

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