

# Franks Enemy, One For Them

I could never be them  
Though my blood is just as red  
And we all grieve our beloved  
That end up just as dead  
I can feel the anger  
At the old atrocities  
But I know it's not the same  
Knowing it wouldn't have happened to me  
And I'm no good with cheap sloganeering  
About making dreams come true  
The answer is somewhere at the foot of the cross  
However hard we've tried to make it untrue  
I remember McDuffie and how I had to stay home  
Not understanding why because I also thought those cops were wrong  
Until later I caught myself laughing at my friends' racist jokes  
Me the adult white male, I finally grew up  
And so the drugs enslave with the laws that imprison  
State sponsored plantations disguised and hidden  
And I don't want to fear a man anymore  
But then when one of them knocks at my door