

Batucada Suite

Teena Marie

Mary's into new things got a brand new bag
Superficial living made her life a drag
World stereotypes her as she coins the phrase
Living for the hot wax and the printed page
She no longer wants to boss the bull around

Contrary to popular belief
All she wants to do is get inside your head
And play the fun rythms of the street
Batucada Suite-rythms of the street
Music for the soul-Love to make you whole
Estebans a walker and a superman

Says that love will someday reign throughout this land
Says he's glad you let him try it all again
'Cause his last time on earth he lived life in sin
All he wants to do is spread his eagle wings
And fly south for the winter just like me
All he wants to do is get inside your head
And play the funky rythms from the streets

Batucada Suite-rythms for the feet
Music for the soul-geared to make you whole
Tribal drums of the African
The reggae of the Rastaman
The ragas of the Indians
Rock-n-Roll music of my homeland

Tender lutes of the Orient
The salsa of Spanish descent
Jesus music is heaven sent
To remind us of what has went

Batu-Batu-cada
Batu-Batu-cada
I ya Ototele-the rhythms of why Surdo
As I taste life bittersweet
I know I am not complete
Until the message in my

Songs are yours
If you feel a pain unfair
Crosses too heavy to bear
Preservation comes from
Peace not war
Batu-Batu-cada

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