

## **Bernd Cl?ver**

### **"Corrugated Iron"**

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Poor family got a lean-to  
Now the rainy season's gone  
Coloured kids playin' in the hard mud  
Kicking that skinny dog  
He works on irrigation  
Moving water to the  
And he dreams of being a spear someday  
In the heart of Johannesburg  
He dreams of being a spear someday  
In the heart of Johannesburg

And we live in  
And we live on  
And we die in  
Corrugated iron

Pray to Tokoloshe  
When the red dirt comes back  
Cattle try to find the river bed  
And in-between the cracks  
Chief man he got his hard hat  
From the civilized Western man

He's got a ton of 'em down in Capetown  
He's gonna grease the poor black hand  
He's got a ton of 'em down in Capetown  
He's gonna grease the poor black hand

And we live in  
And we live on  
And we die in  
Corrugated iron  
And we're building  
And we're trying  
Our tribes are born in corrugated iron

You gotta stand to the left  
Remain at the back  
And give 'em corrugated iron  
To put on their shacks  
Stand to the left

Remain at the back  
And give 'em corrugated iron  
To put on their shackles

And he dreams of being a spear someday  
In the heart of Johannesburg  
He's got a ton of 'em down in Capetown  
He's gonna grease the poor black hand

And we live in  
And we live on  
And we die in  
Corrugated iron  
And we're building  
And we're trying  
Our tribes are born in corrugated iron

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