

# Keziah Jones, African Space Craft

Class programme for the  
African Anarchist  
14 carats he pleaded  
Yeah, just let me take the  
grain like a criminal should  
Burdens? As in work-horse?  
God works in mysterious ways  
but never as a coolie  
Never as a coolie in the sweat  
shop of a deranged mind  
Her chocolate stain is  
The envy of caucasia.  
On these empty pages  
Lies an ejaculatory speech  
Will his letter survive?  
Will the words ever reach?  
Tell me will his letter survive?  
Will the words ever reach their destination?  
Well I can hear the call of the Mosque  
And the ringing of the bells  
Yeah, everlasting peace on earth  
And the casting of spells  
I can see thin white strips of cotton  
And an ol' wide broom  
I can see their feelings all wrapped up and muffled  
In an emotional room  
Now, it's the 10th of January  
And a Taxi awaits to bring me to thee  
But I'm a son of April  
And, the only African container of religious sound. Hey!  
Yeah, the only African container of religious sound  
So they make love on the 11th, f\*\*k on the 12th  
And on the 13th they depart  
Back to the world of school uniforms,  
Perfects with guns and jackboots with heart  
Would a true story of cultural splinters  
Ever shred you as a tear?  
They were making love on a bed of emotional Rizla  
To burn away the fear  
They were making love on a bed of emotional Rizla  
To burn away the fear