

# Notes From The Underground

## The Manhattan Transfer

Beneath the marbled halls of Pretoria  
There's the faintest sound rising from the underground  
Behind the prison walls poets fantasize  
Voices lost are found captive in the underground

The dream is still alive, immune to their commands  
Bravery abounds steadfast in the underground  
Until the day arrives, children understand  
Father's safe and sound living in the underground

Look to the days ahead  
Gather your prayers like roses  
Think of the life that waits  
After the battle's over

Look to the land beyond you  
Out where the fields are golden  
There will be gifts untold,  
Yes, after the battle's over

If I should not return  
Know that you are my pleasure  
Shelter yourselves, my treasures  
After the battle's over

The dream is still alive, immune to their commands  
We are pound for pound stronger in the underground  
The longer we survive the less they can withstand  
Time will turn around over to the underground

10 miles from Soweto under a thorn tree's branches  
Shanty will be no longer after the battle's over  
Somewhere a breeze is drifting over a blue-green ocean  
There will be time for beauty after the battle's over  
Children, I must be going, cherish your mother's memory  
Now, turn these words to ashes antes que seja tarde

The dream is still alive, immune to their commands  
Time will turn around over to the underground  
The longer we survive the less they can withstand  
Time will turn around over to the underground

Beneath the marbled halls where the power lies  
There's the faintest sound rising from the underground  
Behind the prison walls poets fantasize  
Voices lost are found captive in the underground

The dream is still alive, immune to their commands  
Bravery abounds steadfast in the underground  
Until the day arrives, children understand  
Father's safe and sound living in the underground