

Max Romeo, Warning Warning

Givin' out my warning...
Now you rich people listen to me
Weep and wail over the miseries
That are coming, coming up on you
Your riches have rotted away
And your clothes have been eaten by moth
Your gold and silver is covered with rust
And this rust will be witness against you
And eat up your flesh like fire
You have piled up your riches in these last days
But heads a go roll down Sandy Gully one of these days
Heads a go roll down Sandy Gully that's what Marcus says
Your life here on earth have been filled with luxury and pleasure
You have made yourself fat for the day of slaughter
You've not paid the men that work in your fields
The cries of those that gather your crops
Have reached the ears of Jah, Jah Almighty
Heads a go roll down Sandy Gully one of these days
Heads a go roll down Sandy Gully that's what Marcus says
Dog up a Beverley Hills a eat T-bone steak an' drink cornflakes
While poor people in the ghetto a rake an' scrape to get a cake
Be patient my brother be patient as a farmer is patient
As he waits for the autumn and the spring rains to water his crops
You also must be patient and keep your hopes up high
Happy are those whose greatest desire is to do what Jah Jah require
Heads a go roll down Sandy Gully one of these days
Heads a go roll down Sandy Gully that's what Marcus says
Bald head a go roll down Sandy Gully one of these days
Heads a go roll down Sandy Gully that's what Marcus says
I say; you look, you look, you look and you can't see...
I said; you listen, you listen, you listen and you can't hear...