

Johnny Clegg & Savuka, Third World Child

Bits of songs and broken drums
Are all he could recall
So he spoke to me
In a bastard tongue
Carried on the silence of the guns
"It's been a long long time
since they first came
And marched through our village
They taught us to forget our past
And live the future in their image"
Chorus

They said
'You should learn to speak a little bit of English
Don't be scared of a suit and tie.
Learn to walk in the dreams of the foreigner
-- I am a Third World Child
The Outworld's dreams are the currency
That grip the city streets
I live them out
But I have my own
Hidden somewhere deep inside of me
In between my father's fields
And the citadels of the rule
Lies a no-man's land which I must cross
To find my stolen jewel.

They said
'You should learn to speak a little bit of English
Maybe practise birth control
Keep away from controversial politics
So to save my third world soul
Chorus

They said
'You should learn to speak a little bit of English
Don't be scared of a suit and tie.
Learn to walk in the dreams of the foreigner
-- I am a Third World Child
Wo! Ilanga lobunzima
Nalo liyashona
Ukuthini asazi
Mus' ukukhala
Mntanami
(Oh! We don't know when this Sun of Hardship will set.
Don't cry, my child.)

Bits of songs and broken drums
Are all he could recall
But the future calls his name
Out loud
Carried on the violence of the guns