Flobots, Anne Braden

[spoken]
What I've realized since is that it's a very painful process but it is not destructive. It's the world delib

From the color of the faces in sunday's songs
To the hatred they raised all the youngsters on
Once upon a time in this country long ago
She knew there was something wrong
Because the song said yellow, red, black, and white
Everyone precious in the path of christ
But what about the daughter of the woman cleaning their house
Wasnt she a child they were singing about
And if jesus loves us black or white skin
Why didn't her white mother invite them in?
When did it become a room for no blacks to step in?
How did she already know not to ask the question
Left lasting impressions
Adolescence's comforts gone
She never thought things would ever change
But she always knew there was something wrong

She always knew there was something wrong
She always knew there was something wrong

Years later she found herself mississippi-bound
To help stop the legalized lynching
Of mr. willie mcgee
But they couldnt stop it
So they thought that theyd talk to the governor
About what happened
And say were tired of being used
As an excuse to kill black men
But the cops wouldnt let em past and
These women they struck em as uppity
So they hauled em all off to jail
And they called it protective custody
Then from her cell she heard her jailers
Grumbling about outsiders
And when she called him out
And said she was from the south they shouted
Why is a nice southern lady
Making trouble for the governor?
She said, i guess im not your type of lady
And i guess im not your type of southerner.
But before you call me traitor
Well its plainest just to say
I was a child in mississippi
But im ashamed of it today

She always knew there was something worng
She always knew there was something wrong
She always knew there was something wrong
She always knew there was something wrong
[Spoken] And, all of a sudden, I realized I was on the other side

Imagine the world that youre standing within
All of your neighbors and family and friends
How would you cope
Facing the fact
The flesh on your hand
Was tainted with sin
She faced it every day
People she saw on a regular basis
People she loved in several cases
People she knew were incredibly racist

It was painful
But she never stopped loving them
Never stopped calling their name
And she never stopped being a southern woman
And she never stopped fighting for change
And she saw that her struggle
Was in the tradition
Of ancestors never aware of her
It continues today
The soul of a southerner
Born of the other america

She always knew there was something wrong
She always knew there was something wrong
She always knew there was something wrong
She always knew there was something wrong

[spoken]
What you win in the immediate battles is little compared to the effort you put into it but if
you see that as a part of this total movement to build a new world, you know what could be.You do