

Michael Smith

"SUNDAY A COME"

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Sometime a siddung
wit me heart full up an me face wet up
for is a shame when yuh mumma breast wither up
an yuh waan cry an yuh cyaan bawl
for darkness between yuh world an yuh skin

but a like how yuh scratch dem drum
fi know yuh name an whe yuh come from
for dat note is a long note
too long fi i sing it straight

but the yout dem talk a different talk
dem a multiply dem step an dem a look inna de sun
an dem naw tun back
dem allergic to de scene

One an twenty
Two an twenty
Sweat an dry
Pocket empty

an dem naw line up
diggin dem dreams from no asphalted street
wit no swollen mout an no blistered feet

so mek yuh tun me life pon me head
meck we go walk

so meck we walk
like a me did bun
like a me did a bun
bun down Cross Road
bun down Cross Road

a doan like tell story
for dat note is a long note
too long fe i tell it straight

but a goin walk pon me blistered feet
sing louder dan de abeng
through me swollen mout

an stan firm
wid me puppa holograph
drench in blood

Sunday a come

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