

Rasta Man's Prayer

Lucky Dube

There comes a time
In every man's life
Where he's got to face
The truth no matter what We are coming to you, Father
With our sins and everything
To thank you Those that smoke marijuana
Wanna thank you, Father
For making it grow internationally
They wanna thank you, Lord Even though police cut it down
Sometimes they burn it down
But it grows again
Thank you, Father We wanna thank you father
For everything you've given us Nations that oppress other nations
Wanna thank you, Father
Even though it's painful to be oppressed
But they thank you for making them strong Politicians thank you, Father
For making them to be able
To lie with a straight face
While the nation cries
They wanna thank you, Lord We wanna thank you, Father
For everything you've given us We wanna thank you, Father
For everything you've given us We wanna thank you, Father
For everything you've given us

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Songwriters

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