

Memories turning into dreams
With the centuries
The tales get taller every year
To build those legacies
What is hot can then be cold
In the books of time
You can find justice and truth
In a bag of lies

Mama, I can feel you crying, mama
Mama, I can feel you crying, mama

I worked the soil
I sow the seed
For the one who builds
I worked until my fingers bleed
In those wretched fields
Now he wants me to forget
All the harms been done
Pack my bags and send me down the road
In the burning sun

Let me tell you bot the people who ah slaved
All kinds of ways
Just to make a nation what it is today
Dem work inna de sun
Dem work inna de cold
Workin when dem young
And working when dem old
De bust up dem hands
De bust of dem feet
And when dem complain
Dem get nothin fe eat
We buy the things that they suffa to build
I can't believe that it's going on still
The people dem struggle with
Dem blood, sweat and tears
Work hard for nothin for so many long years
Try to feed dem yout when they never get paid
And there's nothin' they can do
Nothin' they can say
We need to stop the craziness goin round
In all of the countries, cities and towns
I can't stand to see the people work till they die
I can't stand to hear all the mama's them cry

Watch the money trickle down
To the hungry souls
Just enough to wet those lips
And keep them on a roll
What's yours is yours
That's right, what's mine is mine
It's a vicious game they play
Someone's daddy made those rules
And the son don't want to change