

# Patti Smith, Strange Messengers

(Smith/Kaye)

I looked upon the book of life  
Tracing the lines of face after face  
Looking down at their naked feet  
Bound in chains bound in chains  
Chains of leather chains of gold  
We knew it was wrong but we looked  
away  
And paraded them down the colonial  
streets  
And that's how they became enslaved

They came across on the great ships  
Mothers separated from their babes  
Husbands stood on the auction block  
Bound in chains bound in chains  
Chains of leather chains of gold  
Men knew it was wrong but they looked  
away  
And led them to toil in fields of white  
As they turned their necks to a bitter  
landscape

Oh the people I hear them calling  
Am I not a man and a brother  
Am I not a woman and a sister

History sends us such strange  
messengers  
They come down through time  
To embrace to enrage  
And in their arms even stranger fruit  
And they swing from the trees  
With their vision in flames  
Ropes of leather ropes of gold  
Men knew it was wrong but they looked  
away  
Messengers swinging from twisted rope  
As they turned their necks to a bitter  
landscape

Oh the people I hear them calling  
Am I not a man and a brother  
Am I not a woman and a sister  
r We will be heard we will be heard