

Asian Dub Foundation, Journey

Take the long train to Bombay
Duck as the tunnels came
Tune in your crystal set
You've won the freedom to forget
You've won the freedom to forget

Feeling good migrations
Tuned in to the mother nation
Taking her aim
Changing your name

Now we're nomads
That stay in one place
Not a country
Not a face
Standing out but still like ghosts
Long-term guests
Ungracious hosts
Re-written history
A sleepy slavery
Those sweet sweet sweet machines
Senfling, selling
Good migrations
Tuned in to the mother nation
Taking her aim
Rearranging the chains

The nine year old boy who had wanted to be white
Set out on the journey from loneliness to pride
Hostile environments along the way
A slowly changing landscape
But a steady stream of consciousness rising
A steady stream of consciousness rising

This is the journey from loneliness to pride
No longer any need to hide

Struggle to live
And we cry struggle to survive
Struggla, struggla, struggla, struggla
Just to stay alive
In the jungle you either do or you die
You got to be aware
You got to have the jungle eye