

Des'ree, Proud To Be A Dread

Tafari tries to get a job
Ten letters behind his name.
Born up in the cornfields
Tafari doesn't the game
The game has not respect for life
Even less for rules. Winners only need apply,
Sorry no rooms for fools.
Tafari, looks up to the stars and
Wonders if there's life on Mars
Some say, he should shave his head,
But he's proud to be a dread.

[Chorus:]

'cos I'll be stronger.
For the truth, I know takes longer
I've the cunning of the tiger and the
Wisdom of the trees.
I won't be sad, refuse the sorrow
I look forward to tomorrow
I'll release my anger,
'cos I'm proud to be a dread.

Selassie, tries to find a home,
To rest his weary head.
A place where he can take his girl
To share his spiritual bed.
When he's greeted at the door,
The sign has changed his tune.
Though his Queen is full of child, sorry.
There's no room.
Selassie looks up to the clouds,
He curses hard and shouts of out loud.
Remembering his father's words,
A whisper from the dead.

[Chorus]

'Cos in this life, you have to
take a chance, or why else live at all.
'Cos in this life, to climb a mountain,
sometimes expect to fall.
'cos in this life nothing comes easy,
if it does, it has a price.
'Cos in this life a martyr suffers,
look at Jesus Christ