Manhattan Transfer, Notes From The Undergrour

Beneath the marbled halls of Pretoria
There's the faintest sound rising from the underground
Behind the prison walls poets fantasize
Voices lost are found captive in the underground
The dream is still alive, immune to their commands
Bravery abounds steadfast in the underground
Until the day arrives, children understand
Father's safe and sound living in the underground

Look to the days ahead
Gather your prayers like roses
Think of the life that waits after the battle's over
Look to the land beyond you
Out where the fields are golden
There will be gifts untold, yes after the battle's over
If I should not return, know that you are my pleasure
Shelter yourselves, my treasures, until the battle's over

The dream is still alive, immune to their commands We are pound for pound stronger in the underground The longer we survive the less they can withstand Time will turn around over to the underground

10 miles from Soweto under a thorn tree's branches Shanty will be no longer after the battle's over Somewhere a breeze is drifting over a blue-green ocean There will be time for beauty after the battle's over Children, I must be going - cherish your mother's memory Now turn these words to ashes antes que seja tarde

The dream is still alive, immune to their commands Time will turn around over to the underground The longer we survive the less they can withstand Time will turn around over to the underground

Beneath the marbled halls where the power lies There's the faintest sound rising from the underground Behind the prison walls poets fantasize Voices lost are found captive in the underground

The dream is still alive, immune to their commands Bravery abounds steadfast in the underground Until the day arrives, children understand Father's safe and sound living in the underground