

Jacob Miller, 80.000 Careless Ethiopians

Idren and sistren, sight up JAH Ras JAH Ras Tafari!
Even the childs on their mothers' breasts
Are sightin' up, are sightin' up JAH Ras Tafari

80,000 careless Ethiopians shall go down in Babylon
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Many are called but few shall be chosen to go to Mount Zion
Many are called but few shall be chosen to go to Mount Zion

And it came to pass in the eleventh year
In the first month of the seventh day
The words of JAH came to us, saying,

I shall say unto the north, Give up
And to the south, Keep not back
Send the chosen sons from afar
And his daughters from the ends of the earth

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A living God
25,000 (??) shall gather
Oh, O the ??? my God
JAH Almighty living God

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Oh, all the licks that I have received
I feel it all over me
Even the blind cannot see - it's feeling the pressure from Babylon
Oh, I am feeling all the pain from Babylon licks that I have received
Their faces so ugly - they look just like the devil in the deep blue sea
O JAH, O JAH, O JAH...