

# Damian Marley - Road To Zion

Tom: **Ab**

Album: Welcome to JamRock  
tabbed by: qweyet Gi

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

**Fm Cm F2**

**Fm Cm Fm**

**Fm F2 Fm**

Intro: Yeah Man...

Jah will be waiting there, We a shout  
Jah will be waiting there

Chorus 1:

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 got 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

(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  
Jaguars 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]

## Acordes

