

Jackson Joe

"Battleground"

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Black nigger white nigger standing in the dark
Listen to the rhythm of the bass boom
Black nigger takes a hit sending up a spark
In the dark heat
Swaying a little to the bass beat
White nigger takes a hit takes money out
Says this is what it's all about
Rots your brain-who cares
Black nigger stares
White nigger sighs
I like your music
I like your style
I crack a joke so why don't you smile

White nigger dancing out on the floor tonight
The band's not good but the beat seems right
The band's all black and the floor's all white
Clenching fists unite and fight
Rock Against Racism rules tonight
But in the real world
No-one rules
But fists are clenched all right
Down in the Underground
Out in the playground
The common ground
is a Battleground

Now you don't have to be black to be a nigger no more
The writing's on the wall
Say-black is power
White is flower
Diveded we fall
And behind the wall
behind the door,
In the dark heat
In the rhythm of the bass beat
Something is wrong
And no-one is taking the blame

(Dedicated to Linton Kwesi Johnson)

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