

# My Old Home

K'naan

So yea basicaly alot of people ask me how life was then... so here it is

My old home smelled of good birth  
Boiled red beans kernal oil and hand me down poetry  
It's brick white washed walls widdowed by first paint  
The tin roof tops humm in songs of promise while time ends  
Locked into demonic rythm with the leaves  
The trees had the wind huggin them loving them a torturous love  
Bug in wind it was over and done the the rounds ment to pocket  
Kept the rain drops cool neighbours dwellers spatter in the pool  
Kids playing football with a sand in a sock  
We had what we got and it wasn't alot  
No one knew they were poor we were all inocent to grieve judgment  
The country was combusing with life like a long hybernatin volcano  
With a long tale of succes like j-lo farmers, fishers, fighters,  
Even fools had a place in production teh coral reefs make your days  
In reflection the costal line was the place of seduction  
And women walked with grace and perfection  
And we just knew we were warriors too nothing worried us too  
We were glorious?

And one day it came  
Spoiled the parade like rain  
Like oil in a flame it pained  
The heart attack sudden  
Harder then livin  
Harder then a punch in the woom  
Harder then the lunch you consume for us  
It had a cancerous fume war, lust  
Men who made killing hobbiest  
Sellin powerfully  
Like healthy livestock  
It made tides rock  
With a diligent mock  
Confused with the people  
Infused in the evil  
(profester) reject  
Like jews in the sequal  
So when it came in the morning  
With a warning and without  
The hearding was a burden  
Only certain was dealt  
A mythical tale  
No soul knows well  
Liberty went to hell  
Freedom caught four shells  
Fears was the bloke  
Keep your to the show  
It apears old will  
Was right in 84  
Half baked brother  
Killed mother in a store  
But all of us watching  
But they don't love her anymore

(peed) my poem  
Mother was my old home

Good will is looted  
In my old home  
Religions is burnt down  
In my old home  
Kindness is shacklled  
In my old home  
Justice has been raped  
In my old home  
Murderers hold post  
In my old home  
The land vomits ghosts  
In my old home

We got pistols with eyes  
Curruption and lies  
Trust us snakes  
And death without breaks  
Suspicious new borns  
Live in the horn  
We used to teh pain  
Rack bodies  
Not grain  
Chop limbs  
Not trees  
Spend lies  
Not wealth  
Seek vengance  
Not truth  
The craziest youth  
Moist pains  
Are plans  
.nigga fuck your plans

Bandits are leaders down  
In my old home  
Rooms are a In my old home  
Seditives of faith  
In my old home  
Rapers are praised  
In my old home  
Demons dress well  
In my old home  
Infants are nailed  
In my old home  
Spirits are jailed  
In my old home  
Grudges grow tails  
In my old home

Our roads have seen electric hate and  
Our women labour, but need no invadin  
Our farms produce giulty grubin  
Our kids depend on shifty luck see  
Our news is like "for death is all"  
Don't blame me for the truth I've told

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