

Latin Quarter, Nomzamo (One People, One Cause)

Nine children in one family
Nine Xhosa Wars
Nomzamo in 1960
Already victim of her country's laws
I say 'laws', why dignify
The Sjamboks and the slammed cell doors?
In twenty years they gave her nineteen sentences - still
One People! One Cause!
One People! One Cause!
Nomzamo! Nomzamo...

Named 'Trial' but how often can
You take the stand?
Nomzamo left glued in Brandfort
Twenty years for a touch of his hand
But in touch and in the face of
The Robben Islands and the bleak Pollsmoors
I see 'separate' - I see 'development' - still
One People! One Cause!
One People! One Cause!
Nomzamo! Nomzamo...
Nomzamo - you say it's part of your soul
Nomzamo - one day you'll paint it
Red, black, green and gold...

Told today that they release you
That you had paid your debt
Nomzamo in her own damn country
How much more boorish can these people get?
But you refuse to get the message
Of waving whips, in bloody semaphore
Where only gunfire's indiscriminate - as always
One People! One Cause!
One People! One Cause!
Nomzamo! Nomzamo...