

## **The Barclay James Harvest**

### **"African"**

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Through the eyes of a child  
There's no wrong or right  
No reason to hate  
No need for a fight  
No colour, no creed  
No malice, no greed  
Till the child becomes a man  
Give up your freedom  
Hand back your rights  
Then change your colour now  
You're black not white  
And there'll never be a piece of the action  
Now you're an African

Forget beliefs and swallow your pain  
You're just a number now  
And Boy's your name  
And you'll never get a piece of the action  
Now you're a working man

African, Asian, it's all the same  
Brown, black, Caucasian  
It's all the same  
Slave labour, working class  
What's in a name?  
Far left, far right, centre  
It's power they crave

The politics of Apartheid  
The politics of shame  
The cold abuse of human rights  
Of torture and of pain  
Are only part of the action  
When you're an African

The politics of making more  
The politics of greed  
The cold abuse of poverty  
To keep your labour cheap  
Are only part of the action  
When you're a working man

African, Asian, it's all the same  
Brown, black, Caucasian  
It's all the same  
Slave labour, working class  
What's in a name?  
Far left, far right, centre  
Far left, far right, centre  
Far left, far right, centre  
It's power they crave

The politics of buying arms  
When there's no food to eat  
The politics of digging gold  
Instead of planting seeds  
The leader with his private golf course  
And his flashy cars  
Sits playing with his diamond wrist watch  
While the people starve

The politics of shooting down  
A plane that brings relief  
By fat men playing power games  
Who've got enough to eat  
The politics of racial hate  
The politics of war  
The men who sell the guns have fun  
While we all count the score

One, two, three, four  
Thousands, millions  
People dying just to keep  
Them in the action

Through the eyes of a man  
There's wrong and there's right  
A reason to hate  
There's need for a fight  
There's colour, there's creed  
There's malice, there's greed  
When the child becomes a man

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