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, lets’ 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