

Robert Wyatt, Biko

Inamajo Inamajo man is dead man is dead
Inamajo Inamajo man is dead man is dead

Well it's September seventy seven
Port Elizabeth weather fine
And it was business as usual
In police room 619
Oh Biko Biko Biko oh Biko Biko Biko
Inamajo Inamajo man is dead man is dead

Now when I try to sleep at night
I can only dream in red
You know the outside world seems black and white
With just one colour: dead
Oh Biko...
Inamajo...

Now you can blow out a candle
But you can't blow out a fire oh no
Once the flame begins to catch
The wind will fan it higher
Oh Biko...
Inamajo...
Inamajo...

And the eyes of the world they're watching now
they're watching now
watching now