

# Pato Banton, Same Old Game

On your marks, get set, Bo! here I come again  
with lyrics on my lips, my fingertips and in my brain.  
I travel non stop yes to entertain  
by car, coach, train, ship or plane.  
I've been to Italy, Belgium, France and Spain  
and smoked sensi legally in Amsterdam.  
Met all kinds of people throughout the UK  
and been around America again and again.  
Different places yes different climates yes  
but one thing most definitely is the same  
a lot of crazy members of the human race  
seem to take the life for one big game.

They're singing:  
&quot;Tra la la la, it's the same old game.  
La la la life, is one big game.&quot;

I've seen so many people end up insane  
because they couldn't handle the strain on the brain.  
Well some turn to drugs like crack and cocaine  
they get a needle and pump it straight to the vein.  
Although I fight against it again and again  
I often sit and wonder: are my words in vain? (no way)  
Still to spread peace and love is my only aim  
and from this path I refuse to refrain.  
I'd rather be poor and living in the drain  
than be a hypocrite rapped up in fame.

Well some wish for money and some wish for fame  
some wish to drive a big car and wear rope chains.  
In Ethiopia they wish for some rain  
while in Mozambique they cry out for grain.  
In South Africa they're screaming out pain!!!  
they pray to be released from apartheid's chains.  
All over the world people know it's a shame  
innocent children everyday get slain.  
All the world leaders know who's to blame  
but still the apartheid system remains.  
Yes all those world leaders know who's to blame  
but still those racist oppressors remain.