The Flobots, Anne Brade

[Spoken]
What I've realized since is that it's a very painful process but it is not destructive. It's the world delib
From the color of the faces in Sunday songs
To the hatred they raised all the youngsters on
Once upon a time in this country, long ago
She knew there was something wrong
Because the song said "yellow, red, black, and white
Every one precious in the path of Christ"
But what about the daughter
Of the woman cleaning their house?
Wasn't she a child they were singin' about?
And if Jesus loves us, black and white skin
Why didn't her white mother invite them in?
When did it become a room for no blacks to step in?
How did she already know not to ask the question?
Left lasting impressions
Adolescent's comfort's gone
She never thought things would ever change,
But she always knew there was something wrong.
Always knew there was somethin' wrong.
She always knew there was somethin' wrong.
Years later, she found herself
Mississippi bound to help
Stop the legalized lynching of Mr. Willy McGee.
But they couldn't stop it,
So they thought that they'd talk to the governor about what'd happened
And say, "We're tired of being used as an excuse to kill black men."
But the cops wouldn't let 'em past
And these women, they struck 'em as uppity
So they hauled 'em all off to jail
And they called in protective custody.
Then from her cell
She heard her jailers
Grumblin' about "outsiders".
When she called 'em out
And said she was from the south, they shouted,
"Why is a nice, Southern lady makin' trouble
For the governor?"
She said, "I guess I'm not your type of lady,
And I guess I'm not your type of Southerner,
But before you call me traitor,
Well it's plain as just to say (?)
I was a child in Mississippi
but I'm ashamed of it today."
She always knew there was somethin' wrong.
She always knew there was somethin' wrong.
She always knew there was somethin' wrong.
She always knew there was somethin' wrong.
([spoken] And, all of a sudden, I realized I was on the other side)
Imagine the world that you're standing within
All of your neighbors, they're family-friends.
How would you cope facing the fact
The flesh on their hands was tainted with sin?
She faced this every day.
People she saw on a regular basis;
People she loved, in several cases;
People she knew were incredibly racist.
It was painful, but she never stopped loving them,
Never stopped callin' their names
And she never stopped being a Southern woman
And she never stopped fighting for change.
And she saw that her struggle was
in the tradition of ancestors never aware of her (?)
It continues today:

The soul of a Southerner
born of the other America.
She always knew there was somethin' wrong.
She always knew there was somethin' wrong.
She always knew there was somethin' wrong.
She always knew there was somethin' wrong.
[spoken]
What you win in the immediate battles is little compared to the effort you put into it but if you see th