

Old Rock n Roll

Young Fathers

For fuck's sake We living life like a bubble wrapped ape
She came to mind when I treble that bass
I'm tired of playing the good black
I said I'm tired of playing the good black
I'm tired of having to hold back
I'm tired of wearing this hallmark for some evils that happened way back
I'm tired of blaming the white man
His indiscretion don't betray him
A black man can play him
Some white men are black men too
Niggah to them
A gentleman to you Some white men are black men too Niggah, Ohwae Owhae
Awake Watch your body
Wash itself
Baptise baby
I bath in blood
Dare be told
I seldom do surrender
God forsaking no good do-good-er It's all out
Out in the open
Looking for the wild one
Boy I'm fragile
Choke on bones while choking stone
You knock me or your miss me
Or you miss me Niggah, Ohwae Owhae
Awake Old rock n roll
Not what you've been sold
Congo square is open for business
I was there as god is my witness
There you fucking go
(So there you fucking go)

Songwriters

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