

Batucadia Suite

Teena Marie

Mary's into new things got a brand new bag
Superficial living made her life a drag
World stereotypes her as she coins the phrase
Living for the hot wax and the printed page
She no longer wants to boss the bull around
Contrary to popular belief
All she wants to do is get inside your head
And play the fun rhythms of the street
Batucada Suite, rhythms of the street
Music for the soul love to make you whole
Esteban a walker and a superman
Says that love will someday reign throughout this land
Says he's glad you let him try it all again
'Cause his last time on earth he lived life in sin
All he wants to do is spread his eagle wings
And fly south for the winter just like me
All he wants to do is get inside your head
And play the funky rhythms from the streets
Batucada Suite rhythms for the feet
Music for the soul-geared to make you whole
Tribal drums of the African, the reggae of the Rastaman
The ragas of the Indians, rock-n-roll music of my homeland
Tender lutes of the Orient, the salsa of Spanish descent
Jesus music is heaven sent to remind us of what has went
Batu-Batu-cada
Batu-Batu-cada I ya Ototele-the rhythms of Y Surdo as I taste life bittersweet
I know I am not complete until the message in my songs are yours
If you feel a pain unfair, crosses too heavy to bear
Preservation comes from peace not war
Batu-Batu-cada

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