

hey,  
hold up,  
listen to this...  
whether you're a rude boy or a true hotshot,  
whether you rock-steady or you punk rock,  
you must live it up with all that you've got.  
bless.  
this is sydney  
this is london  
this is tokyo  
this is los angeles  
rudy, don't care about the colour of your skin  
rudy, don't care about the money that you spend  
red, black or white, there is no colour to your soul  
original, rude boy, control!  
it's all the same in the dancehall lots  
it's all the same in the typical spots  
here in the city, don't step, get busy  
young life cut short with the two gunshots  
it's 10:10

so, rudy, come home  
i need to see you  
do you feel alone, like i feel it too?  
don't you be no saint, burn up in the sun  
go walking away, loaded like a gun.

rudy walked into the wrong place at the wrong time  
knew he would not leave the building with his life  
see the wrong man, pull the trigger, then they go  
we'd call the cops but they move too slow  
we reminisce on the dancehall days  
back on the streets not a thing has changed  
we keep fighting, still youths keep dying  
drying tears under helicopter blades

yes, we must all clear our hearts  
of the hatred and the prejudice  
and be done judging a man  
by the colour of his dress  
in amongst all the push and the pull  
the imbalance and the stress  
is a basic humanity of from  
which we shall never digress  
confess