

## Savuka "Third World Child"

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Bits of songs and broken drums  
Are all he could recall  
So he spoke to me  
In a bastard tongue  
Carried on the silence of the guns  
"It's been a long long time  
since they first came  
And marched through our village  
They taught us to forget our past  
And live the future in their image"  
Chorus  
They said  
'You should learn to speak a little bit of English  
Don't be scared of a suit and tie.  
Learn to walk in the dreams of the foreigner  
-- I am a Third World Child  
The Outworld's dreams are the currency  
That grip the city streets  
I live them out  
But I have my own  
Hidden somewhere deep inside of me  
In between my father's fields  
And the citadels of the rule

Lies a no-man's land which I must cross  
To find my stolen jewel.  
They said  
'You should learn to speak a little bit of English  
Maybe practise birth control  
Keep away from controversial politics  
So to save my third world soul  
Chorus  
They said  
'You should learn to speak a little bit of English  
Don't be scared of a suit and tie.  
Learn to walk in the dreams of the foreigner  
-- I am a Third World Child  
Wo ilanga lobunzima  
Nalo liyashona  
Ukuthini asazi  
Musa Ukukhala  
Mntanami

Bits of songs and broken drums  
Are all he could recall  
But the future calls his name  
Out loud  
Carried on the violence of the guns

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