

## **Black Eyes**

### **"On The Sacred Side"**

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Woy, blue water in my blood  
(If I had legs, I'd get up and move)  
Woy, this border in my blood  
(If I had arms, I might put up a fight)  
Woy, broken shackle in my blood  
Woy, occupation in my blood

And the long black guns  
And here the slave traders come  
With their long black ships  
And here the missionaries come  
With their long black robes  
And here the sacred side comes

On the hills with their drums  
And here the soldiers' soldiers come  
With their long black guns

(Legs)  
Who's got their hands on the long black guns?  
(Arms)  
Who's got their backs to the long black guns?  
(Legs)  
Who's got their tongues in the sweet, dark rum?  
(Arms)  
Who's got their backs to the long black guns?

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