

UB40, Blood & Fire

Blood, blood, blood; blood and fire
Blood, blood, blood; blood and fire
There is no more water to out the fire
There is no more water to out the fire
Let it burn, let it burn
Let it burn, burn burn
Blood, blood, blood; blood and fire
Blood, blood, blood; blood and fire
Judgement has come and mercy has gone (mercy come and gone)
Ooh, weak hearts shall lick up and spit up (weakheart must get lick up)
Judgement has come and mercy has gone (judgement time is here)
Ooh, weak hearts shall lick up and spit up (weakheart must get sick up)
Let it burn, let it burn

Let it burn, burn burn (mercy gone)
Blood, blood, blood; blood and fire
Rasta hail!
Blessed is the weed, the healing of all nations in every corner of the earth
Blessed are the fields of sensimillia that enlighten and erich our soul
Blood and fire mek it burn bredren
All weak hearts shall lick up and spit up
And all righteous shall stand
Hail, rasta hail and wail (rastafari)
Hail rasta don't quail (we not quail)
Let it burn, burn burn
Let it burn, burn burn