

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