

# Midnite, begin the day

If you no know Jah know  
If you no see Jah see  
Right now its just a little better  
Than what it could be whoa  
Oh yeah ayay yeah yeah

Begin your day by chasing  
All evil thoughts away yeah  
Begin your day by leaving  
Bad decisions in yesterday

Everything going wrong  
The world is running on pure negatives yeah  
Fly your flag right in a world of wrong  
The violence needs a peaceful sedative yeah  
Oppressor trapped by his own law  
Lights and cameras showing  
And I and I seeing it  
Well no erupting thing can blow up  
Any bigger than how you begin it  
Yeah I whoa yeah yeah

How can I and I be guardians of future  
Cant deal with matters right now  
Amos witness feasts turned into mourning  
And all I songs into lamentation  
Sackcloth upon all our loins  
Baldness upon all head  
Mourning of a son is the bitter end  
With the royal Ithiopians them oh yeah

See wha and hear who  
Well now look how long me a beg  
Unu move from ya so  
And you still narn come mek haste  
Come get up mek we lef ya so  
Jan banish the son  
Come pick up the conch shell  
Lick off the sound come mek I chant them down  
Light the flambo  
Go a bush ana lie city life  
Destroy man lungs  
When satan create all the city

All him get all the name satan  
Destroyer of woman ya  
And the ego of man  
In a the house of folly ya  
Whey them build pan the sand

Them a folly when them a run  
I just rally them a folly  
Hail Jah know so far as I man a see ya  
Them so far away

Them a solo so low I man cant hear  
Wha dem a play  
Who know wha fe do kno fe see  
Get off and move off while them a stand up  
A gaze a watch and play oh yeah  
Whoa hey whoa

Hear wha I man a saying  
They shall look for a sign

And there will be no sign  
They will try to read the time  
And there will be no sign  
They shall look for a sign  
There will be no sign  
They will try to read the times  
And our eyes whoa yeah  
Whoa o whoa o

Blood pumping come reggae izing  
Lift up you izes  
Your heart is beating  
Your muma home sleeping  
You family eathing  
Lift up your heart, lift up your heart  
In gratitude yeah whoa yeah yeah  
Feasts turned into mourning  
Sackcloth upon our loins  
Baldness upon all head  
Mourning for a son is a bitter end  
For the royal Ithiopian them  
Yeah yeah