

Japan, Wish You Were Black

Degradation takes a soul potential
The woman ain't to blame
Infiltrate the morning's passing hours
But love remains the same

I know I wish you were black
But ain't no use you pretending
She ain't ever coming back
To put you on the right track

Unamerican humour
All American smile
Hovers on the horizon baby
But no-one can reply well well

Breezin, breezin, she's no lover
Breezin, breezin

Satisfaction unrequited
A ghetto in your heart
Hoard of mass production baby
Is keeping us apart

I know I wish you were black
But ain't no use singing gospel
She ain't ever coming back
To put you on the right track