Brian Webb, Affirmative Compassion

We walk across a broken line to find A broken life, maybe a broken heart A broken soul where nothing is the rest But I think this is where we usually talk best

Here is a struggle for a black man The painful scar of an oppressed past But here is a struggle for this white man To endure his natural backlash

Well it ain't a sin not to understand
Its only a sin if I don't try
But then I go and darken the face of a racist
So I can scream, "man it ain't just my side"
you must be sick of it and tired of it
Try to love me in spite of it
Oh Lord could it be
That there is so much more to setting free
Oh Lord I've got love in me
But there is much, much more to setting free

Here is a rich white man who can't see his greed Screaming, "I hire who I... Well please, not me No I am far from racist it just happens all of my clients seem trust white faces

But I can't respect a brother, or any other who claims himself martyred Looking at me like owe something to you Ok, I do

But you know I got more love and more hope Its just frustrating brother If you're getting a job just because you're black We're not getting passed your color You must be sick of it, and tired of it But try to love me in spit of it

Oh Lord could it be That there is so much more to setting free Oh Lord I've got love in me But there is much, much more to setting free

Now I am not a rich white man and maybe I am blessed for that But I am not a black man and I have never been oppressed like that So I can sit here and let my thoughts unfurl Nice and freely in my poor white world Freely praying for compassion while 10 million white women thank affirmative action

So throw your hands up, and people stand up Go on and love me, and don't let up Throw your hands up, and people stand up Go on love me and don't you let up

Oh Lord could it be That there is so much more to setting free Oh Lord I've got love in me But there is much, much more to setting free