

SERIOUS BUSINESS



PHOTO BY BILL MOORE

COVER LAYOUT BY RONALD CLYNE; COVER DESIGN BY NGOMA HILL

HOW MANY MORE?

SERIOUS BUSINESS — HOW MANY MORE?

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FS 5519

SERIOUS BUSINESS: HOW MANY MORE?

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

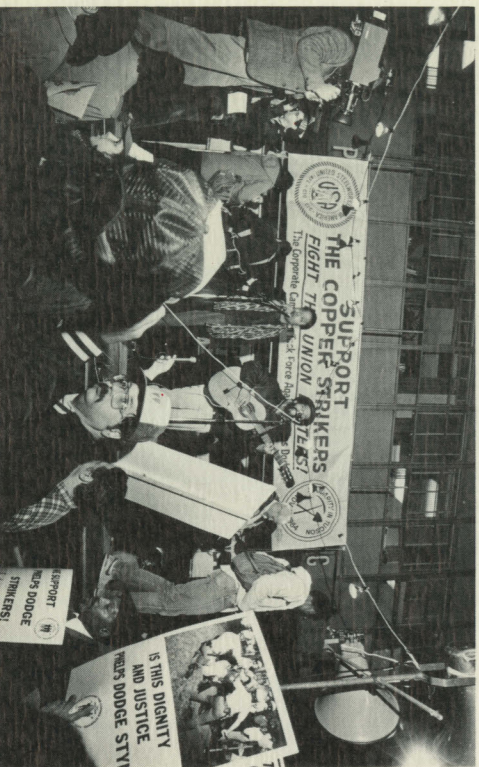


PHOTO BY GEORGE COHEN

About Serious Bizness...

Since their first album, Jaribu and Ngoma Hill have taken their songs to the far corners. From New York to San Francisco and from London to West Germany, people have felt the beat of their music—as insistent as any disco rhythm. And crowds on posh Park Avenue in Manhattan have shaken their fists to the lyrics of songs like "We Will Remember Soweto," as Serious Bizness led the singing and marching against apartheid in front of the South African consulate. High over the avenue in the offices and apartments of the rich, windows opened and necks craned out at the angry singing. Down below the police horses in barricades on the street leaned a little forward. Life sticks its neck out in attention at the music of struggle, and Jaribu and Ngoma keep going further in each song to celebrate the liveliness of the struggle and the inevitability of victory for people who stay in the fight to free themselves.

As the final touches were being put on this album in May, 1985, the Phelps Dodge Striking Copper miners in Clifton, Arizona—on strike for more than two years—called upon Serious Bizness to sing at their 2nd Anniversary Rally in Tucson, Arizona this June. Working people recognize Serious Bizness as part of themselves. The growing calls for this couple's music from Arizona to Bonn comes from that spreading recognition. And most certainly the music of Serious Bizness was heard in resounding protest when 25 year old Michael Stewart was killed by transit police while in custody; it was again heard when the 67 year old black grandmother Eleanor Bumpurs was murdered by police during a so-called "civilian occupation";

struggles of the job and the jobless, from living with the runaway shops and the runaway police brutality, which they know from being part of a community of oppressed people. People everywhere who work and fight for the riches they create love these singers and their songs. You will too.

"We hope these songs will make you angry enough to take a stand; we hope these songs will indict the oppressors everywhere; we hope these songs will encourage you as we see each new victory; and we hope these songs will urge you to support the music of struggle everywhere."—Jaribu and Ngoma Hill of Serious Bizness

Credits: All material written and performed by Jaribu and Ngoma Hill; Produced by Jaribu and Ngoma Hill

Recording Technician: Nez Perce—Red Hot Studio, NYC

Photography: Bill Moore, Marilyn Nance, and George Cohen

Song Script Typist: Wandy Santiago

Liner Notes: Peggy Moberg

Cover Design: Ngoma and Jaribu Hill

Cover Layout: Ronald Clyne

Special Thanks: F.D. Kirkpatrick for the intro. to Folkways; Lynn Goodwin; and Brenda Johnson

Dedication: To our mothers Elsie Banks and Celestine Hill

To our children Tengemana and Kianga and all the members of our family
For the families of Michael Stewart, Eleanor

Side 1

Old Glory's Story
Down Underground in a
Company Town
High Tech

Side 2

Stop the Bosses
Stolen Dreams, A Ballad
for Michael Stewart
Sun City—Blood Money

SERIOUS BUSINESS: HOW MANY MORE?

