British Air Rage

Finley Quaye

Tell me your psalms and Ill tell you mine
Manic preachers, slippery road to Wales
Boat with no sail, sendin' people off the rails
An angel's on your tail and it's too darkBrutality, impartiality is now a reality
Oppression, suppression is their occupation
Tolerance, they boast they have got
We are aware they have notWithout us it would be total destruction
Green says you will be fed
Gold is holding an internal eternal glow
Red is gonna run like river JordanListen now
These words, check nowThe eyes of man can see
The mind for eye must be
Red rolled and seen
To really know what it meanEyelids back, tears behind my eyes
Feeling bitter, weeping as he wails
Emotional, trying to stay on the rails
An angel on harp, who's too sharpBabylon has no productions
Only slavery and confusion
Rasta going to cramp them and paralyze them
Devils for the situation

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