



# FIRE ON THE ISLAND

## *(difé an péyi la)*

### Chorus :

This Mendé is hot Mendé from Guadalupe

Whether it's a cultural mendé  
Whether it's a traditional mendé  
Whether it's a sensual mendé  
It's always a mendé from Guadalupe  
It's always a mendé from my country, Guadalupe

Guadalupe is o so small  
That butterfly's wings are long and wide  
If you pass gas on Grande Terre,  
Folks in Basse-Terre will hold their noses.  
So we ask who is a mafioso or a gangster  
And how did they enter without you seeing them.

We remained quiet for ten, twenty years  
Suffered the blows of a stick without speaking  
But when we'll explode,  
We'll be worse than the volcano, the magma is rising.

They say we are rude.  
They say we're not smiley.  
I'm beneath the hot sun, thunder  
I cannot grin anymore than this, for you

I tell you Guadalupe is o so small  
The butterfly's wings and long and wide.  
You can come with all your tools sharpened  
But you can never cut it's wings.

A/C Cyrille Daumont  
Chant : Jomimi et Cyrille Daumont  
Traduction : Papillon