

Soweto '76 – '06

Joy Denalane

We're at auntie Jane's house
When the first shots were fired
Tandi heard her call her name
She'd gone out playing
There's about to be a riot
This is Orlando west
In June '76
There's guns in the streets again
They got Peterson
That's how you're sentenced to live
In Soweto
Streets that burn, a bullet flies
A moot that turns, a schoolkid dies
This is part of daily life
In Soweto
The Bloodshed on these dusty roads
Carried by the wind that blows
Through the Ghetto

The Ghetto, Ghetto of Soweto
The Ghetto, Ghetto of Soweto

This is auntie Nancy's house
She's about to do Karabo's laundry now
He nearly missed the train this time
She found his papers lying
Down on the Ground
'84 in Dieplkoof
Somebody saw him there
They got him in chains
Taking his name
And then took him to John-Voster-Square
He's in the streets, with no ID
That's against the law, now he's behind bars
And they treat it like it never was
In Soweto
The Bloodshed on these dusty roads
Carried by the wind that blows
Through the Ghetto

The Ghetto, Ghetto of Soweto
The Ghetto, Ghetto of Soweto

It should have been a joyous day
They gathered at aunti Eve's
The daughter had a child that night
The first glimps of light
The Baby's positive
This is Muroka, Pimville, Dube
Ain't no one safe no more
From apartheid days, now caught up with aids
You fight from the day you're born
In Soweto
From Diamond mines to TBC
From violent times to HIV
This is every second pregnancy
In Soweto

The Bloodshed on these dusty roads
So many stories stay untold
In the Ghetto

The Ghetto, Ghetto of Soweto
The Ghetto, Ghetto of Soweto