

# Booze Can

## Rudyard Fearon

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On a snowy night  
Underneath the ground  
Fun-loving, transplanted Jamaicans  
Mouthed "Bumbo cloth"  
And hammered dominoes  
Into wooden tables.  
A dread transfixed  
In a darkened corner,  
Sucked deep on a spliff,  
Flashed his dreadlocks  
And shouted, "Jah Rastafari!"

On the white surface  
A multitude of cops-  
Some playing soldiers  
Some with chips on their shoulders  
And guns that reached the sky-

Moved in for the kill.

Lyrics provided by  
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