

As Yet Untitled

D' Arby, Terence Trent

Out by a shanty where the dust hangs high
Far from a river where things grow green
The flowers weep and they lean away
From the blood stained soil beneath my feet
The thorns outnumber the petals on the rose
And the darkness amplifies the sound
Of printer's ink on propaganda page
That will rule your life and fuel my rage
I tried to bend my knees but my knees were already bent
I haven't stood like a man for such a long time now
I called on my God but He was sleeping on that day
I guess I'll just have to depend on me, oh
Shall I tell my children if they ask of me
Did I surrender forth my right to be?
Y'see, my daddy died to leave this haunting ground
And this same ground still haunts me
The cool September blows the seeds away
The harvest blown again this year but I'll return a stronger man
I'll return to me my homeland
"No grave shall hold my body down
This land is still my home", I said
But I'll return a stronger man
I'll return to me my homeland
No grave shall hold my body down
This land is still my home, this land is still my home
(Meanwhile, on the other side of the world)

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