

The Other Side

Lucky Dube

His name is Jackson
He lives in Jamaica
Every morning he comes down to the docks to watch the ships come and go
He's been here too long
Mental slavery has not touched him one bit
He still knows his history, he knows where he comes from
That is why he believes the ocean can give him answers
About the very very far home
That he's never been to. All his life he says
I wish I was home, I wish I was in Africa (2x)
I have seen his world
I've seen the other world. I have nothing to say
I put my coat on my shoulders
As I walked away, I heard myself sing

The grass is greener on the other side
Til you get there and see it for yourself (3x)

His name is Themba
He lives in Soweto
Every morning he goes to the airport to watch the planes come and go
He has changed his African name to a western one
Cause he doesn't know how it hurts to have a name
You can't be proud of. He hopes that one day
One of these birds of the sky can take him away
To a very very far land
Running away from the very roots
That so many black people in the world
Are wanting to come back. A place they call home
They wish they were home
They wish they were in Africa (2x)
I live in his world, I've seen the other world
I got nothing to say
I put my coat on my shoulders
As I walked away, I heard myself sing