

Cultivation

Burning Spear

Come along my brother, come along
Let us do the thing we suppose to do for our mother.
Come along my sisters, come along too.
And if we should live up in-da in-da in-da in-da in-da
in-da
Live up in-da And if we should live up in the hills
And if we should live up in the hills And if we should
live up in the hills
Live up in the hills, the hills
And if we should live up in the hills
My brother go to the river,
To carry the water-a
The water
My sister wash up the dishes,
She even go to the shop,
Bring in the groceries,
When my smaller brother run around
and pick up the bramble to keep the fire blazing
To keep mama fire burning
Blazing fire fire
And if we should live up in the hills
And if we should live up in the hills
And if we should live up in the hills
My mother hard at work,
Work my mother for the children,
My mother hard at work,
Work my mother for the children,
My daddy is gone way over, far over,
Working up the cultivation
Coming with food Daddy
Coming Daddy come come with food, come
And if we should live up in the hills