

# Third World Child

## Johnny Clegg & Savuka

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Bits of songs and broken drums  
Are all he could recall  
So he spoke to me in a bastard tongue  
Carried on the silence of the guns It's been a long long time since they first came  
And marched through our village  
They taught us to forget our past  
And live the future in their image They said, "You should learn to speak a little bit of English"  
Don't be scared of a suit and tie  
Learn to walk in the dreams of the foreigner  
I am a third world child The out world's dreams are the currency  
That grip the city streets  
I live them out but I have my own  
Hidden somewhere deep inside of me In between my father's fields  
And the citadels of the rule  
Lies a no-man's land which I must cross  
To find my stolen jewel They said, I should learn to speak a little bit of English  
Maybe practice birth control  
Keep away from controversial politics  
So to save my third world soul You should learn to speak a little bit of English  
Don't be scared of a suit and tie  
Learn to walk in the dreams of the foreigner  
I am a third world child Wo! ilanga lobunzima  
Nalo liyashona  
Ukuthini asazi  
Mus' ukukhala  
Mntanami Bits of songs and broken drums  
Are all he could recall  
But the future calls his name out loud  
Carried on the violence of the guns I just can speak a little bit of English  
I am a [Incomprehensible] I can survive  
I am fire and [Incomprehensible]  
I am a third world child I just can speak a little bit of English

I am a [Incomprehensible] I can survive  
I am fire and [Incomprehensible]  
I am a third world child I just can speak a little bit of English  
I am a [Incomprehensible] I can survive  
I am fire and [Incomprehensible]  
I am a third world child  
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