

# 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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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 pon di 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