

# Burial

Peter Tosh

You're only acting like  
You are somebody  
But I don't no say  
You know nobody

You're only a show off  
Your painted face, yeah  
But underneath that face  
Your just a disgrace

You're just a brand new second hand gal  
No man no wan' no  
Brand new second hand gal  
You better go back around so  
You're just a brand new second hand gal

You think it's the dress you wear  
That make you a lady  
Get that out of your mind gal  
You must be crazy

Mama used to tell me  
Long time ago yeah  
Not everything you see glitter is gold

See you watch them pass I  
Well hidy-tidy  
But them no-no say  
You very nasty

Look 'pon you foot back  
Look how them tough, yeah  
And you chaw bone favor  
Spanish town handcuff

Dick know 'bout you  
And tom do  
And harry just 'round the corner  
Know 'bout you too

He got a police buk  
Them want I  
Them want I  
Be com'a them funeral  
Them claim say  
Them claim say  
Them are the general

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What a big disgrace

The way you rob up the place  
Rob everthing you can find  
Yes you did  
And you'll even rob from the blind

You must see want I fe  
Com'a com'a funeral  
And I no go  
No one burial  
Yet you want I  
Com'a com'a funeral  
Make your friend come claim say, claim say  
You are the genie

Now we know the truth  
Yes we do  
Find you  
Wearing the boot  
Of taking people's business on your head,yeah  
So might as well you be dead

Let the dead bury the dead now  
And who is to be fed, be fed  
I ain't got no time to waste on you, no,no  
I'm a livin' man, I got work to do  
Right now

This man and that man  
Yes they are the same man  
You taught us this just as well  
That the rich man heaven is the poor man's hell  
You must see want I fe com'a com'a funeral  
Natty no go no one burial  
Yet you want I  
Com'a com'a burial  
Make your friend come claim say  
You are the genie