

Count Ossie

"Hundred Years"

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Four hundred years of colonial reign
Has brought the people misery,
It has left them such pain.
The talk is now of independence, you see,
It seems it wasn't meant for you or for me.
As strangers we came - slave-trade was the game,
And ever since, we don't even know our names.
However we teach, we must remember
And all that they did to mother and father.
So people, people, for what it's worth
Demands your freedom here up on earth.
Stop asking when, where and how,
Make up your mind: the time is now.

So people, people, for what it's worth
Demands your freedom here upon earth.
Stop asking when, where and how,
Make up your mind: the time is now.

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