Rivers of Babylon

Marley's Ghost

Brent Dowe & Trevor McNaughton
By the rivers of Babylon,
where he sat down,
and there he went
for he remembered Zion.
For the wicked carry us away.
Captivity requireth from us a song.
How can we sing King Alpha's song
in a strange land?
So let the words of our mouth
and the meditations of our hearts
be acceptable in thy sight over I.

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