

Racial Injustice

Israel Vibration

Oh when I wake up in the morning,
There is no breakfast on my table.
When I reach home in the evening,
There is no dinner on my table.
How many rivers do we have to cross, / Before we can talk to the boss?
So dem a loot and a shoot and a wailing.
Racial war in the city, now it's burning.
So long poor people crying out to you. / You never give a listening ear.
So long poor people reaching out to you. / You never seem to really mm
In your land of plenty, so many poor,
homeless and hungry.
So many die on the frontline.
So long we slaved on the homeline.
So them a root with the truth and them saying,
racial war failing tonight.
So much promises, so much lies. / Bring more tears to their eyes.
So much being said, a little been done.
So many crying when there's so much fun.
How long will you reap off their labor?
Keep them so poor in great hunger.
How can you sit there and say you care?
When so much pain and sorrows everywhere.
Champagne and caviar time.
You don't care if Jah come in the morning.
So you treat Jah children like swine.
And you don't take heed to Jah warning.
Racial injustice in the city, yeah.
And I yah tell you, it's not pretty now.
Poor people in the struggle. / Pressure is rising on the double
.
Tell you it's bad, bad, bad. / Tell you it's mad. The people sad.
So we're trying. Ain't nothing working.
So we're crying. The children are dying.
It's getting worse. From worse to worse