

# Sambadrome

Big Audio Dynamite

Stamp your feet and rock your hips  
King Bandit has returned  
Shoot out helicopter crash  
Another six men burn  
One in nine million  
Loves to play football  
Hijacked helicopter  
Helped him scale the wall

Scipped the hill from rivals  
Who preyed upon the poor  
He don't sell bananas  
Wealthy visitors want to score  
Reigns supreme  
The cops say he's no good  
Selling drugs to feed the poor  
To us he's Robin Hood

Tourists have an appetite  
For ganga and cocaine  
He escaped just in time  
Supply their needs again  
Televised lust a traditional rite  
The sound of music ricochets  
For three long nights

Pact in the sun  
Slum and skyscraper meet  
Billion dollar penthouse  
And people on the street  
Pact in the sun  
Shade by foreign debt  
Amnesia in the Sambadrome  
King bandits gonna sweat

Ring the bell our hero's back  
Our benefactor's found  
At the foot of the hill  
The police stand their ground  
Beer flows drums pound  
Slum and skyscrapers meet  
Revellers dance naked  
And there's bodies in the street

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Three months of freedom  
A fugitive from the law  
Got to take him alive  
Chè martyr no more

Bless the little children  
With nylon football shorts  
Fly their kites as warning  
Their King is never caught

Socialised by compassion  
Yeach crime's his occupation  
King bandit for president  
Of the sambadrome nation