Neville Livingston, Hallelujah time

Hear the children crying but I know they're not crying in vain now the times are changing love buds come to bloom again Smelling the air when sprinkled by raindrops reminds us of youthful days but now it's not rain that waters the cane crops but the sweat from man's brow the substance from our spine we got to keep on living living on borrowed time Hallelujah Time as you can hear the children singing Hallelujah Time as they go singing by and by Hallelujah Time ooh, hallelujah singing in the morning Hallelujah Time let them sing don't make them cry Over rocks and mountains the sheep are scattered all around over hills and valleys they're everywhere to be found But though we bear our burdens now all aflictions got to end somehow from swinging the hammer to pulling the plough Why won't you let us be to live harmony we'd like to be free like birds in a tree