

Damian Marley - Road To Zion

Tom: Ab

Album: Welcome to JamRock

tabbed by: qweyet Gi

Here's the lyrics as well. Leave your criticisms.

F2 CmFm Fm F2 Fm

Intro: Yeah Man...

Jah will be waiting there, We a shout

Jah will be waiting there

In this world of calamity Dirty looks and grudges and jealousy And police weh abuse dem authority

Media clowns weh nuh know 'bout variety

Verse 1: Boom!

The youngest veteran a go murder dem slow Ragga muffin sent to call me from the bush bungalow Unnu watch mek I clear out my voice now Figaro! Emerge from the darkness with me big blunt a glow Me hammer dem a slam and spectator get low Some boy coulda big like Bam Bam Biggalow Bust of trigger finger, trigger hand and trigger toe

A two gun me have me bust dem in a stereo 'cause

Bridge:

I got to keep on walking on the road to Zion, man We gots to keeps it burning on the road to Zion, man

Chorus 2:

Clean and pure meditation without a doubt Don't make dem take you like who dem took out Jah will be waiting there we a shout Jah will be waiting there!

Bridge:

Say!

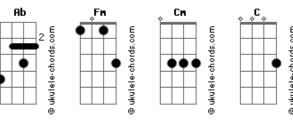
We got to keep on walking on the road to Zion, man (Nas: I've been waiting to do this track with you man! Yeah...ha ha)

(Yeah, yeah)

You know (They know)

We got to keep on walking on the road to Zion, man

Acordes



(Yeah you gotta keep walking y'all, You gotta keep...)

Verse 2:

Sometimes I can't help but feel helpless

I'm havin' daymares in daytime

Wide awake try to relate

This can't be happenin' like I'm in a dream while I'm walkin'

Cause what I'm seein' is haunting

Human beings like ghost and zombies

President Mugabe holding guns to innocent bodies

In Zimbabwe

They make John Pope seem Godly Sacrilegious and blasphemous

In my lifetime I look back at paths I've walked

Where savages fought and pastors taught

Prostitutes stomp in high heel boots And badges screaming, "Young black children stop or I will

shoot!

I look back at cooked crack Plus cars that pass by

Jaquars mad fly

And I'm guilty for materialism

Blacks is still up in the prison trust that So save me your sorries, I'm raising an army

We sparkin' the ions, marching to Zion

You know how Nas be NYC state of mind I'm in

[Chorus 1]

Single parents weh need some charity Youths weh need some love and prosperity Instead of broken dreams and tragedy By any plan and any means and strategy

[Bridge]

[Chorus 2]

[Chorus 2]

[Chorus 1]

Single parents weh need some charity Youths weh need some love and prosperity Instead of broken dreams and tragedy By any plan and any means and strategy

Instead of broken dreams and tragedy Youths weh need some love and prosperity

Instead of broken dreams and tragedy By any plan and any means and any strategy Ay! say,

[Bridge/Outro]