Revenge

Mutabaruka

I am a angry young man I'm on de run
Yesterday I thief mi fada gun
I'm a angry young man
I'm on de run
A shot a police wid mi fada gun
Ask me why
A tell u no lie
A pray years hopin dat dis police would die
As a child a can neva feget
Dat face so ugly and sweat
Yet a knew de day would com
Wen a would have to kill im an run
Now mi family will neva si mi again
Through these years I have felt much pain
A nite mare all these years
So much pain so much tears

Now it happen a long time aguh
Right down there in de ghetto
Mi mada was sittin aroun de shop counta
Wen a man com in an start to beat har
Mi fada was away dat day
Neva knoo who to run to or wat to say
A stan up deh a neva meck a soun
De man push mi mada to de groun
A could'nt se a ting agen
But a knoo mi mada was feelin pain
Wen im lef a hear har cry
A hear har seh "LARD LET ME DIE"

Time and time a would hear mi fada seh
Dat mi sista was not his . . . and a kne right aweh
Dat de day would have to com
Wen a would be a young man on de run

Now a sit behind dis wall
Dis wall suh tall
Still hearin mi mada cry
Still hearin har seh "LARD LET ME DIE"

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