

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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