

Biko

Peter Gabriel

A

D

September 77, Port Elizabeth weather fine

A

D

It was business as usual In police room 619

A D

Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko

Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko

G Bm

Hiromija, Hiromija

D A

The man is dead, the man is dead

A D

When I try to sleep at night I can only dream in red

A D

The outside world is black and white With only one colour dead

A D

Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko

Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko

G Bm

Hiromija, Hiromija

D A

The man is dead, the man is dead

A D

You can blow out a candle But you can never blow out a fire

A D

Once the flames begin to catch The wind will blow it higher

A D

Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko

Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko

G Bm

Hiromija, Hiromija

D A

The man is dead, the man is dead

A D

And the eyes of the world are watching you now

They re watching you now.