

Burnin' And Lootin'

Yannick Noah

This morning I woke up in a curfew;
O God, I was a prisoner, too - yeah!
Could not recognize the faces standing over me;
They were all dressed in uniforms of brutality. Eh!

How many rivers do we have to cross,
Before we can talk to the boss? Eh!
All that we got, it seems we have lost;
We must have really paid the cost.

(That's why we gonna be)
Burnin' and a-lootin' tonight;
(Say we gonna burn and loot)
Burnin' and a-lootin' tonight;
(One more thing)
Burnin' all pollution tonight;
(Oh, yeah, yeah)
Burnin' all illusion tonight.

Oh, stop them!

Give me the food and let me grow;
Let the Roots Man take a blow.
All them drugs gonna make you slow now;
It's not the music of the ghetto. Eh!

Weepin' and a-wailin' tonight;
(Ooh, can't stop the tears!)
Weepin' and a-wailin' tonight;
(We've been suffering these long, long-a years)
Weepin' and a-wailin' tonight
(Will you say cheer?)
Weepin' and a-wailin' tonight
(...)

Give me the food and let me grow;
Let the roots man take a blow.
All them drugs gonna make you slow;
It's not the music of the ghetto.

We gonna be burnin' and a-lootin' tonight;
(To survive, yeah!)
Burnin' and a-lootin' tonight;
(Save your babies' lives)
Burning all pollution tonight;
(Pollution...)
Burning all illusion tonight
(Lord-a, Lord-a, Lord-a, Lord!)

Burning and a-looting tonight;
Burning and a-looting tonight;
Burning all pollution tonight.