

Tracy Chapman, Our Bright Future

To my father what of your sons?
All of your children
Even the ones
Sent out to martyr
To face the gun
Precious bodies opposed to bombs

Led on led on
To take the path
Where our bright future
Is in our past

To our father what of reason?
Say what you will
Believe what you want
The record shows what we are not
Our true desires
Not our good thoughts

Led on led on
To take the path
Where our bright future
Is in our past

To my father what have you done?
To the children
Born innocent
But come to harm
For dreams of glory
And just a line in history

Led on led on
To take the path
Where our bright future
Is in our past

To our father what good may come?
To let the children
Walk alone
To fear to fail
And need no savior
To be at peace in our true nature

Lead on Lead on
Clear the path
So our bright future
May come to pass
May come to pass
May come to pass