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The Three Rs

One can with *Two* hands,

Put it in a bin, man,

The one with the three Rs,

Goin' round in a circle like a car,

Moving through the dark,

Like we are,

But the darkness so thick,

We can't find wi way through it,

We need light,

We need hope,

We need *glasses*,

Glasses fabricated by the bottles and the plastic,

That wi throw ina di dump dem everyday,

Tek a look ina di garbage,

And yuh wonda if a garbage or a treasure

Weh we fool and dash away,

A piece a metal or a pan,

Reinvented by a man,

Ina something, million dolla,
Weh yuh pay,

If yuh neva fool and naah nuh sense,
Did put up a green fence,
Round the edges a yuh desolate mind,
The world woulda be a better place,
One weh full a less waste,
But wid people who extend it time,

So mi implore yuh please,
Obliterate the disease,
Of the man who nuh try understand,

Seh him fi play him part,
Give of him heart,
And live everyday through the three Rs.