

# Living Colour, Open Letter (To A Landlord)

Now you can tear a building down  
But you can't erase a memory  
These houses may look all run down  
But they have a value you can't see...  
This is my neighborhood  
This is where I come from  
I call this place my home  
You call this place a slum  
You wanna run all the people out  
This what you're all about  
Treat poor people just like trash  
Turn around and make big cash  
CHORUS: Now you can tear a building down  
But you can't erase a memory  
These houses may look all run down  
But they have a value you can't see  
Last month there was a fire  
I saw seven children die  
You sent flowers to their family  
But your sympathy's a lie  
Cause every building that you burn  
Is more blood money that you earn  
We are forced to relocate  
>From the pain that you create  
CHORUS  
We lived here for so many years  
Now this house is full of fear  
For a profit you will take control  
Where will all the older people go?  
There used to be when kids could play  
Without the scourge of drug's decay  
Now our kids are living dead  
They crack and blow their lives away  
CHORUS  
You've got to fight  
You've got a right  
To fight for your neighborhood!