

The Abyssinians, Black Mans Strain

Why, why, why, oh yea now, must the black man strain?
Why people, must he sweat and strain?

He toil each day from dawn till dusk (yes how true)
trying to achieve (yes how true) the little he can. (we know how true)
But just can't make it (how really true) I wonder what's wrong? (we know
how
true) What's wrong now (how really true) tell me what's wrong.

Why, why, must the black man strain?
I really want to know people now, must he sweat and strain?
Tell me, tell me, must the black man strain?
I really want to know people now, must he sweat and strain?
