

Yannick Noah

"Burnin' And Lootin'"

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This morning I woke up in a curfew;
O God, I was a prisoner, too!
Could not recognize the faces standing over me;
They were all dressed in uniforms of brutality!

How many rivers do we have to cross now,
Before we can talk to the boss?
All that we got, it seems we have lost;
We must have really paid the cost.

We are burnin' and a-lootin' tonight;
Burnin' and a-lootin' tonight, one more time;
Burnin' all pollution tonight;
Burnin' all illusion tonight.

Give me the food and let me grow now;
Let the Roots Man take a blow.
All them drugs gonna make you slow now;
It's not the music of the ghetto!

Weeping and a-wailin' tonight;
Weeping and a-wailin' tonight;
(We've been suffering these long, long-a years!)
Weeping and a-wailin' tonight
(Will you say cheer?)
Weeping and a-wailin' tonight
(But where?)

Give me the food and let me grow now;
Let the Roots Man take a blow.
All them drugs gonna make you slow now;
It's not the music of the ghetto!

Burnin' and a-lootin' tonight;
Burnin' all pollution tonight;
Burnin' all illusion tonight.
Burning and a-looting tonight;
Burning and a-looting tonight;
Burning all pollution tonight.

