

# Many Moons

Janelle Monáe

We're dancing free but we're stuck here underground  
And everybody trying to figure they way out  
Hey Hey Hey, all we ever wanted to say  
Was chased erased and then thrown away  
And day to day we live in a daze

We march all around til' the sun goes down night children  
Broken dreams, no sunshine, endless crimes, we long for freedom (for freedom  
)  
You're free but in your mind, your freedom's in a bind

Oh make it rain, ain't a thang and the sky to fall  
(The silver bullet's in your hand and the war's heating up)  
And when the truth goes BANG the shouts splatter out  
(Revolutionize your lives and find a way out)  
And when you're growing down instead of growing up  
(You gotta ooo ah ah like a panther)  
Tell me are you bold enough to reach for love?  
(Na na na...)

So strong for so long  
All i wanna do is sing my simple song  
Square or round, rich or poor  
At the end of day and night all we want is more  
I keep my feet on solid ground and use my wings when storms come around  
I keep my feet on solid ground for freedom  
You're free but in your mind, your freedom's in a bind

Cybernetic Chantdown:  
Civil rights, civil war  
Hood rat, crack whore  
Carefree, nightclub  
Closet drunk, bathtub  
Outcast, weirdo  
Stepchild, freak show  
Black girl, bad hair  
Broad nose, cold stare  
Tap shoes, Broadway  
Tuxedo, holiday  
Creative black, Love song  
Stupid words, erased song  
Gun shots, orange house  
Dead man walking with a dirty mouth  
Spoiled milk, stale bread  
Welfare, bubonic plague  
Record deal, light bulb  
Keep back kid not corporate thug  
Breast cancer, common cold  
HIV, lost hope  
Overweight, self esteem  
Misfit, broken dream  
Fish tank, small bowl  
Closed mind, dark hold  
Cybergirl, droid control  
Get away now they trying to steal your soul  
Microphone, one stage  
Tomboy, outrage

Street fight, bloody war  
Instigators, third floor  
Promiscuous child, broken dream  
STD, quarentine  
Heroin user, coke head  
Final chapter, death bed  
Plastic sweat, metal skin  
Metallic tears, mannequin  
Carefree, night club  
Closet drunk, bathtub  
White house, Jim Crow  
Dirty lies, my regards

And when the world just treats you wrong  
just come with me and I'll take you home  
No need to pack a bag  
Who put your life in the danger zone?  
You running dropping like a rolling stone  
No need to pack a bag  
You just can't stop your hurt from hanging on  
The old man dies and then a baby's born  
Chan, chan, chan, change your life  
And when the world just treats you wrong  
just come with me and i'll take you home  
Shan, shan shan shan-gri la  
Na na na na na na na na na na