

Latin Quarter, No Rope As Long As Time

Old Afrikaner farmer on the terrace of his home
Sits gently in his rocking chair, gazing at this land he owns.
There he sees his memories and there his past
There he smiles his grim smile, strokes his gun, swears he'll make it last.

Someone brings the whisky, someone serves the meal
Like the someone in the township, in the mine and in the fields.
Someone at the graveyard, someone with their tears
Someone who can't forget the freedom lost these 100 years.

Old man, you can boast about the gun that's by your bed
Old man, you can tell me how you're good for all your kaffirs yet
And your guns can fire, and your prisons fill
And you've yards of rope for hanging still
But your guns can shoot and never hit the sky
And there's no rope as long as time.

Mandela in the prison, Biko in the ground
Sharpeville and Soweto voices silenced till the end of time.
Freedom don't come easy, don't come bloodless, don't come fast
But in the hearts of the countless people
No pass law's gonna stop us pass.

Sometimes he'll talk of reasons, economy and cause
Sometimes he'll even talk of changes
Though he clasps the gun and talks of laws.
But power ain't this old man's gift
And freedom's no reform
The old man made the history and the history's made of wars.