

# Arrested Development, Mr. Wendal

Here have a dollar  
In fact now brotherman, here have two  
Two dollars means a snack for me  
But it means a big deal to you  
Be strong, serve God only  
Know that if you do, beautiful Heaven awaits  
That's the poem I wrote for the first time  
I saw a man with no clothes, no money, no plate  
Mr. Wendal, that's his name  
No one ever knew his name 'cuz he's a no one  
Never thought twice about spending on an old bum  
Until I had the chance to really get to know one  
Now that I know 'em, to give him money isn't charity  
He gives me some knowledge, I buy him some shoes  
And to think blacks spend all their money on big colleges  
Still most of you come out confused  
Go ahead Mr. Wendal  
Go ahead Mr. Wendal  
Mr. Wendal has freedom  
A free that you and I think he's dumb  
Free to be without the worries of a quick to diss society  
For Mr. Wendal's a bum

His only worries are sickness and occasional harassment  
By the police and their chase  
Uncivilized we call him but I just saw him  
Eat off the food we waste  
Civilization, are we really civilized?  
Yes or no, who are we to judge  
When thousands of innocent man could be brutally enslaved  
And killed over a racist grudge  
Mr. Wendal has tried to warn us about our ways  
But we don't hear him talk  
It's not his fault when we're goin' too far and we got too far  
'Cuz on him we walk  
Mr. Wendal, a man, a human in flesh but not by law  
I feed you dignity to stand with pride  
Realize now that all in all we stand tall  
Go ahead Mr. Wendal  
Mr. Wendal  
Mr. Wendal  
Mr. Wendal

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