

Tahiti

Milt Jackson

Community saw the best in me
Exchanging the common heart for salt in the sea
Children of the sun on a highway of hope
Beauty of coming together in sorrow
Tahiti, we don't got no name
Tahiti, we don't got no home
Tahiti, we don't got no money
Tahiti, we don't got no honey
But we do the dishes
And we make the bread
We are powdered ashes
In the light of the beauty, he said
Wear those dark glasses
To help us see
Hot tears rolling down
And our arms are knitted all around you
Creatures of the night
On a highway of hope
The beauty that we'll leave
Each other tomorrow
Tahiti, we don't got no name
Tahiti, we don't got no home
Tahiti, we don't got no money
Tahiti, we don't got no honey

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