

# Keziah Jones: African Space Craft



## MILLION MILES FROM HOME

A million miles from home  
I could shoot myself today  
Set my soul free to roam  
Upon this beach I lie today

Speaking to the sea  
Dancing with the waves  
Slipping throught your net  
And there's nothing you can say

A million miles I know  
Yesterdays frowns were just a phase  
When my sadness starts to show  
Yesterdays nouns are verbs today

Kissing with the moon  
Dancing with the sun  
Blessed is the one  
Who knows where we'r all from

A million miles, a million miles, a million miles  
A million miles from home, from home

A million miles to go

In the trees I hear the breeze  
And when my madness starts to show  
Try the truth you will succeed  
If you're fishing out for me  
We'll see what's cool today  
Cuz if you're afro's obsolete  
Then your skin is turning grey

A million miles from home  
A million miles, yeah

I hope you find your way, or the way will find you  
Hope you find your way, your way.

## COLORFUL WORLD

Nigger born, Let nigger music go to your head  
Nigger born, Let nigger music go to your head  
Nigger born, Let nigger music go to your head  
Nigger born, Let nigger music go to your head

We're gonna dance, dance, dance  
Show you some rhythm  
We'll entrance the mainframe  
Who invented the "ism", the "ism"

Like : Racism, Hateism, Blacks in a trap!  
Colonialism, Money reasons, Sell them all back!

Cuz they're nigger born  
They let nigger music go to your head  
Nigger born, Let nigger music go to your head  
Nigger born, nigger bred  
Let nigger music go to your head  
Nigger born, Let nigger music go to your head  
Head

It's a scene we all have seen in our heads  
It's a dream we all have been in our beds  
Maybe not nigger born  
But nigger bred

I'm being chased, chased, chased!  
By members of the underworld  
Well connected with members of the afterlife

I'm being chased, chased!

By memories in color, when people loved each other

No matter if you're black or white

Nigger born, Let nigger music go to your head

Nigger born, Let nigger music go to your head

Nigger born, nigger bred

Let nigger music go to your head

Nigger born, Let nigger music go to your head

## **PRODIGAL FUNK**

Ooowee, who to believe?  
Father's turned into a child  
Oh Lord have mercy on me  
Oh please look through my eyes  
Look through my eyes, it's no surprise

Oh why do they treat you badly?  
When you sleep slaves know they're free  
Your pain is killing me  
Your shadow weeps in my room  
Weeps in my room, you aged too soon

And now? It's the prodigal funk  
No-one knows where it's come from  
One wish one last fools wish  
Please show the blinded road, the blinded road  
And then I'll go

Ooowe, who to believe?  
Mothers turned into fear  
Oh Lord have mercy on me  
Tell feeling to pull us near, to pull us near  
I promise I won't compare

And now? A strangers at my door  
Offering me money to say some more  
Should I take the gold and run?  
Or should I play the prodigal funk, the prodigal funk

See me gone

Upon your crown of beautiful white hair  
I cried on  
My tears flowed where flowers don't dare  
To lie on or die on  
Because they know that  
Wherever the truth is born  
The day will come  
Some say that black is despair  
But you shine on  
Some say Africa's going nowhere  
You proved them wrong, them wrong  
Cos they know wherever the truth is born  
The day will come, the day will come, the day will come.

## **SPLASH**

Splash was the day  
That you got in my system  
Soul was the way  
It's a basic fascination  
Desire is to move  
Between your thighs and this song  
I said blind is the fool  
That's keeping me from kissing you wrong

I play what you know  
You say what I see  
Liquid love is a wonderful thing  
When you rain  
Liquid love is a wonderful thing  
When you rain

If we were born today  
There'd been no need to hide  
Because naked is the way  
The way we lie the way we die  
If we were born today  
There'd been no need to hide  
Because naked is the way  
The way we lie the way we die

Splash was the game  
Between my colourful brothers and sisters  
Religious rules in the way  
Colonised their imaginations

Liquid love is a wonderful thing  
When you rain  
Liquid love is a wonderful thing  
When you rain



## **DEAR MR COOPER**

Seen a face I don't recognize  
Making discord, turning my days sadder  
Don't confuse the word ostracise  
It'll make it fit more or disorganise matter

It's all in your game, yeah. It's all in your game.

