

# The Other Side

Lucky Dube

His name is Jackson, he lives in Jamaica  
Every mornin' he comes down to the docks  
To watch the ships come and go  
He's been here too long  
Mental slavery, has not touched him one bit  
He still know his history, he knows where he come from  
That is why he believes the ocean  
Can give him some answers  
About the very very far home  
That he's never been to all his life  
He says, "I wish I was home, I wish I was in Africa"  
Hey, I wish I was home, I wish I was in Africa  
I have seen his world, I've seen the other world  
I have nothing to say  
I put my coat on my shoulders  
As I walk away, I heard myself sing  
The grass is greener on the other side  
Till you get there and see it for yourself  
The grass is greener on the other side  
Till you get there and see it for yourself  
The grass is greener on the other side  
Till you get there and see it for yourself  
His name is Themba, he lives in Soweto  
Every mornin' he goes to the airport  
To watch the planes come and go  
He has changed his African name to a western one  
'Cause he doesn't know how it hurts  
To have a name you can't be proud of  
He hopes that one day  
One of these birds of the sky  
Can take him away to a very very far land  
Running away from the very roots  
That so many black people in the world  
Are wanting to come back to a place they call home  
They wish they were home, they wish they were in Africa  
They wish they were home, they wish they were in Africa  
I live in his world, I've seen the other world  
I got nothing to say  
I put my coat on my shoulders  
As I walked away I heard myself sing  
The grass is greener on the other side  
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The grass is greener

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