

Jeff Bates, Rainbow Man

I was born in Alabama, but I never knew my Momma.
She gave me away at three months old.
Some folks in Mississippi took me in and kept me,
And treated me just like I was their own.
A Holiness preacher man's daughter,
And a hard-working sharecropper father.

And my real Momma was Apache, my real Daddy? Hell, don't ask me.
Momma says she don't remember him.
And I'm sure somewhere in my history, I've got some slave blood in me.
And some folks think I look Mexican.
I never really fit in any place,
'Cause there's always a part of me to hate.

I'm the rainbow man.
That's who I am.
I'm a little white and black and red and tanned.
I've got all these different colors in my skin.
I'm the rainbow man.

Well, I know you may doubt it, but if you stop and think about it,
There's one common thing that we've all got.
People from all countries come here because they're hungry,
For what's cookin' in America's meltin' pot.
We're all different but the same.
Red's the only color in our veins.

And I'm the rainbow man.
Livin' in a rainbow land.
I'm white and black and yellow and brown and red and tanned.
And I'm so proud of all the colors that I am
I'm the rainbow man.

All these colors make me American,
I'm the rainbow man.