

## **Jully Black**

### **"Mdantsane"**

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Why don't you sing about the African moon?  
Why don't you sing about the leaves and the dreams?  
Why don't you sing about the rain and the birds?  
'Cause mister I've seen  
Chorus:  
Mud coloured dusty blood  
Bare feet on a burning bus  
Mud coloured dusty blood  
Broken teeth and a rifle butt  
On the road to Mdantsane  
On the road to Mdantsane  
On the road to Mdantsane  
I've seen a  
Mud coloured dusty blood  
Why don't you sing about the fish in the sea  
Why don't you sing about the blue sky?  
Why don't you sing about a fantasy  
'Cause mister I see  
Chorus  
Siz feet under an African sky  
Mud coloured dusty blood  
Bare feet on a burning bus  
Mud coloured dusty blood  
On the road to Mdantsane  
Mud coloured dusty blood

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