

# Biko

Words & Music:  
Peter Gabriel

A D  
September '77. Port Elizabeth weather fine.  
A D  
It was business as usual in police room 619.

CHORUS:

A D  
Oh, Biko, Biko, because Biko.  
Oh, Biko, Biko, because Biko.

G Bm  
Yihla Moja! Yihla Moja! [*supposedly "descending soul"*]

D A  
The man is dead, 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 color dead.

CHORUS:

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.

CHORUS:

D A  
And the eyes of the world are watching, now.

D A  
Watching you, now.

*Improvise lyrics over the A to D vamp.*