



JAZZUKA



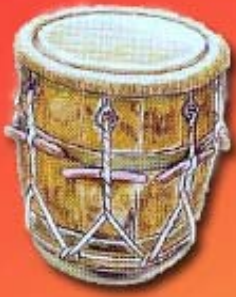
We all know times are changing and nothing is still in its place.
You will miss the past, but please don't miss your future
By letting someone else's take its place.

Pay day has come, and they didn't pay father.
Mother's flour did not sell.
Little brother is standing beneath the mango tree.
He's waiting to catch a bird.

Really get ready for things you don't know,
And know to expect the unacceptable.
Learn to accept the unexpected
As the eerie spectacle of irrespectables
Is an early sign that we'll pass knowing we were all
Less that sensible and fully unable to sense our own collective Soul.

A long time ago, life was beautiful.
We flew like swallows.
If a person fell in the canal,
The whole neighborhood would lend a hand.

Part of me misses the days I knew it all,
The rest of me thanks Life for the wake-up call.
Blind confidence replaced by a sense of serenity
In accepting my blindness and that of Humanity.
Pretty sure I don't know. Pity? No, I'm not sure.
Ready for what I know to be robbed of its core.
Steady in denial 'til I start sensing the static
Of heavy feet dragging from the basement to the attic.



At 5 in the morning, mother gets up to work
She goes off to make a living.
I'm standing facing the sea,
Waiting for the boats to return.

Protect the innocence of our young,
While preparing them for an imminent enlightenment.
'Cause as you know, soon the time will come
When sharing and Love will save us from punishment.

Come around and lend an ear, you have to hear what's going on.
If we don't pay attention, by morning our hopes will be gone.

Lend an ear, my friend,
To hear what happened.
If we're not careful,
Tomorrow morning will be too late.

Where is a plant to grow the way it would?
How must one stand so we remember he stood.

If they give it to you for free today,
Tomorrow morning it will cost you more.
If you find them praising you
Try to see through it, my girl.
And if you see some trouble,
You must not hesitate to call for help.

Oh Léwoz. Oh Léwoz,
Mother's house is far

Nothing is permanent but change.
Nothing endures but change.
Please consider:
Something can never become Nothing.

A/C Cyrille Daumont
Chant : Papillon/Cyrille DAumont
Traductions : Papillon