

# How Could You

## Buju Banton

It is real, as real as it seem  
Don't you live on illusion  
And don't you ever try to live a dream  
I sing Buju say how could you rise up every living day  
Telling yourself everything is ok  
When you look at life you'll see it slipping away  
Lord knows who feels it every moment every day Those who cry for the poor get neglected,  
rejected, put to death  
How much more we want to take?  
Did you father work off his shirt, blood, sweat and tears  
Don't tell me that you forgot Being oppressed by the oppressors, all different types of stress  
For the sorrows of the poor, they don't even care less  
Refuse to deal with world atrocities, civil unrest  
Instead they're building penitentiaries as big as a bird's nest  
Saying we are to be blamed for whatever what mess  
How could you rise up every living day?  
Telling your kids everything is ok  
When you look at life you'll see it slipping away  
Lord knows who feels it every moment every day Some say, how are you going? they want to  
know if we are mine  
Not until we repossess what's rightfully mine  
Sitting down for so long we do believe it is time  
Everyone is entitled to food at mealtime Till then, we'll struggle for rights, no more racial fights  
Degradation to the highest heights  
All obstacles as a people we have to cross  
With health and strength we all can get across  
Happenings of yesterday are just a thing of the past How could you rise up every living day  
Telling yourself everything is ok  
When you look at life you'll see it slipping away  
Lord knows who feels it every moment every day  
Don't you cry little one, wipe your tears, sing my song  
Though we're in a strange land with evil's one  
Help the weak if you're strong, iron sharpens iron  
When you're down take a look at where the help is coming from  
What about the masterminds with the foolproof plans  
What about the geniuses who achieve grade one How could you rise up every living day?  
Telling yourself everything is ok  
When you look at life you'll see it slipping away  
Lord knows who feels it every moment every day Those who cry for the poor get neglected,  
rejected, put to death  
How much more will we take?  
Did you father work off his shirt, blood, sweat and tears

Don't tell me that you forgot  
Being oppressed by the oppressors, all different types of stress  
For the sorrows of the poor, they don't even care less  
Refuse to deal with world atrocities, civil unrest  
Instead they're building penitentiaries as big as a bird's nest  
Saying we are to be blamed for whatever what mess  
How could you rise up every living day  
Telling yourself nothin's is ok  
When you look at life you'll see it slipping away  
Lord knows who feels it every moment every day  
Some say, how are you going? they want to  
know if we are mine  
Not until we repossess what's rightfully mine  
Sitting down for so long we do believe it is time  
Everyone is entitled to food at mealtime  
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