

# Victims

## Lucky Dube

Didn't know she was crying  
Until now as she turns to look at me  
She said, "Boy, o' boy  
You bring tears to my eyes"

I said, "What?"  
She said, "Boy, o' boy  
You bring tears to my eyes"

Bob Marley said  
"How long shall they kill our prophets  
While we stand aside and look"

But little did he know that  
Eventually the enemy  
Will stand aside and look  
While we slash and kill our own brothers  
Knowing that already  
They are the victims of the situation

Still licking wounds from brutality  
Still licking wounds from humiliation  
She said all these words and the  
Wrinkles on her face became  
Perfect trails for the tears and she said

We are the victims every time  
We got double trouble every time  
We are the victims every time  
We got double trouble every time  
We are the victims every time  
We got double trouble every time

She took me outside to the churchyard  
Showed me graves on the ground and she said  
There lies a man who fought for equality  
There lies a boy who died in his struggle

Can all these heroes die in vain  
While we slash and kill our own brothers

Knowing that already they are the  
Victims of the situation

Still licking wounds from brutality  
Still licking wounds from humiliation

We are the victims every time  
We got double trouble every time

We are the victims every time  
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