

Buju Banton, How Could You?

It is real, as real as it seem
Don't you live on illusion
And don't you ever try to live a dream
I sing...

Chorus

Buju say how could you rise up every living day
Telling yourself everything is OK
When you look at life you'll see it slipping away
Lord knows who feels it every moment every day
Those who cry for the poor get neglected, rejected, put to death
How much more will we take?

Did you father work off his shirt, blood, sweat and tears
Don't tell me that you forgot

Being oppressed by the oppressors, all different types of stress
For the sorrows of the poor, they don't even care less
Refuse to deal with world atrocities, civil unrest
Instead they're building penitentiaries as big as a bird's nest
Saying we are to be blamed for whatever what mess

Chorus

Some say, how are you going? They want to know if we are mine
Not until we repossess what's rightfully mine

Sitting down for so long we do believe it is time

Everyone is entitled to food at mealtime

'Til then, we'll struggle for rights, no more racial fights

Degradation to the highest heights

All obstacles as a people we have to cross

With health and strength we all can get across

Happenings of yesterday are just a thing of the past

Chorus

Don't you cry little one, wipe your tears, sing my song

Though we're in a strange land with evil ones

Help the weak if you're strong, iron sharpens iron

When you're down take a look at where the help is coming from

What about the masterminds with the foolproof plans

What about the geniuses who achieve grade one

Chorus

Repeat verse 1 and verse 2