

That Day Will Come

Capleton

Equal rights and justice for all
Rise and never fall
Tell dem sey... Boom!
What dey gonna do, when nuff a dem nuh true
Say what they gonna do, dem get slew, yaaaaw

Who do you think you are, we're living ina small world
As wicked as you think you are, we're living in a small world
As bad as you think you are, we're living in a small world
As tough as you think you are, we're living in a...
Da one ya name, alright

Ref.:

That day will come, when I shall stand and see all those wicked men and the
fiyah gettin bun
That day will come, when they will try to escape and there will be nowhere t
o run
That day will come, when I shall see, they hand in all the bombs and bayonne
ttes and bullets and gun
That day will come, when Emperor Selassie I shall rise di whole a di ghetto
yute dem from outta di slum

And the day I would love to see their face
For the all those evil they do to the human race
And try to take things out of place
Run away to space, true dem inna...
Off you owna judgement, you a go get a taste
When dem find out sey dat dem caan escape
Sadness they send on the people dem trace
Smile on my face

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yute dem from outta di slum

Who do you think you are, we're living ina small world
As wicked as you think you are, we're living in a small world
As slick as you think you are, we're living in a small world
As tough as you think you are, we're living in a...
Da one ya name, tell dem!

Escape today, you caan escape tomorrow
Mek sure you pay back anytime you borrow
Mek sure you dont leff no life inna sorrow
Mek sure you nuh lead none straight like arrow
Mek sure you brains nuh push out it nuh borrow
Mek sure you nuh mek dem coke out an parro, yeah!
Mek sure you meditation nuh narrow
Judgement!
Yo mi waan tell dem sumpn... Di world a one...

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fiyah gettin bun
That day will come, when they will try to escape and there will be nowhere to run
That day will come, when I shall see, they hand in all the bombs and bayonettes and bullets and gun
That day will come, when Emperor Selassie I shall ride out on the wings of the heavens inna di sun

I will remain the same
Hailing Rastafari name
And watch dem going up in flames
For all the innocent going down the drain
You have to pay for the shackles and chains
And pay for these washing of the brain
And pay for these guns and cocaine
The sick and the lame, alright