

Congo

Amel Larrieux

Now Could we go to the square they call Congo
I need to go and lay my feet upon the stone
Where the first of us stood before, before, before
Where we sat and played to revive our depleted souls
Where we went to forget out freedom was not our own
Where we went to hold onto the memory of way back home

Now could we
Now could we
Now could we go

Get to cong, get to cong congo
Get to Cong, get to Congo

Now Could we go to the square they call Congo
I need to go and lay my feet upon the stone
Where the first of us stood before, before, before
Where we made music in remembrance of human bodies sold
Where the sound of old pain became a new music of hoped
Where they paved me a road so i could get to Congo

Now could we
Now could we
Now could we go

Get to cong, get to cong congo
Get to Cong, get to Congo

And i would not be here today if they had not been So displaced
, so displaced
But still
But still they made time to sing and play a song
A song in Congo

Get to cong, get to cong congo
Get to Cong, get to Congo