Dear Mr Cooper,

I believe that you're a man of musical taste  
You will therefore be aware of the pain  
And heartache, that contradictions makes  
They say music is a river, yet it flows on  
Regardless of the profits that make you quiver  
So as we deliver the river your reply we anticipate

Yours, Theo

His response was pure mental Jazz  
A sobering vastness where shiny ebony forms  
Dance in dark glasses  
Such a tragic display of our racial identity  
Would make John Coltrane, Kwame Nkrumah  
Wail in their graves!  
As we stand here waiting to be saved

## AFRICAN SPACE CRAFT

*(Spoken intro)*

*Class programme for the  
African Anarchist  
14 carats he pleaded  
Yeah, just let me take the  
grain like a criminal should  
Burdens? As in work-horse?  
God works in mysterious ways  
but never as a coolie  
Never as a coolie in the sweat  
shop of a deranged mind*

Her chocolate stain is  
The envy of caucasia.  
On these empty pages  
Lies an ejaculatory speech  
Will his letter survive?  
Will the words ever reach?  
Tell me will his letter survive?  
Will the words ever reach their destination?

Well I can hear the call of the Mosque  
And the ringing of the bells  
Yeah, everlasting peace on earth  
And the casting of spells  
I can see thin white strips of cotton  
And an ol' wide broom  
I can see their feelings all wrapped up and muffled  
In an emotional room

Now, it's the 10th of January  
And a Taxi awaits to bring me to thee  
But I'm a son of April  
And, the only African container of religious sound. Hey!  
Yeah, the only African container of religious sound

So they make love on the 11th, fuck on the 12th  
And on the 13th they depart  
Back to the world of school uniforms,  
Perfects with guns and jackboots with heart  
Would a true story of cultural splinters  
Ever shred you as a tear?  
They were making love on a bed of emotional Rizla  
To burn away the fear  
They were making love on a bed of emotional Rizla  
To burn away the fear

## **SPEECH**

I will speak  
With all the force of sunrise  
You and me  
Beyond the reach of their eyes

Showing you the way their words have always been  
Showing you the way they speak of harmony, harmony, harmony

I will speak  
Without the false in their lies  
You and me  
We hold a speech in our eyes

I will teach you where their flowers grow  
Where their midnight air will blow  
Do the foolish care? no-one knows  
Through their midnight air we'll go

If you find  
The sea was always calling  
Think of time  
Even the waves pray

Showing you the ways of war and all her tenses  
Showing you the way to see through their defences  
Their defences  
Their defences

If you find  
The words were always calling

Think of time  
Even the knaves pray

I will teach you where their flowers grow  
Where their midnight air will blow  
Do the foolish care? No-one knows  
Through their midnight air we'll go

## **CUBIC SPACE DIVISION**

Space and sound  
Are jesting with me  
Witness the way she agrees  
Cubic instantly

Amazing creation  
Speaking in crimson  
She's a freshly created breeze  
Case closed no more pleas

The fabric of surprise  
Is dreaming with your eyes  
Cool is the breath of the wind  
As I fall in a cubic stream

When I speak of love divided  
I can feel her deeper sorrow  
She tries to teach me memory and all her favorite things  
If only I could steal a chance I'd be with her tomorrow

She says  
"Tell me, Tell me, Tell me,  
Till this life is just a dream"

Midnight is skinlight  
October to my right  
April done left me  
She's gone with the Autumn breeze

Whenever the season

Starts jesting-testing with your vision  
Cry for the color blind  
The sound is oh so fine

The season has got no reason  
To believe in this crimson  
Witness the way you'll be  
"Cubic instantly"

April done left me  
She's gone with the Autumn breeze

## **FUNK 'N' CIRCUMSTANCE**

Oh, check me over  
Get this feeling pulling me under  
How can a country ask for more?  
But I can't refuse

Everybody knows I got this hunger  
Everybody goes along with the flake  
Nobody knows why there's thunder  
Nobody knows the rest of the cake

Oh brother  
The skin you're in has got a new friend  
Got a new language got a new trend  
Oh brother  
Now your hero's sitting in vogue  
Got a new a language got a new logo

You just got to say :  
Funk 'N' Circumstance  
When the money talks the skin will dance  
Any kind of funk will do  
Play your circumstantial blues

Now let me get this straight  
Is it the pot calling the kettle black?  
Or the black calling the pot a what  
A "nigger"? A "nigger"!

