

# Prodigal Funk

Keziah Jones

Who to believe?  
Father's turned into a child  
Oh Lord have mercy on me  
Oh please look through my eyes  
Look through my eyes, it's no surprise

Oh why do they treat you badly?  
When you sleep slaves know they're free  
Your pain is killing me  
Your shadow weeps in my room  
Weeps in my room, you aged too soon

And now? It's the prodigal funk  
No-one knows where it's come from  
One wish one last fools wish  
Please show the blinded road, the blinded road  
And then I'll go

Oh we, who to believe?  
Mothers turned into fear  
Oh Lord have mercy on me  
Tell feeling to pull us near, to pull us near  
I promise I won't compare

And now? A strangers at my door  
Offering me money to say some more  
Should I take the gold and run?  
Or should I play the prodigal funk, the prodigal funk

See me gone

Upon your crown of beautiful white hair  
I cried on  
My tears flowed where flowers don't dare  
To lie on or die on  
Because they know that  
Wherever the truth is born  
The day will come  
Some say that black is despair  
But you shine on  
Some say Africa's going nowhere  
You proved them wrong, them wrong  
Cause they know wherever the truth is born  
The day will come, the day will come, the day will come.