

# Lucky Dube, Jah Live

Jah live Jah children  
Let Rastas never die

When everything is going right  
They forget about your presents  
But when the tables turn upside down  
They know that you' re there  
To my mom who taught me  
That you' re always there  
I wrote this little  
Song of praise  
Now I' m gonna sing

Chorus:  
Jah live Jah children  
Let Rastas never die

The Rastaman call him Jah  
Some people call him Allah  
English man call Him God  
But he is one  
We may have different names  
To call him, but he cares  
For everyone that' s why I  
Wrote this song