Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, Colorblind Blu-

Liberty!
bring on your greasy wings and your forked tongue
and that crooked lullaby youve been singin
promisin me things I aint never gonna see
but Im hard on your heels
you keep a runnin from me
Red boy
White boy
Black boy
we all got the same blues

shes a fever that I cant break shes a sharp chill that I just cant shake now I am up on blocks and I am tied to the stake and Im dreamin but I am still awake

Red boy White boy Black boy aint we all got the same blues?..

now damn this dream for tearin me in two for tyin me down, settin me free and keepin me runnin the grip of the fears and the skin that keeps us apart all the tears and the blood in the heart know we cry and bleed the same

Red boy White boy Black boy aint it a shame that we all got the same colorblind blues...

shes a full moon
shes a brush fire
cmon sweet saboteur
cut straight through my wire
Red boy
White boy
Black boy
got the colorblind blues