Jaribu and Ngoma Hill

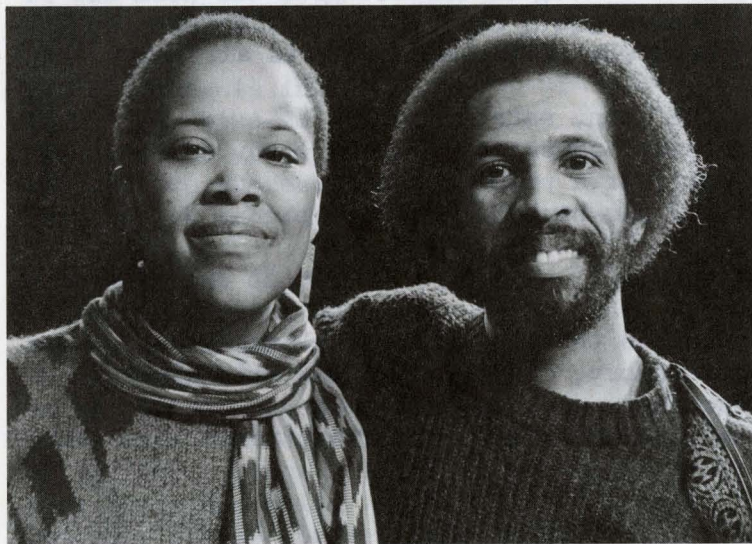


photo by Marilyn Nance

OLD GLORY'S STORY

Sit down and let me tell my story
Sit down and listen to my song
Sit down and let me tell my story
about repression under old glory

Don't tell me about the red, white and blue
What's it ever done for me and you
Don't tell me about the Bill of Rights
What about the crosses burnin in the night

This is a story 'bout a sister
Eleanor Bumpurs was her name
This is a story 'bout her murder
and a people filled with rage

This is a story 'bout Miami
Young black men who lost their lives
This is a story for their families
their children and their wives

This is a story for every promise
broken promise, that's been made
This is a story for every life
Every life that's been taken away

This is a story 'bout a people
fighting against the Klan
This is a story 'bout a people
united to take a stand

This is a story servin notice
that these murderers cannot hide
This is a story given warnin
that they'll pay for their crimes

When you think about the children
whose lives have been taken away
When you think about the martyrs
the martyrs who have been slain

Dry your eyes, take a stand
struggle will ease your pain
Dry your eyes, take a stand
struggle will ease your pain

repeat 3x and stop

DOWN UNDERGROUND IN A COMPANY TOWN

Heard the stakes are high in Morenci, Arizona
Miners on the picket line keep on gettin stronger
Fat cats at Phelps Lodge, play the union bustin game
They get richer and richer while the workers live like slaves

It's a company town
they own everything around
houses, schools and burial grounds
banks with money, safe and sound
It's a company town to keep the workers down

Refrain: Fat cats at Phelps Dodge, play the union bustin
game
They get richer and richer while the workers
live like slaves

The conditions are inhumane
sending workers to an early grave
The mines are dangerous, the work is hard
You risk your life so your family won't starve

Bosses bringin in lousy scabs
to steal your children's bread
But you know you've gotta keep fightin
cause there's victory up ahead

It's a company town
they own everything around
houses, schools and burial grounds
banks with money, safe and sound
It's a company town to keep the workers down

Refrain: one time

Down in Chile repression is strong
and the people are under the gun
Corporate thugs on the run
For cheap labor, this is where they come

It's a company town
they own everything around
houses, schools and burial grounds
banks with money, safe and sound
It's a company town to keep the workers down

Refrain: one time

To South Africa they run away
on a union bustin holiday
In a land where human rights are denied
They make their money from apartheid

From Johannesburg to Morenci
It's the same story everytime
They control everything you need to survive
Fighting for your life as you hold the line

It's a company town
they own everything around
houses, schools and burial grounds
banks with money, safe and sound
Gotta do what we can to shut em down
Gotta do what we can to shut em down
Gotta do what we can to shut em down

