John Coltrane

Peter Sarstedt

And became deeply touched by (3x),
Negro faces lined with sorrow pained with tears,
Crying for an unborn baby,
Waiting for that unborn,
Pain,
And your leaders they're all fading,
But young men hear the call of freedom everywhere,
Freedom from all wasted violence,
Freedom from that manmade,
Rain,

Oh, I sentence you to thirty years for John Coltrane,
Yes, I sentence you to thirty years,

Yes I sentence you to thirty years for John Coltrane,
Oh I sentence you to thirty years,

Heard the man see its a free country,
But only if you stay behind the walls,
Walls that lock out upraised voices,
Walls that echo freedom,
And it's cage remain,
And it's cage remain,

I sentence you to thirty years for John Coltrane,
Yes I sentence you to thirty years,

And the politics of a murder,
Branded on the leader's face,
And it hides his eyes,
Oh he hides it from his heartfelt feelings,
Thinking only of,
His world again,
Oh his world again,

Yes I sentence you to thirty years for John Coltrane,
Oh I sentence you to thirty years,

Lyrics submitted by Cardinale Jung.

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