

Juluka

"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
Six 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
Juluka Mdantsane (mud Coloured Dusty Blood)

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