

My father was a young man
my mother off the boat,
my eyes were fresh at 21,
bruised but still afloat
our heads have hit the pavement,
many times before,
you stroke his face to soothe him,
while knowing that there's more

See, Augustine
Late have I loved and chose to see
Skin on his skin,
a warmth that I can feel with him.

And no one even told me
the way that you should feel
tell me did you lose your son? tell me did you lose your love?
Cry and burst my deafness, while Trayvon falls asleep.
The things that I would do to you
The things that I could do to you

See, Augustine
Late have I loved and chose to see
Skin on his skin,
a warmth that I can feel with him.

Nontetha,
we heard it all from you
Nontetha,
we waited here for you (x2)

Nontetha,
kushé-o aw di bodi
Nontetha,
aw di fambul dem?