

Jehro, I Want Love

I woke up this morning
Hunger was gnawing my soul
But the preacher man's sermon
Won't put no food in my bowl
Abidjan to Monrovia
Looking for food and a home
Instead I found factions and armies
In the middle of a combat zone
I want love, I need love
I want love
I want love, I need love,
And a little food in my bowl
Here in this tribal warfare
For food you need money or a gun
I signed up, whose side I don't care
At least now I'm someone
At parade time the grown-ups are cruel
And all of the soldiers are small
Commanders and captains and colonels
All kids with their back to the wall
I want love, I need love
I want love
I want love, I need love,
And a little food in my bowl
They told me I'm joining a family
But here I ain't nobody's son
My brothers are right here beside me
We share our hunger and we share our gun
Tomorrow we start the offensive
Been drinking palm wine all day
Grigimen can keep us from bullets
But hash won't keep hunger at bay
I want love, I need love
I want love
I want love, I need love,
And a little food in my bowl
When it's time the small soldiers march forward
When one falls the next takes his gun
Four to one AK47
I was number three but now I'm gone
Our future is dying right here
Children only ten years old
In this tribal colonial nightmare
We're reaping the seeds you have sown
We're reaping the seeds you have sown
We want love, we need love
All of us want love
We want love, we need love
And a little food in our bowls
I want love, I need love,
And a little food in my bowl