

Johnny Clegg & Savuka "Third World Child"

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Bits of songs and broken drums
Are all he could recall
So he spoke to me in a bastard tongue
Carried on the silence of the guns

It's been a long long time since they first came
And marched through our village
They taught us to forget our past
And live the future in their image

They said, "You should learn to speak a little bit of
English"
Don't be scared of a suit and tie
Learn to walk in the dreams of the foreigner
I am a third world child

The out world's dreams are the currency
That grip the city streets
I live them out but I have my own
Hidden somewhere deep inside of me

In between my father's fields
And the citadels of the rule
Lies a no-man's land which I must cross
To find my stolen jewel

They said, I should learn to speak a little bit of English
Maybe practice birth control
Keep away from controversial politics
So to save my third world soul

You should learn to speak a little bit of English
Don't be scared of a suit and tie
Learn to walk in the dreams of the foreigner
I am a third world child

Wo! ilanga lobunzima
Nalo liyashona
Ukuthini asazi
Mus' ukukhala
Mntanami

Bits of songs and broken drums
Are all he could recall
But the future calls his name out loud
Carried on the violence of the guns

I just can speak a little bit of English
I am a [Incomprehensible] I can survive
I am fire and [Incomprehensible]
I am a third world child

I just can speak a little bit of English
I am a [Incomprehensible] I can survive
I am fire and [Incomprehensible]
I am a third world child

I just can speak a little bit of English
I am a [Incomprehensible] I can survive
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