

## Warning Warning

Max Romeo

Givin' out my warning...  
Now you rich people listen to me  
Weep and wail over the miseries  
That are coming, coming up on you  
Your riches have rotted away  
And your clothes have been eaten by moth  
Your gold and silver is covered with rust  
And this rust will be witness against you  
And eat up your flesh like fire  
You have piled up your riches in these last days  
But heads a go roll down Sandy Gully one of these days  
Heads a go roll down Sandy Gully that's what Marcus says  
Your life here on earth have been filled with luxury and pleasure  
You have made yourself fat for the day of slaughter  
You've not paid the men that work in your fields  
The cries of those that gather your crops  
Have reached the ears of Jah, Jah Almighty  
Heads a go roll down Sandy Gully one of these days  
Heads a go roll down Sandy Gully that's what Marcus says  
Dog up a Beverley Hills a eat T-bone steak an' drink cornflakes  
While poor people in the ghetto a rake an' scrape to get a cake  
Be patient my brother be patient as a farmer is patient  
As he waits for the autumn and the spring rains to water his crops  
You also must be patient and keep your hopes up high  
Happy are those whose greatest desire is to do what Jah Jah require  
Heads a go roll down Sandy Gully one of these days  
Heads a go roll down Sandy Gully that's what Marcus says  
Bald head a go roll down Sandy Gully one of these days  
Heads a go roll down Sandy Gully that's what Marcus says  
I say; you look, you look, you look and you can't see...  
I said; you listen, you listen, you listen and you can't hear..  
.