

Dambala

Nina Simone

Tony mckay
Oh dambala come dambala
Oh dambala come dambala
Think of the wings of a three toed frog
Eat weeds from the deepest part of sea
Oh dambala come dambala
Oh dambala come dambala
On the seventh day God will be there
On the seventh night satan will be there
On the seventh day God will be there
On the seventh night satan will be there
You slavers will know

What it's like to be a slave
Slave to your heart
Slave to your soul
Oh dambala come dambala
Oh dambala come dambala
You slavers will know what its
Like to be a slave
Slave to your mind
Slave to your race
You won't go to heaven
You won't go to hell
You remain in your graves
With the stench and the smell
Oh dambala come dambala
Oh dambala come dambala

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