

James Banks, After The Rains

After the rains we suckle the face of the earth
We bond with the mother of our birth

Ah

After the mess, we tie it up again
We'll be a kind to bind it now till then

The mess was there to kill the fair
From head to hair, the mess was there
The mess was there to kill the fair
Corruption drawn like corsets around the waist of
Them

You may ask who that may be
I can see why you'd ask that
They're the children you and me
You and me and he and she
And she

After the rains we send up our shoots from the earth
We bond with the mother and the father of our birth