

## Born In Babylon

Soja

I came from nothing but a nothing like nothing  
Nothing - like nobody thought i was something  
Nothing - like called every name in the book  
But for every second guess I never gave a second look

I tell myself "Don't let it get to me!"  
'Cause if the best they've got its not impressing me  
Then there's no reason they should get the best of me  
Why they're aiming at my words - that's the rest of me

So how can I stop all these  
Critics from their talking?  
The more I do, the more they say.  
But there's no way I'm stopping,  
So they just keep on talking.  
Who do you think I think I am?

I got the feeling that there is more like me.  
Born in Babylon but you just got to be free.  
Shackles on your feet that you and me can't see,  
But you can feel them and they heavy,  
So you need that key!  
And so you're looking at your hands sayin':  
"Man, if a distance is to me I could be mine."  
But then you hear a voice comin' from behind:  
"Don't even think about steppin' out of line!"

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Critics from their talking?  
The more I do, the more they say.  
But there's no way I'm stopping,  
So they just keep on talking.  
Who do you think I think I am?  
Who do you think I am?

My friends are deep and they're all I've got.  
They stand up behind me if you like it or not.  
And I'm telling you that the fire's hot.  
Can you see that smoking?  
Did you hear that shot?  
'Cause this is the war that in the middle I am.  
So judge me now with your pen in hand  
'Cause I'm too busy to judge another man,  
Trying to write a blueprint for all the world to understand