

Soldiers

Steel Pulse

Dutallee!
Dutallee!
Dutallee!
Dutallee! And when soldiers came
Them say them come to make us tame
And from that day until now on
We were jeered and laughed to scorn Things used to be ire (before the soldiers came)
Things used to be nice, so nice now
Things used to be ire
Things used to be nice, so nice Our country them did enter, yeah
Troops trodding left right and centre
Everywhere
One moment at peace with Nature
Now victims of a massacre
We got our spears
We got our shields
But their guns were greater
Prepare for a slaughter Give I back I witch doctor
Give I back I Black Ruler
Me no want no dictator
Me no want no tyrant on yah Dutallee!
Dutallee!
Dutallee!
Dutallee! Way down in Africa
Where the backra still rules day after day
The Black Man is suffering now far more
Than when he was a slave
Is there a need for war?
No.
Peace my bredren - here them bawl
Bodies in mutilated condition
Faces scarred beyond recognition
Is this what civilization means to me?
Then without it I prefer to be
So... Give I back I witch doctor
Give I back I Black Ruler
Me no want no dictator
Me no want no tyrant on yah Dutallee!
Dutallee!

Dutallee!

Dutailee!

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