

# Kobo Town, Sing Out, Shout Out

forty years ago today  
independence came our way  
welcomed by our struggling songs  
it came but would not stay  
and we, wanting to believe,  
let ourselves be deceived  
by the well-groomed speech of ambitious men  
who time proved to be thieves  
but the years wore on and nothing changed  
new flag, new name, same old game  
where the lucky laugh and the poor endure  
having lost the will to fight again

## Chorus

i remember when we were young  
and hope was strong  
and we had waited long  
to hear the midnight bell  
that would dispel  
the age that kept us down  
i recall when we would bleed  
'cause we believed  
freedom was in reach  
of those who seized the day  
but freedom came and faded like a dream

children of a passing age  
remnants of a dying rage  
whose anthems swept across this land  
proclaiming a new day  
and we waited patiently  
for the elusive decree  
that would rub away the scars we bore  
and set our voices free  
but the years slipped by and nothing came  
tyrants just bore different names  
while the official line promised brighter times  
we knew all things remained the same

independence, what an elusive dream  
things are never ever what they seem  
marchin' hand in hand awaitin' the command  
of the liberator, soon to be the henchman  
people's vanguard, propaganda ministry  
freedom fighters fillin' the ranks of the secret police  
while the tale on the times told in obituary lines  
we offer our resistance with these humble rhymes

sing out, shout out, the dream never dies....