

# Bob Marley & The Wailers, Trench Town

Up a cane river to wash my dread  
Upon a rock I rest my head  
There I vision through the seas of oppression  
Don't make my life a prison

We come from Trench Town, Trench Town  
Most of them come from Trench Town  
We free the pepole with music, sweet music  
Can we free the people with music  
Can we free our people with music, with music  
With music, oh music

Whoa-My head, in desolate places we'll find our bread  
And everyone see what's taking place  
Whoa-yo another page in history

We come from Trench Town, come from Trench Town  
We come from Trench Town  
Lord we free the people with music,  
We free the people with music, sweet music  
We free our people with music  
With music, Oh music, Oh music

They say it's hard to speak  
They feel so strong to say we're weak  
But through the eyes the love of our people  
Whoa-A they go to repay

We come from Trench Town  
We come from Trench Town, Trench, Trench Town  
They say can anything good come out of Trench Town?  
That's what they say, Trench Town  
Say we're the underprivileged people  
So they keep us in chains  
Pay pay pay tribute to Trench Town, Trench Town  
We come from Trench Town, not because we come  
from Trench Town  
Just because we come from Trench Town