

# Jehro, I Want Love

I woke up this morning  
Hunger was gnawing my soul  
But the preacher man's sermon  
Won't put no food in my bowl  
Abidjan to Monrovia  
Looking for food and a home  
Instead I found factions and armies  
In the middle of a combat zone  
I want love, I need love  
I want love  
I want love, I need love,  
And a little food in my bowl  
Here in this tribal warfare  
For food you need money or a gun  
I signed up, whose side I don't care  
At least now I'm someone  
At parade time the grown-ups are cruel  
And all of the soldiers are small  
Commanders and captains and colonels  
All kids with their back to the wall  
I want love, I need love  
I want love  
I want love, I need love,  
And a little food in my bowl  
They told me I'm joining a family  
But here I ain't nobody's son  
My brothers are right here beside me  
We share our hunger and we share our gun  
Tomorrow we start the offensive  
Been drinking palm wine all day  
Grigimen can keep us from bullets  
But hash won't keep hunger at bay  
I want love, I need love  
I want love  
I want love, I need love,  
And a little food in my bowl  
When it's time the small soldiers march forward  
When one falls the next takes his gun  
Four to one AK47  
I was number three but now I'm gone  
Our future is dying right here  
Children only ten years old  
In this tribal colonial nightmare  
We're reaping the seeds you have sown  
We're reaping the seeds you have sown  
We want love, we need love  
All of us want love  
We want love, we need love  
And a little food in our bowls  
I want love, I need love,  
And a little food in my bowl