

# Peter Gabriel - Biko



*September '77/Port Elizabeth weather fine/It was business as usual/In police room 619/Oh Biko, Biko,  
because Biko/Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko/Yihla Moja, Yihla Moja/The man is dead  
When I try to sleep at night/I can only dream in red/The outside world is black and white/With only one  
colour dead/Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko/Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko/Yihla Moja, Yihla Moja/The man is  
dead*

*You can blow out a candle/But you can't blow out a fire/Once the flames begin to catch/The wind will blow  
it higher/Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko/Yihla Moja, Yihla Moja/The man is dead  
And the eyes of the world are/watching now/watching now*