

# Linton Kwesi Johnson, Street 66

The room was dark  
Dusk howling softly 6 o'clock  
Charcoal light  
The fine sight  
Was moving black  
The sound was music mellow steady flow  
And man son mind just mystic red, green, red, green  
Your scene  
No man would dance but leap and shake  
That sharp through feeling right  
Shape that sound  
Tumbling down  
Making movement, ruff enuff  
Cos when the music met I-tops(?)  
I felt the sting, knew the shock, yeah, had to do and ride the rock  
Outta dis rock shall come a greener riddim  
Even more dread than what the breeze of glory bred  
Vibrating violence is our own(?) move  
Rocking with green rhythm  
The drought and dry root out  
The mighty poet I Roy was on the wire  
Weston did a skank and each man laugh and feeling irie, dread I  
Street 66, the said man said  
Any policeman come here will get some righteous, raasclot licks  
Yeah mon, whole heapa licks  
Ours(?) beat, the scene moving right  
When all on a sudden  
Bam, bam, bam, a knocking pon the door  
"Who is dat?", aksed Weston, feeling right  
"Open up, it's the police, come on, open up"  
"What address do you want?"  
"Number 66, come on, open up"  
Weston, feeling high, replied, "Yes, this is Street 66, step right in and  
take some licks."