

Begin The Day

Midnite

If you no know, Jah know
If you no see, Jah see
Right now it's just a little better
than what it could be whoa
Oh yeah ayay yeah yeah

Begin your day by chasing
All evil thoughts away aye
Begin your day by leaving
Bad decisions in yesterday

Everything going wrong
The world is running on pure negatives yeah
Fly your flag right in a world of wrong
The violence needs a peaceful sedative yeah
Oppressor trapped by his own law
Lights and cameras showing
and I and I seeing it
Well, no erupting thing can blow up
any bigger than how you begin it yeah I
whoa yeah yeah

How can I and I be guardians of future aye
Can't deal with matters right now
Amos witness feasts turned into mourning
And all I songs into lamentation
Sackcloth upon all our loins
Baldness upon all head
Mourning of a son is the bitter end
With the royal Ithiopians man oh yeah

See wha and hear wha
Well now
look how long me a beg unu move from ya so
And you still narn come
mek haste come get up mek we lef ya
so Jan banish the son
Come pick up the conch shell
Lick off the sound
come mek I chant them down
Light the flambo
Go a bush
and a lie city life destroy man lungs
When satan all creator of the city
all him get all the name satan
Destroyer of woman yah
And the ego of man
In a the house of folly yah
Whey them build pan the sand

Them a folly when them a run
I just a rally them a folly
Hail Jah know so far as I man a see ya
Them so far away

Them a so low so low I man can't hear
Wha dem a play

Who know wha fe do kno fe see
Get off and move off while them a stand up
A gaze a watch and play oh yeah
Whoa hey whoa

Hear wha I man a saying
They shall look for a sign
And there will be no sign
They will try to read the time
And there will be no sign
They shall look for a sign
There will be no sign
They will try to read the times
and our eyes whoa yeah
Whoa o whoa o

Blood pumping come reggae izing
Lift up you izes
Your heart is beating
Your muma home sleeping
You family eathing
Lift up your heart, lift up your heart
in gratitude yeah whoa yeah yeah

Feasts turned into mourning
Sackcloth upon our loins
Baldness upon all head
Mourning for a son is a bitter end
For the royal Ithiopian them
Yeah yeah