HIGH TECH

Refrain: Check it out find out
know what this technology is all about
You've got a right to know, find out
know what this technology is all about

Trips to the moon, satellites
skyscrapers and computers
This is not just a passing phase
It's part of the high technology age

Refrain: once

Little machines that look like T.V. sets
Store your memory, don't forget the side effects
Little machines, gadgets, and such
can cause you job stress with every touch

Refrain: once

The boss is elated
The company's ecstatic
They think this high tech
will make you work instamatic

Presto chango right before your eyes
There are things you may not see
So don't be surprised

Refrain: once

Gotta make sure it's safe
Make sure it's done right
Don't let speed and efficiency
add misery to your life

Make sure it's safe
Make sure it's done right
Don't let speed and efficiency
add misery to your life

Refrain: 3 times and phase out

SOUTHERN SHAME

They walked out for me and they walked out for you
We're closer to freedom cause of the stand they took
I said they walked out for me and they walked out for you
We're closer to freedom cause of the stand they took

Refrain: Southern Shame, whole lot of pain
Southern Shame, call it by name

In the state of Mississippi--in a small town
Some women got tired of being pushed around
They were tired of being mistreated again and again
So they walked off the job, just to make it plain

Refrain: twice

Down in Laurel, Mississippi on Sanderson's Farm
the work was brutal and the work was hard
The bosses down there are really unreal
To take their abuse, you need nerves of steel

Refrain: twice

Now that slimy bossman with his klan connection
What right did he have to force your affection
But if you're a woman of Sanderson's Farm
The boss thinks he owns you, mind, body, and all

Refrain: twice

Now we think about these women who stood up tall
They fought against racism, slavery, and all
Think about the fight that we've got to wage
and don't let their struggle be in vain

Refrain: Southern shame, whole lot of pain
Don't let this struggle be in vain

Southern shame, whole lot of pain
Don't let this struggle be in vain

SOWETO

We will remember, we will remember Soweto
We will remember, we will remember Soweto
We will remember the pain, we will remember the pain
We will remember the pain, cause it will never happen again

Now there were children who gave up their lives
cause they were fighting for human rights
They rejected the oppressor's education
and the oppressor responded with murderous assassination

We will remember, we will remember Soweto
We will remember, we will remember Soweto
We will remember the pain, we will remember the pain
We will remember the pain, we will remember the pain
We will remember the pain, cause it will never happen again

Now there were children who gave up their lives
cause they were fighting against apartheid
They rejected the oppressor's education
and the oppressor responded with murderous assassination

We will remember those mothers and fathers
We will remember those sisters and brothers
We will remember their pain, we will remember their pain
We will remember their pain, cause it will never oh never oh
never, it will never oh never, oh never, happen again !!!!

MALCOLM LIVES

Refrain: Malcolm lives in the peoples struggle
His spirit is alive
Malcolm lives in the peoples struggle
He will never die

1. If they come for me in the morning
They'll come for you at noon
Listen to what I'm saying
They may be coming soon

2. There are many pages missin
from the books of history
Blood is the price of freedom
and it's no mystery, why our profits disappear

3. Why was our black prince shot down in his prime
What about the dream of freedom that he left behind
Will we learn the lesson, the lesson Malcolm taught
Will we join the battle, that he so bravely fought

Refrain: once

Repeat Verses 1-3 then go back to the chorus
Sing chorus twice and end

STOP THE BOSSES

Refrain: Stop the bosses--don't listen to their lies
No givebacks--we gotta organize

They always promise, but they never deliver
They're always takin, while we do the givin
Doin the work with our sweat and blood
They make the profit--while we work til settin sun

Refrain: twice

They say giveback, but we've got nothin to give
Wages so low, we can hardly live
They want it all--givin nothin in return
We work so hard, never makin what we earn

Refrain: twice

Now when the bosses start to sub-contract
They're gettin ready to roll the union back
They don't have our interest at heart
They wanna but our unions, take away our rights on the job

Refrain: once

Now when the bosses start to blow your horn
You gotta know that something is wrong

They don't have your interest at heart
When you ask for time off, might as well be breakin the law

