

# Bob Marley & The Wailers, Burnin' & Lootin'

This morning I woke up in a curfew;  
O God, I was a prisoner, too - yeah!  
I could not recognize the faces standing over me;  
They were all dressed in uniforms of brutality, brutality, Yeah  
How many rivers do we have to cross,  
Before we can talk to the boss?!  
All that we got, it seems we have lost;  
We must have really paid the cost.  
That's why we gonna be

Burnin' and a-lootin' tonight;  
We gonna be Burnin' and a-lootin' tonight;  
Burnin' all pollution tonight;  
Oh, yeah, yeah  
Burnin' all illusion tonight.