

# Baaba Maal, Baayo

If God could turn me into a pigeon  
A golden pigeon or a turtle dove  
I could fly to my homeland  
At Douwayra  
Back home where my folks are  
If God could give me everything I wish for  
Long life, happiness and prosperity  
Then I would live always beside  
Those who are dear to me  
My parents and my friends  
While I was in France  
Learning more about art and life  
One terrible phone call  
Summoned me home where I found  
My mother was already dead and buried  
Orphan, orphan, orphan

Mama, mama, mama, my darling mother  
Papa, papa, papa, my dear father  
Oh Mother most kind  
Oh Father full of pity  
What sadness when they go  
How sacred is the family  
Mama, Mama, Mama Aissata  
Samba Boubou Yacine Wade  
Mother of Fatou, mother of Mama  
Mother of Laye Malle and of Chillo  
Of Ndeye Khar and of Ndeye Gaye  
Of Hameth Malle and Baaba Baidy Baaba Debbo  
Ah mama Aissata Khar Sano Saar and Nar Sarr  
Ah Aissata Samba Boubou Yacine, ah mama