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Color of the Night

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Color of Night

Peter Clayton

I am the color of night,
my heart is genuine as gold
and rare as pink diamonds,
I love all of me just as much as I love all of you.

I am of slaves, and would have it no other way.
My Gran Nana who was also of slaves read my soul
And said I was to be a pastor. I am sorry Nana to disappoint,
But my future is not to be predicted, for I and I alone will
Carve my destiny.

I am the color of night, I am of slaves, I am Rasta,
And Rasta is I, Africa I want to come home,
Zion I love you too...I am the color of night.