

Nont For Sale

Sudan Archives

You only call me
When you need something
I need to be free
Time to spread my wings
I don't like leeches
All that nonsense gon' get back with ya
Don't got time for snitches
You pulling me down
Thought you was my sista

My strings propagate through space and time
Here and there at the same time
Hand dimensions and basic rhyme
You ain't gotta be mad
Look deeper, go higher when you climb
But stay out of my path
But stay out of my flight path

Never feelin' lonely only glidin', flyin'
Always being constantly reminded
Time is running up, don't waste your luck, sucker
This is my life don't mix that up

This is my light, don't block the sun
This is my seat, can't you tell?
This is my time, don't waste it up
This is my land, not for sale

Dry desert air blowin' through my hair
As we blow through the square
We don't even care
Dirt roads and bare feet
Tied to memories so sweet
Mesmerised men at my feet
Let's go to the top, just you and me
As the sun hides and the fog takes over
I called it African November

Don't wait for me summer, oh
Don't wait for me
Don't wait for me summer, no
Don't wait for me

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