

Back To My Roots

Steel Pulse

Woe, Na, Na, Na.
Hey, Yeh, Yeh, Oh, Yeh.
This is to whom it may concern,
Raggamuffin rastaman return.
Says we all got a lesson to learn.
This is the reason that...

I'm back to my roots,
Back to my roots.
I'm back to my roots.

We took that commercial road,
Searching for some fame and gold,
And gained the whole wide world,
And almost lost our souls.

Some say we should have lead the way;
Take it over from Bob Marley.
Got brainwashed by the system, yeah,
What a heavy price we paid.

It's time to go back,
The way we was;
Reggae Raggamuffin rub-a-dub.
Back to my roots.
Back to my roots.
Back to my roots.
There ain't no turning back,
We pon de culture track.

Some a say that we gone soft;
Whatever happened to the pulse so hard?
They used to take a militant stance;
Now all we're hearing is a song and a dance.

Well, we tried all the pop and jive,
To keep the band and the music alive.
So here's my promise to everyone:
I'll serve the sufferers from this day on.

It's time to go back to the way we was,
Reggae Raggamuffin rub-a-dub.

Back to my roots.
Back to my roots.

It's time to go back to the way we was,
Reggae Raggamuffin rub-a-dub.

Back to my roots.
Back to my roots.

This is to whom it may concern,
Raggamuffin rastaman return.
Says we all got a lesson to learn.
Help I and I make babylon burn, yeah!
Back to my roots.

There ain't no turning back,
We pon de culture track.