# Franks Enemy, One Of 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