

Bob Marley & The Wailers, Burnin' And Lootin'

This morning I woke up in a curfew;
O God, I was a prisoner, too - yeah!
Could not recognize the faces standing over me;
They were all dressed in uniforms of brutality. Eh!

How many rivers do we have to cross,
Before we can talk to the boss? Eh!
All that we got, it seems we have lost;
We must have really paid the cost.

(That's why we gonna be)
Burnin' and a-lootin' tonight;
(Say we gonna burn and loot)
Burnin' and a-lootin' tonight;
(One more thing)
Burnin' all pollution tonight;
(Oh, yeah, yeah)
Burnin' all illusion tonight.

Oh, stop them!

Give me the food and let me grow;
Let the Roots Man take a blow.
All them drugs gonna make you slow now;
It's not the music of the ghetto. Eh!

Weeping and a-wailin' tonight;
(Who can stop the tears?)
Weeping and a-wailin' tonight;
(We've been suffering these long, long-a years!)
Weeping and a-wailin' tonight
(Will you say cheer?)
Weeping and a-wailin' tonight
(But where?)

Give me the food and let me grow;
Let the Roots Man take a blow.
I must say: all them - all them drugs gonna make you slow;
It's not the music of the ghetto.

We gonna be burning and a-looting tonight;
(To survive, yeah!)
Burning and a-looting tonight;
(Save your baby lives)
Burning all pollution tonight;
(Pollution, yeah, yeah!)
Burning all illusion tonight
(Lord-a, Lord-a, Lord-a, Lord!)

Burning and a-looting tonight;
Burning and a-looting tonight;
Burning all pollution tonight. /fadeout/