

Linda Perry, Bang The Drum

One day we'll run away
Build a house made of straw and clay
Worship every moonlit night
While we bang upon the drum
Plant seeds to grow the trees
That will supply the needs
To raise a wall of segregation
While we bang upon the drum

A social enemy has prayed upon thy faith
A loss of dignity
Is getting in thy way

Real soon the sand dunes
Will blow across every afternoon
Blinding us with a grain of salt
As we bang upon the drum
We'll plant our feet in land
Far surpassing machines of man
Thanking mother for this revelation
While we bang upon the drum

A common legacy
Has graced me with new faith
A needle and a thread
Has woven my new fate

One day in the afternoon
One day in the afternoon
One day we'll run away

Build a house made of straw and clay
Worship every moonlit night
As we bang upon the drum

A social enemy has prayed upon thy faith
A loss of dignity is getting in thy way
One day in the afternoon
One day in the afternoon