

Keziah Jones, Speech

I will speak
With all the force of sunrise
You and me
Beyond the reach of their eyes
Showing you the way their
words have always been
Showing you the way they
speak of harmony, harmony, harmony
I will speak
Without the false in their lies
You and me
We hold a speech in our eyes
I will teach you where their flowers grow
Where their midnight air will blow
Do the foolish care? no-one knows
Through their midnight air we'll go
If you find
The sea was always calling
Think of time
Even the waves pray
Showing you the ways of war and all her tenses
Showing you the way to see through their defences
Their defences
Their defences
If you find
The words were always calling
Think of time
Even the knaves pray
I will teach you where their flowers grow
Where their midnight air will blow
Do the foolish care? No-one knows
Through their midnight air we'll go