

Small Fred

"Diamonds Of Anger"

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The boy rolls the hoop past the barricade

Pushing it fast with a stick that he made from a
coathanger

The hoop is a wheel of rusted steel from a junkyard
bicycle

The girl on the corner plays the guitar

It's a petrol can with strings of wire

She sings a song from the tribal days

But the words are new -- she sings "amandla."

Blond surfers on white sandy beaches

Wait for the perfect wave

The sky has no clouds at sunset they go home

The signs say no dogs or natives allowed

Nervous white boys in combat gear

Speed through the township in armored trucks

People scatter but the soldiers run them down

Kick them until blood runs from their mouths

Crossroads

We are diamonds of anger we are brilliant gold

Every blow makes us stronger the chain cannot hold

We are rocks against tear gas we are songs against
guns

We are life against terror we have already won.

The old woman waits for the broken down bus

To take her from this shantytown of tin and paper

No toilet no running water

The street is already hot

She rides to the white homes of Johannesburg

To mop the kitchen tile polish the silver

Wipe the babies' bottoms she must leave by nightfall.

Sixteen on trial for plotting revolution

Charged with singing songs of freedom

Or being present when these songs were sung

Or writing pamphlets or speaking at meetings

Botha tells the whites what they want to hear

The only votes he needs are theirs

Crazed with their backs to the sea

Drunk with the fear of retribution.

Crossroads

We are diamonds of anger we are brilliant gold

Every blow makes us stronger the chain cannot hold

We are rocks against tear gas we are songs against
guns

We are life against terror we have already won.

Black babies white babies still reach for each other

Fingers stretching from a passing pram

Eyes amazed and smiling through doors and broken
windows

Straining to touch

Behind the silence of Pollsmoor Prison
Nelson Mandela reads the international press
Receives foreign visitors
The chief in exile, the lion at bay
Give up violence say the key-jangling jackals
He answers let those who shoot my people
Beat with whips torture with electrodes
Let these renounce violence and I will walk free.
Teenagers born since he was imprisoned
Hear his voice though they have never seen him
Feel the tremor of righteous fury
A vision burning a tidal wave coming
New leaders born in the schoolyards and churches
Forged in the mines singing at funerals
Turning to block the blow as it's falling
Seizing the whiphand standing rejoicing
Crossroads
We are diamonds of anger we are brilliant gold
Every blow makes us stronger the chain cannot hold
We are rocks against tear gas we are songs against
guns
We are life against terror we have already won.
We are life against terror we have already won

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