

Aretha Franklin, Take a Look

Take a look in the mirror
Look at yourself
But don't you look too close
'Cause you just might see
The person that you hate the most
Lord, what's happenin'
To this human race?
I can't even see
One friendly face
Brothers fight brothers
And sisters wink their eyes
While silver tongues
Bear fruits of poison lies
Just take a look
At your children, born innocent
Every boy and every girl
Denyin' themselves a real chance
To build a better world
Dear Lord, dear Lord
What's happenin'
To Your precious dream?
It's washin' away
On a bloody, bloody stream
Take a look at Your children
Before it's too late
And tell them nobody wins
When the prize is hate