Oh check me over  
I got to realize another



She got this feeling for y'all to see  
She started squeezing my history

Oh brother, sister  
If you open your eyes you'll never see her  
She took my flag and kissed my woe  
She gave birth to all my sorrow

Oh brother  
The skin you're in has got a new friend  
Got a new language got a new trend  
Oh mother  
Now your son is sitting in jail  
Got a new a language got a new logo

You just got to say :  
Funk 'N' Circumstance  
When the money talks the skin will dance  
Any kind of funk will do  
Play your circumstantial blues

"My country 'tis of thee..."

Brother, sister!

## MAN WITH THE SCAR

See the man with the scar?  
He earns a whole lot'a money  
You won't find no trace of gunpowder  
On his hands

See this muse in a dress?  
She's into guns 'n' honey  
He leaves her feelin' used in her own armour  
You can guess

Well, under the rain  
Thunder is pain  
You see her nakedness in her dreams of home  
She was lost in love  
Is it the painlessness that feeds her so?

See the man with the scar?  
He means a whole lot'a money  
The cash is soaked in race and a cruel wisdom

He was playing poker with well laid plans  
He came from far away to claim his hand

Well color is shame  
Under the rain  
You see his nakedness in his dreams of hope  
He was lost in blood  
Is it the shamelessness that bleeds him so?

## NEVER GONNA LET YOU GO

Never gonna let you go  
Ain't gonna let you go  
Never gonna let you go  
Ain't gonna let you go  
Till you clean up the sea  
The water you left in me  
Never gonna let you go  
Ain't gonna let you go  
You took a piece of history  
My own history  
You took a piece of history  
My own history  
Then you came like a tree  
You tried to put your roots in me  
Never gonna let you go  
Ain't gonna let you go  
You gotta make a sacrifice  
An ancient sacrifice  
You gotta make a sacrifice  
That everyone is a child of heaven  
No single one can rule over all  
Does an ancient law have a modern meaning?  
Does making love make or break the fall  
Of mankind?  
Just thought I'd let you know  
Just thought I'd let you know  
Just thought I'd let you know  
Just thought I'd let you know  
Cause everyone is a child of heaven  
No single one can rule over all

Does an ancient law have a modern meaning?

Does making love, making love

Never gonna let you go

Ain't gonna let you go

Never gonna let you go

Ain't gonna let you go

Never gonna let you go

Ain't gonna let you go

Never gonna let you go

Ain't gonna let you go

## **IF YOU KNOW**

If you know  
Please don't make another sound  
Time is being cruel  
And thieves and lovers drown  
Vanity and fear  
Make me talk this way  
Vanity and fear  
Make me talk this way  
You are now free  
To make another frown  
As purity and love  
Is pushed and shoved around

Shoved around  
You will see irregular beauty  
From the ground  
Cause the waters cold  
The soul's too hot to hold  
Make no sound  
Let the secret be  
Between you and me  
From the ground  
You will see me there

If you know  
Please don't make another sound  
Time is being cruel  
And thieves and lovers drown  
Look around, look around,  
Look around, look around

Look around, everyone knows  
What's going on

Everyone knows, Everyone knows  
Everyone knows, Everyone knows

You will see irregular beauty  
From the ground  
because the waters cold  
The soul's too hot to hold  
Make no sound  
Let the secret be  
Between you and me  
From the ground  
You will see me there

If you know  
Please don't make another sound  
Time is being cruel  
And thieves and lovers drown

If you know  
Please don't make another sound  
Time is being cruel  
And thieves and lovers drown

Everyone knows, Everyone knows  
Everyone knows, Everyone knows