

Bob Marley, Slogans

Can't take your slogans no more,
can't take your slogans no more,
can't take your slogans no more,
can't take your slogans no more.

Wipe out the paintings of slogans
all over the streets (ooh, ooh, ooh),
confusing the people
while your asphalt burns our tired feet.
I see borders and barriers,
segregation, demonstration and riots (ooh, ooh, ooh),
a-sufferation of the refugees,
oh-oh, when, when will we be free?

Oh-oh-oh, we can't take your slogans no more,
can't take your slogans no more,
can't take your slogans no more,
no more sweet talk from-a grimepit,
no more sweet talk from the hypocrites.

/guitar solo/

So we know we can't take your slogans no more,
can't take your slogans no more,
can't take your slogans no more,
no more sweet talk from-a pulpit,
no more sweet talk from the pulpit.

No more sweet talk from-a grimepit,
no more sweet talk from the hypocrites (oh, no hypocrites!),
no more sweet talk from-a grimepit (wo-ah yeah),
no more sweet talk (no-no-no-no sweet talk) from the hypocrites (hey!),
no more sweet talk from-a grimepit,
no more sweet talk (no-no-no-no sweet talk) from the hypocrites (no-no-no-no hey!).