

Memories of Soweto

Mattafix

Memories of,
Memories of Soweto.

Sing whoa,
From London to Soweto,
A street soul in the ghetto.
Back from the West Indies,
When I'm in the city let my mind echo,
Memories of Soweto.
And anywhere that we go,
I'm letting you know,
The walk of a Street Soul.

Look man,
I was born there.
I mean bred there.
I mean without the bread.
Viva was all I had.
The people sang Amandla and the streets were red.
Liberation was a dream that we never had.
As I took a back seat on my mumma's back,
And I looked over the shoulder and saw the hurt.
Mumma let me kill this song for you,
After all this years this is Uhuru.

I stepped off a jet plane I'm in S.A once again,
With the faces of change and the feelings' the same.
And the lines on my hands are as free as this land.
But it wasn't always so,
Still reminds me of home.

Mumma let me kill this song for you,
After all this years this is Uhuru

Sing whoa
Sing whoa
Sing yeah.

What our memories in times of,
Inspired I exemplify.