

Wyclef Jean, Redemption Song

Old pirate, yes, them rob I, sold I to the merchant ship
Minutes after they took I from the bottomless pit
But my hand was made strong by the hand of the almighty
We struggle in this generation triumphantly

New York City, won't you help me sing
These songs of freedom, cause all I've ever had
Redemption song, these songs of freedom

Emancipate yourself from mental slavery, none but ourselves can free our mind
Have no fear for atomic energy for none of them a cannot stop the time
How long will you kill our prophet while we stand aside and look, ooh
Some say it's just a part of it, we've got to fulfil that book

Brooklyn, help me sing
These songs of freedom, cause all I've ever had
Redemption song, these songs of freedom

Emancipate yourself from mental slavery, none but ourselves can free our mind
Have no fear for atomic energy for none of them they can't a stop for the time
How long will they kill our prophet while we stand aside and look, ooh
Some say it's just a part of it, we've got to fulfil that book

Won't you help me sing
These songs of freedom, cause all I've ever had
Redemption song, these songs of freedom

A-Ame-rica, God bless America
A-Ame-rica, the land of the free and the home of the brave
A-Ame-rica, yeah, Amer, Amer, America
A-Ame-rica

New York City, let me see your hands in the air
A-Ame-rica, God bless ya, America, yeah, oh yeah
God bless Ame-rica