

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