

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