

Jah Live

Lucky Dube

Jah live Jah children
Let Rastas never die When everything is going right
They forget about your presents
But when the tables turn upside down
They know that you' re there
To my mom who taught me
That you' re always there
I wrote this little
Song of praise
Now I' m gonna sing Chorus:
Jah live Jah children
Let Rastas never die The Rastaman call him Jah
Some people call him Allah
English man call Him God
But he is one
We may have different names
To call him, but he cares
For everyone that' s why I
Wrote this song

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