet upon the stones
Where the first of us stood before, before, beforeWhere we made music in remembrance of human bodies sold
Where the sound of an old pain became a new music of hope
Where they paved me a road so I could get to CongoNow could we?
Now could we?
Now could we go?Get to Cong, get to Cong Congo
Get to Cong, get to Congo
Get to Cong, get to Cong Congo
Get to Cong, get to CongoGet to Cong, get to Cong Congo
Get to Cong, get to Congo
Get to Cong, get to Cong Congo
Get to Cong, get to CongoAnd I would not be here today if they had not been
So displaced, so displaced, but still
But still they made time to sing and play a song
A song in CongoGet to Cong, get to Cong Congo
Get to Cong, get to Congo
Get to Cong, get to Cong Congo
Get to Cong, get to CongoGet to Cong, get to Cong Congo
Get to Cong, get to Congo
Get to Cong, get to Cong Congo
Get to Cong, get to CongoGet to Cong, get to Cong Congo
Get to Cong, get to Congo
Get to Cong, get to Cong Congo
Get to Cong, get to Congo
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