

Manic Street Preachers, Let Robeson Sing

Where are you now?
Broken up or still around?
The CIA says you're a guilty man
Will we see the likes of you again?

Can anyone make a difference anymore?
Can anyone write a protest song?
Pinky lefty revolutionary
Burnt at the stake for

A voice so pure - a vision so clear
I've gotta learn to live like you
Learn to sing like you

Went to Cuba to meet Castro
Never got past sleepy Moscow
A giant man with a heavenly voice
MK Ultra turned you paranoid

No passport 'til 1958
McCarthy poisoned through with hate
Liberty lost still buried today
Beneath the lie of the USA

Say what you want
Say what you want

A voice so pure - a vision so clear
I've gotta learn to live like you
Learn to sing like you

Now let the Freedom Train come zooming down the track
Gleaming in the sunlight for white and black
Not stopping at no stations marked colored nor white
Just stopping in the fields in the broad daylight

Stopping in the country in the wide open air
Where there never was a Jim Crow sign nowhere
And no lilly-white committees, politicians of note
Nor poll tax layer through which colored can't vote

And there won't be no kinda color lines
The Freedom Train will be yours
And mine

A voice so pure - a vision so clear
I've gotta learn to live like you
Learn to sing like you

Sing it loud, sing it proud
I will be heard, I will be found
Sing it loud, sing it proud
I will be heard, I will be found