

By Jimmy  
Cordell

'Jim'

At the twilight's dim, I see him,  
his name is Jim.

He has looked and he has found,  
it's so great to step on our  
communist ground.

He's brought us here to build this  
land, working together with  
cutlass in hand.

Working, striving day by day,  
he is blessing us in every way.

Our land is beautiful, from  
beans to the banana, at last  
we have made it to a land called  
Guyana.

EEIC12