How Could You

Kevens

It is real, as real as it seem
Don't you live on illusion
And don't you ever try to live a dream
I sing
Buju say how could you rise up every living day
Telling yourself everything is ok
When you look at life you'll see it slipping away
Lord knows who feels it every moment every day
Those why cry for the poor get neglected, rejected, put to death
How much more we want to take?
Did you father work off his shirt, blood, sweat and tears
Don't tell me that you forgot
Being oppressed by the oppressors, all different types of stress
For the sorrows of the poor, they don't even care less
Refuse to deal with world atrocities, civil unrest
Instead they're building penitentiaries as big as a bird's nest
Saying we are to be blamed for whatever what mess
How could you rise up every living day?
Telling your kids everything is ok
When you look at life you'll see it slipping away
Lord knows who feels it every moment every day
Some say, how are you going? they want to know if we are mine
Not until we repossess what's rightfully mine
Sitting down for so long we do believe it is time
Everyone is entitled to food at mealtime
'Till then, we'll struggle for rights, no more racial fights
Degradation to the highest heights
All obstacles as a people we have to cross
With health and strength we all can get across
Happenings of yesterday are just a thing of the past
How could you rise up every living day
Telling yourself everything is ok
When you look at life you'll see it slipping away
Lord knows who feels it every moment every day
Don't you cry little one, wipe your tears, sing my song
Though we're in a strange land with evil's one
Help the weak if you're strong, iron sharpens iron
When you're down take a look at where the help is coming from
What about the masterminds with the foolproof plans

What about the geniuses who achieve grade one
How could you rise up every living day?
Telling yourself everything is ok
When you look at life you'll see it slipping away
Lord knows who feels it every moment every day
Those why cry for the poor get neglected, rejected, put to death
How much more will we take?
Did you father work off his shirt, blood, sweat and tears
Don't tell me that you forgot
Being oppressed by the oppressors, all different types of stress
For the sorrows of the poor, they don't even care less
Refuse to deal with world atrocities, civil unrest
Instead they're building penitentiaries as big as a bird's nest
Saying we are to be blamed for whatever what mess
How could you rise up every living day
Telling yourself nothin's is ok
When you look at life you'll see it slipping away
Lord knows who feels it every moment every day
Some say, how are you going? they want to know if we are mine
Not until we repossess what's rightfully mine
Sitting down for so long we do believe it is time
Everyone is entitled to food at mealtime
Till then, we'll struggle for rights, no more racial fights
Degradation to the highest heights
All obstacles as a people we have to cross
With health and strength we all can get across
Happenings of yesterday are just a thing of the past
How could you rise up every living day?
Telling yourself everything is ok
When you look at life you'll see it slipping away
Lord knows who feels it every moment every day

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