

## Lady Saw

### "Kneelin' At My Altar"

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Another morning kneelin' at my altar  
the day is faced with a bunch of grace  
on my case in this worldly rat race  
to keep the pace I depend on ancestors and God  
and by the way my real name is Todd.  
That's how my dead ancestors address me  
that is those that knew me as that.  
My African name hasn't been revealed yet.  
My knees don't mind the bendin'  
as long as the bending keeps me from bending  
or compromising my views and pride  
the inside world gets me prepared for the outside  
I can't wake up on the wrong side of the bed  
as long as my soul has been fine tuned and lubed and  
altars are cool for my inner urge to resume  
to the universe SMPTE tone or metronome.

Kneelin at my altar (x3)  
in the morning time I got to kneel at my altar  
K N E E L I N at my altar

Simply put one is naive if they believe  
that this system does not deceive its  
populous dropping us lies in a sack like a stork  
& there's stops that drop from Cali to NY.  
Images are burnt into our brain cells to the extent  
there's still fumes in a no smoking section of a room  
forces are tugging at you from both sides  
to be centered I pray and pour libation  
Oh from there it's diggity diggity done  
I've rinsed my senses & armor alled my armor  
instead of being grouchy I'm a natural charmer  
chilin' with our friends to relatively no end  
& oh my Lord I'm feelin' exuberated  
cool vibes & disciplined enough to go outside  
and don't you know it's gotta be like that, feeling dope

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