

Take the long train to Bombay  
Duck as the tunnels came  
Tune in your crystal set  
You've won the freedom to forget  
Feeling good migrations  
Tuned in to the mother nation  
Taking her aim  
Changing your name  
Now we're nomads  
That stay in one place  
Not a country  
Not a face  
Standing out but still like ghosts  
Long-term guests  
Ungracious hosts  
Re-written history  
A sleepy slavery  
Those sweet sweet sweet machines  
Sending, selling  
Good migrations  
Tuned in to the mother nation  
Taking her aim  
Rearranging the chains...  
The nine year old boy  
who had wanted to be white  
Set out on the journey  
from loneliness to pride  
Hostile environments along the way  
A slowly changing landscape  
But a steady stream of consciousness rising  
A steady stream of consciousness rising  
This is the journey from Loneliness to pride  
No longer any need to hide...  
Struggle to live  
And we cry struggle to survive  
Struggla, struggla, struggla, struggla  
Just to stay alive  
In the jungle you either do or you die  
You got to be aware  
You got to have the jungle eye...