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
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