

Teena Marie

"Batucada Suite"

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Mary's into new things got a brand new bag
Superficial living made her life a drag
World stereotypes her as she coins the phrase
Living for the hot wax and the printed page
She no longer wants to boss the bull around
Contrary to popular belief
All she wants to do is get inside your head
And play the fun rythms of the street
Batucada Suite-rythms of the street
Music for the soul-Love to make you whole
Estebans a walker and a superman
Says that love will someday reign throughout this land
Says he's glad you let him try it all again
'Cause his last time on earth he lived life in sin
All he wants to do is spread his eagle wings
And fly south for the winter just like me
All he wants to do is get inside your head
And play the funky rythms from the streets
Batucada Suite-rythms for the feet
Music for the soul-gearred to make you
Whole
Tribal drums of the African
The reggae of the Rastaman
The ragas of the indians
Rock-n-Roll music of my homeland
Tender lutes of the Orient
The salsa of Spanish descent
Jesus music is heaven sent
To remind us of what has went
Batu-Batu-cada
Batu-Batu-cada
I ya Ototele-the rhythms of Y Surdo
As I taste life bittersweet
I know I am not complete
Until the message in my
Songs are yours
If you feel a pain unfair
Crosses too heavy to bear
Preservation comes from
Peace not war
Batu-Batu-cada

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