

All the Same

Vieux Farka Touré

ils sont tous les mêmes.
“ Je dis de les regarder, je dis qu'ils sont tous les mêmes.
“ Ils te voient en te flattant et font semblant de t'aimer.
“ Je dis de les regarder, je dis qu'ils sont tous les mêmes.
“ Ils sautent et crient faire semblant de t'aimer, je le dis
“ ils te voient et vont chez toi en famille et sortent de chez toi au milieu du jour.
“ Je dis de les regarder, je dis qu'ils sont tous les mêmes.
“ On doit imiter Niafunké je dis soko sondou Mayo (surnom de niafunké).
“ Je dis de les regarder, je dis qu'ils sont tous les mêmes.
“ Tenons à nous suivre dans un ensemble et crayons une bonne entente entre nous et soyons unis.

Look at them

They are all the same (all the same)

They see you and flatter you and pretend to love you

Oh when you look at them they're all the same

Smiles and promises, smiles and promises

Cry real tears til you believe

But they don't want you

they want what you've got

And it may taste sweet, but love it's not

Oh it may taste sweet but love it's not

Look at them

They are all the same (all the same)

Oh look at me cause I believed

I've prayed in their temples down on my knees

I turned my back, felt the knife sink deep

Look at them they're all the same

Take everything, it's a crying shame

And it might taste sweet but it's a wicked game

They jump and cry, pretend to love you

They see you and go visit you in your family and leave your house midday.

Might taste sweet but it's a wicked game

Look at them

They're all the same

We should be like the people of Niafunke
Oh look at them they are all the same
Smile and promises, smiles and promises
But turn your back, then the knife goes in
Cause they don't want you, they want what you got
And it might taste sweet but that's not love
Might taste sweet but its not love

Look at them
They are all the same

Lyrics submitted by Pål Espen Johansen.

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