

Sinéad O'Connor "Biko"

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September '77
Port elizabeth weather fine
It was business as usual
In police room 619
Oh biko, biko, biko, because
Oh biko, biko, biko, biko
Oh biko, biko, biko, because
Oh biko, biko, biko, biko
Yihla moja, yihla moja
The man is dead, the man is dead

When i try to sleep at night
I can only dream in red
The outside world is black and white
With only one colour dead
Oh biko, biko, biko, because
Oh biko, biko, biko, biko
Oh biko, biko, biko, because
Oh biko, biko, biko, biko
Yihla moja, yihla moja
The man is dead, the man is dead

You can blow out a candle
But you can't blow out a fire
Once the flame begins to catch
The wind will blow it higher
Oh biko, biko, biko, because
Oh biko, biko, biko, biko
Oh biko, biko, biko, because
Oh biko, biko, biko, biko
Yihla moja, yihla moja
The man is dead, the man is dead
Yihla moja, yihla moja
The man is dead, the man is dead
Yihla moja, yihla moja
The man is dead, the man is dead

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