

Arrested Development, Mr. Wendel

Here, have a dollar
In fact no 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 'cause he's a no-one
Never thought twice about spending on a ol' bum
Until I had the chance to really get to know one
Now that I know him, to give him money isn't charity
He gives me some knowledge, I buy him some shoes
And to think blacks spend all that money on big colleges
Still most of y'all come out confused
Go ahead, Mr.Wendal
Go ahead, Mr.Wendal
Mr.Wendal has freedom
A free that you and I think is 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 an 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 men
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
Is it his fault when we've gone too far
And we got too far 'cause 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 that all in all you stand tall
Mr.Wendal, Lord, Mr.Wendal