

# K'naan "Fatima"

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Picture the morning, taste and devour  
We rise early, pace up the hour  
Streets is rustling, hustling they heart out  
You can't have the sweet with no sour

Spices, herbs, the sweets and the flower  
She came out precisely the hour  
Clouds disappear, the sun shows the power  
No chance of a probably shower

I feel in love with my neighbor's daughter  
I wanted to protect and support her  
Never mind, I'm just 12 and a quarter  
I had dreams beyond our border

Is it true when they say all you need is just love?  
(Is it true?)  
What about those who have loved  
Only to find that it's taken away?

And why do they say that the children  
Have rights to be free?  
(To be free)  
What about those who I've known  
Whose memories still lives inside of me?

Fatima, what did the young man say  
Before he stole you away on that fateful day?  
Fatima

Fatima, did he know your name  
Or the plans we made  
To go to New York City?  
Fatima

And after school, we studied the lessons  
I asked God to slow down the seconds  
He does the opposite, that's what I'm guessin'  
I better chill and count my own blessings

Fatima, Fatima, what is the matter?  
How come you ain't come up the ladder?

So we can be like there is no tomorrow  
Damn, you gon' make me wait 'til tomorrow

She spoke Arabic and Swahili,  
She'd say, "Upendo anta Habibi"  
You so bright, you sound like my TV  
Then one day, she never came to meet me

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If beauty was in the eyes of beholder  
How come everyone hushed when she walked by?  
How come girls would look just to scold her?  
How come the angel wanted to hold her?

Fatima, Fatima, I'm in America  
I make rhymes and I make 'em delicate  
You would have liked the parks in Connecticut  
You would have said I'm working to hard again

Damn you shooter, damn you the building  
Whose walls hid the blood she was spillin'  
Damn you country so good at killin'  
Damn you feelin' for persevering

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(Is it true?)  
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Now I just want to make it clear  
I don't want you to shed a tear  
'Cause this here is a celebration  
We're not mourning

We're celebrating so baby don't cry  
Please don't let the tears fall  
(Fatima)  
So don't cry

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