

Frinigro Interstellar

Keziah Jones

I was born
In a crimson cellar;
Just another frinigro interstellar.
I'm flying through time,
Deflowering the mind.
Kissin' white rain
With a black umbrella.
Defyin' all the rules of race.
Flyin' through outer space.
Kissin' underneath for ma baby.
Pushing color in your face.
The ocean, itself,
Is not very far away.
The problem begins
When we try to take it home with us.
Take a lick of this, baby,
Every single day,
And you'll soon realise
Why we always take a bass with us.
It's for keepin' all the fools at bay.
No matter what the preacher say,
Religion is the blues in "G" major.
But they never let the negro play it,
So I'm flying through outer space,
Defyin' all the rules of race,
Kissin' underneath.
Pushin' color in your face.
Tell me - how many frinigro's do you know?
Do they all wear a smile underneath their
Afro's?
Oh yeah?