

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."