

Children Of The Sun featuring Freda Goodlett 04:25

With the tick tock of a wrist watch how quickly the time goes
See I am tip top I trip not my feet they hit not the floor
As I touch ground I rise up even higher I'm in awe
Yo, today is a new day a day that I do adore
Uh, open up the windows and then leave out of the door
Come on, let's journey early there's so much more to explore
From the topsy, turvy, curvy roads I've been before
To the straight and narrow arrow paths I do ignore
Avoid venomous weapons and those with reckless lies
Those with cowardly methods and treacherous eyes
Only speak to seek the truth and expose hideous crimes
And stronger you'll grow every single minute in time

Chorus

Woh-woh-woh we are the children

Children of the sun

We are the children together we are one

Walk to the beat of your own drum and speak with a flaming tongue
Blazing sons and daughters of the new millennium
Uh, careful those shady ones try to test but do not run
Proceed with caution but do not fear anyone
They say that in the ghetto you should know that there are slums
Like finger hand signs converted into guns
Or a clenched fist throwing up thumbs
Escape the prison of the ghetto we are one
From the streets of panama to the north of morocco
On the coast of Africa down under to Australia
Cities of Europe or in Northern America
It don't matter where you come from
Cos we are children of the sun

Let me speak it out real fast double time quick
Like the song goes along those
Places in your ossicles known as your inner ear bones
That hear tones bouncing in the speakers
Or in stereo through the head phones
Yah, music is the healing when you need inner strength
So you can spend time reviving your soul
Enhancing your mind or fuelling your spirit or changing your thinking to redefine
Negative critics for far more positive signs
It's like navigating the waters evading land mines and mortars
Well uh, not quiet but sort of and sometimes when you are caught off guard
By, not so well thought of words that sometimes seem to reach the heart
Piercing you apart you wanna fight back refuelling the sparks
Instead of biting your tongue and killing their flames from the start

Music by: M. Meister ▪ Lyrics by: B. Amansure & F. A. Goodlett ▪ Produced by: Meisterbeatz ▪
Trombone by: R. Mosele ▪ Guitar & Lap Steel by: D. Merz ▪ Bass by: T. Schiavano ▪ Recorded at:
Souloud Studio (Bern) by Pan & Meisterbeatz, Fleischwolf Studio (Schönenwerd) by Fidi & MoSell
Studio by René Mosele ▪ Mixed by: Ken Lewis at protoolsmixing.com, USA