

Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, Colorblind Blues

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