Refrain: once

You know the bosses get richer all the time
Send them a message from the picket line
They want it all--givin nothin in return
You work so hard never makin what you earn

Refrain: once

Well I know change don't come overnight
But with our union--we can wage a better fight
Cause the union is the workers' best friend
Gotta keep on fightin for our unions till we win

Refrain: twice and stop

STOLEN DREAMS

A Ballad for Michael Stewart

Young Black Man-Child
you only stayed for a little while
It was much too soon for you to go
Why they killed you, we've just gotta know

Young Black Man-Child
You only stayed for a little while
It was much too soon for you to go
Why you had to die, we've just gotta know

They say you committed a crime
cause you created beauty out of the grime
They say you committed a crime
but you created a rainbow out of the grime

With every stroke, with every spray of paint
the gloom seemed to disappear
You colored a canvas out of despair
The gloom seemed to disappear

You washed away some of the misery
and they took you away in cold brutality
You washed away some of the misery
and they took you away in cold brutality

Who are these messengers of death
who tried, convicted, and sentenced you
Who are these messengers of death
who laid to rest dreams you tried to make true (repeat)

Just a young Black Man-Child
You only stayed for a little while
It was much too soon for you to go
Why you had to die, we've just gotta know

The evidence is in
It was the blue-suited men
who murdered you without a cause
and they're protected by the law
yes they're protected by the law

When we think of you
we're filled with rage
and we gotta take a stand
When we think of you
we're filled with pain
cause this can never happen again (repeat)

Youn Black Man-Child
You only stayed for a little while
It was much too soon for you to go
Why you had to die, we won't stop until we know

Repeat Young Black Man-Child...fade out

SUN CITY/BLOOD MONEY

1. You think you can walk on water
You think that you can do no wrong
Do you ever think about the struggle
for freedom, as you sing your Apartheid Song

We bought your record, we sang your song
but you won't be a star for long

We bought your record, made you a super star
now you forget who put you where you are

Refrain: The money you take is bloody
and you can't wash the death from your hands
The money you take is stolen
from raped African Land

2. It's a shame and a pity
How you sold your soul to sun city
B. how you sang and you danced
on raped and bloody land
How you sang and you danced
with the murderers money in your hand

Refrain:

3. I've seen you in your glory
Lyin' bout your side of the story
sayin that you just didn't know
bout people dying by the score

Repeat B and Refrain

THEY RUN AWAY

Refrain: They run away, they run away
they run away to sunny skies and watch their
profits rise (2 times)

Now you seem em, now you don't
Your future was bright, now your job is gone
There goes the schoolin you planned for your kids
There goes your life--it's on the skids

Refrain: twice

Well now that they profit off of your sweat
They're movin on, see how rich they can get
Well, goin where the grass is greener
the weather is warmer and the labor is cheaper

Refrain: twice

To Brazil they scramble
Honduras, Taiwan
to make more profit
they always move on (sing 2 times)

Workers over there treated like slaves
just because a shop ran away
Workers over there have no rights
we've got the same struggle, we've got the same fight

Refrain: 3 times

HOW MANY MORE?

Same game, different name
Same story--nothin's changed
Before Columbus sailed the sea
Indians lived proud and free
Before the oppressor's slavery
black people lived proud and free

How many more? Tell me now, how many more?

Don't you sit on the sidelines
and say you're not involved
Don't try to convince yourself
that these problems don't affect you at all

Because now it's Lebanon, Azania*, Grenada
How many more? Tell me now, how many more?

Don't you sit on the sidelines
and watch your children go off to war
Don't stand back and wait
for this violence to come to your door

Because now it's Chile, Guatemala, El Salvador
How many more, Tell me now, how many more?

They look at the poor
and say we have no rights
They steal all the wealth
with their power and military might

Because now it's palestine, Guatemala, Grenada
How many more? Tell me now, how many more?

They say it's for democracy
that they must intervene
We know the real story
is their power and their greed

Because now it's palestine, Azania, Grenada
How many more? Tell me now, how many more?
What are you waiting for--how many more?
Tell me now, how many more?

*Azania- also known as South Africa

All material written by Jaribu & Ngoma Hill

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LITHO. IN U.S.A. 