

Paul Simon

"Biko"

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September '77
Port Elizabeth weather's fine
It was business as usual
In police room 619

Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko
Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko
Yihla Moja, Yihla Moja
-The man is dead
Yihla Moja, Yihla Moja
-The man is dead

When I go to sleep at night
All my dreams are red
The outside world is black and white
All the colours dead

Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko
Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko
Yihla Moja, Yihla Moja
-The man is dead
Yihla Moja, Yihla Moja
-The man is dead

You can blow out a candle
But you can't blow out a fire
Once the wind begins to catch
The flames go higher

Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko
Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko

And the world is watching now
watching now
And the world is watching now
watching now

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