

Biko

Peter Gabriel

September seventy-seven
Port Elizabeth's weathered find
It was business as usual
In police room six one nine Oh Biko, Biko, Bikos Biko
Oh Biko, Biko, Bikos Biko Yihla moja, yihla moja
The man is dead!
The man is dead.
When I try to sleep at night
I can only dream in red
The outside world is black and white
With only one colour dead Oh Biko, Biko, Bikos Biko
Oh Biko, Biko, Bikos Bikoyihla moja, yihla moja
The man is dead!
The man is dead. You can blow out our candle
But you can't blow out our fire
Once the flames begin to catch
The Wind will blow it higher Oh Biko, Biko, Bikos Biko
Oh Biko, Biko, Bikos Biko
Yihla moja, yihla moja
The man is dead!
The man is dead.
And the eyes of the world are watching now
Watching now...
Watching now...
Oh, oh, oh
(Tribal funerary singing)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>