African

Barclay James Harvest

Through the eyes of a child There's no wrong or right No reason to hate No need for a fight No colour, no creed No malice, no greed Till the child becomes a man

Give up your freedom
Hand back your rights
Then change your colour now
You're black not white
And there'll never be a piece of the action
Now you're an African

Forget beliefs and swallow your pain You're just a number now And Boy's your name And you'll never get a piece of the action Now you're a working man

African, Asian, it's all the same Brown, black, Caucasian It's all the same Slave labour, working class What's in a name? Far left, far right, centre It's power they crave

The politics of Apartheid
The politics of shame
The cold abuse of human rights
Of torture and of pain
Are only part of the action
When you're an African

The politics of making more The politics of greed The cold abuse of poverty To keep your labour cheap Are only part of the action When you're a working man

African, Asian, it's all the same Brown, black, Caucasian It's all the same Slave labour, working class What's in a name? Far left, far right, centre Far left, far right, centre Far left, far right, centre It's power they crave

The politics of buying arms When there's no food to eat The politics of digging gold Instead of planting seeds The leader with his private golf course And his flashy cars Sits playing with his diamond wrist watch While the people starve

The politics of shooting down
A plane that brings relief
By fat men playing power games
Who've got enough to eat
The politics of racial hate
The politics of war
The men who sell the guns have fun
While we all count the score

One, two, three, four Thousands, millions People dying just to keep Them in the action

Through the eyes of a man
There's wrong and there's right
A reason to hate
There's need for a fight
There's colour, there's creed
There's malice, there's greed
When the child becomes a man