

# Soldiers

Steel Pulse

Dutallee!  
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And when soldiers came  
Them say them come to make us tame  
And from that day until now on  
We were jeered and laughed to scorn

Things used to be ire (before the soldiers came)  
Things used to be nice, so nice now  
Things used to be ire  
Things used to be nice, so nice

Our country them did enter, yeah  
Troops trodding left right and centre  
Everywhere  
One moment at peace with Nature  
Now victims of a massacre  
We got our spears  
We got our shields  
But their guns were greater  
Prepare for a slaughter

Give I back I witch doctor  
Give I back I Black Ruler  
Me no want no dictator  
Me no want no tyrant on yah

Dutallee!  
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Way down in Africa  
Where the backra still rules day after day  
The Black Man is suffering now far more  
Than when he was a slave  
Is there a need for war?  
No.  
Peace my bredren - here them bawl  
Bodies in mutilated condition  
Faces scarred beyond recognition  
Is this what civilization means to me?  
Then without it I prefer to be  
So...

Give I back I witch doctor  
Give I back I Black Ruler  
Me no want no dictator  
Me no want no tyrant on yah

Dutallee!  
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