

Sole

"Backpaka Baba"

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Crime's the other side of what's right
Baba lives on the wrong side of the earth
On a plain flat planet he would've been white
Nobleman by name aristocrat by birth

Selling shades on the beach by daily routine
Matches the irony of your Western magazine
Papayabananacakecoconutjuice!
Baby with the basket pushes fruits and news

While man came across the sea
To change my under-developed diaper
White man came across the sea
To wipe my ass with tabloid paper

I'm a passionate man help me first
Ease my hunger quench my thirst
Can you see yourself devoured
I'll do anything to stay empowered

Part of him feels like some new kind of Noah
But all he can carry is some hectograms of Goa
Big Mother Ocean shut the stereo down
He travelled to listen not to see

On Arambol Beach his guitar will soon sound
When the last black man's crossed the sea
His earth turned flat his passport photo black
Backpacker Baba's never coming back

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