

## Black Rasta

Kalle Baah

Blacka rasta wear no dreadlocks  
Walking amid the sawmill road blocks  
But they plant a seed of caribbean weed  
In the slits of the babylon timeclocks

No sawdust on sawmill road  
Just a bus shipping off a heavy load  
Of working people bound for the factory  
That gobbles their mind and energy

My papa is chained to the machine  
Working the night shift till the break of day  
My sistren is a slave in the canteen  
She can hardly sustain herself on her pay

Blacka rasta i sing of thee  
I and i will go fight for our right to be  
Unite unite, rebel rebel  
Over younder rise the fumes of hell

In a tenement yard on sawmill road  
Freedom is contrary to the penalty code  
Officers are prying anywhere you go  
We've got their number but we won't let it show

Blacka rasta hear my song  
Some day and it won't be long  
We'll reap what we sowed and right the wrong  
We go in cahoots and the weak will be strong

Blacka rasta vibration  
Across the heaps of humiliation  
Keep your flame of rebellion burning  
Babylon is overturning