

Like A King/I'll Rise

Ben Harper

Well Martin's dream has become Rodney's worst nightmare.
Can't walk the streets, to them we are fair game,
our lives don't mean a thing.

Like a King, like a King, like a King.
Rodney King, Rodney King, Rodney King.
Like a king, like a King, like a King.
How I wish you could help us Dr. King.

Make sure it's filmed, shown on national T.V.
They'll have no mercy.
A legal lynch mob like the days strung up from the tree.
The L.A.P.D.

Like a King, like a King, like a King.
Rodney King, Rodney King, Rodney King.
Like a King, like a King, like a King.
How I wish you could help us Dr. King.

So if you catch yourself thinking it has changed
for the best you better second guess cause Martin's dream
has become Rodney's worst nightmare.

Like a King, like a King, like a King.
Rodney King, Rodney King, Rodney King.
Like a King, like a King, like a King
How I wish you could help us Dr. King.
Like a King, like a King, like a King.
Like a King, like a King, like a King.
Like a King, like a King, like a King.
How I wish... Like a King, like a King.
Like a King, like a King, like a, like a King.
Like a King, like a King, like a King.

When we will look to the past, look to the past to learn?
I wish...
Like a king, like a king, like a king.
Like a king, like a king, like a king.
Bye, bye we must go to see the King.
Bye, bye we must go to face the King.

You may write me down in history with your bitter twisted lies,
you may trod me down in the very dirt.
And still like the dust, I'll rise.
Does my happiness upset you?
Why are you best with gloom cause I laugh,
like I've got an oil well pumpin' in my living room?

So you may shoot me with your words,
you may cut me with your eyes,
and I'll rise - I'll rise - I'll rise - rise - rise.
Out of the shacks of history's shame,
up from a past rooted in pain,
and I'll rise - I'll rise - I'll rise - rise - rise.

Now did you want to see me broken,
bowed head and lowered eyes,

shoulders fallen down like teardrops,
weakened by my soulful cries.
Does my confidence upset you?
Don't you take it awful hard cause I walk,
like I've got a diamond mine breakin' up in my front yard.

So you may shoot me with your words,
you may cut me with your eyes,
and I'll rise - I'll rise - I'll rise - rise - rise.
Out of the shacks of history's shame,
up from a past rooted in pain,
and I'll rise - I'll rise - I'll rise - rise - rise.

So you may write me down in history with your bitter twisted lies.
You may trod me down in the very dirt.
And still like the dust, I'll rise.
Does my happiness upset you?
Why are you best with gloom cause I laugh,
like I've got a goldmine diggin' up in my living room.

You may shoot me with your words,
you may cut me with your eyes,
and I'll rise - I'll rise - I'll rise - rise - rise.
Out of the shacks of history's shame,
up from a past rooted in pain,
and I'll rise - I'll rise - I'll rise - rise - rise.

You may shoot me with your words,
you may cut me with your eyes,
and I'll rise - I'll rise - I'll rise - rise - rise.
Out of the shacks of history's shame,
up from a past rooted in pain,
I'll rise - I'll rise - I'll rise - rise - rise.
I gonna rise - I'll rise - I'll rise - rise - rise.
I'll rise - I'll rise - I'll rise - rise - rise