

Rock Children

Jimmy Cliff

May we rock children, to the music of creator...

Hey...

May we rock, children, to the music of the ghetto, yeah

Don't just sit and cry, little darlin', dry your eyes, I see...

Come down off the shelf, come lively up yourself, my friend...

We no have known bread, but we're not go dead, for the blessing
of your father, well fallen his children...

May we rock children, to the music of creator... yeah

Say may we rock children, to the music of the ghetto, yeah...

Cost of living high...soon reach the sky...

While we are a due...

The rich man them a ball...so while we feel safe...down her in
the ghetto...

We no have known bread, but we're not go dead, for the blessing
of the father, well fallen his children...

Rock,

Rock,

Rock, children...to the music of the ghetto, yeah...oh yeah....

May we rock, children...to the music of creator, yeah...

May we rock, children...to the music of the ghetto, yeah...

We no have non bread, but we not go dead...

Say may we, rock, rock, rock, children...to the music of creato
r, oh yes, oh, whoa yes, oh yes, oh yes...

cost of living is so high, soon touch the sky, now...

May we rock children...to the music of the ghetto...