

## Not Available "Jo'anna"

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[Originally by Eddy Grant]

Well Jo'Anna she runs a country  
She runs in Durban and the Transvaal  
She makes a few of her people happy, oh  
She don't care about the rest at all  
She's got a system they call apartheid  
It keeps a brother in a subjection  
But maybe pressure can make Jo'Anna see  
How everybody could a live as one

Gimme hope, Jo'Anna  
Hope Jo'Anna  
Gimme hope, Jo'Anna  
'Fore the morning come  
Gimme hope, Jo'Anna  
Hope Jo'Anna  
Hope before the morning come

I hear she makes all the golden money  
To buy new weapons, any shape of guns  
While every mother in black Soweto fears  
The killing of another son  
Sneakin' across all the neighbour's borders  
Now and again having little fun  
She doesn't care if the fun and games she play  
Is dang'rous to ev'ryone

Gimme hope ...

She's got supporters in high up places  
Who turn their heads to the city sun  
Jo'Anna give them the fancy money  
Oh, to tempt anyone who'd come  
She even knows how to swing opinion  
In every magazines and the journals  
For every bad move that this Jo'Anna makes  
They got a good explanation

Gimme hope ...

Even the preacher who works for Jesus

The archbishop who's a peaceful man  
Together say that the freedom fighters  
Will overcome the very strong  
I wanna know if you're blind Jo'Anna  
I wanna hear the sound of drums  
Can't you see that the tide is turning  
Oh don't make me wait 'til the morning come

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