

If I had a nickel for every single time
I've tried to classify the populace around me with a word,
Or a catchy phrase, I could quit my job for good
And play Nintendo until my fingers ached.

Am I an idiot, too lazy to think twice?
I point the finger, but I can't take my own advice.
I put a name on something and ever since,
I've made an art of building my counterfeit intelligence.

Seemingly to me,
I am straightening a world of cluttered thoughts
And a debris inside my head,
But I think instead of prejudiced
And I give people names to make me feel safe.

How does it feel what does it take to make me understand?
If I could only walk a mile in the shoes of another man.
If I could look out through his eyes
And know what it means to bleed the same red blood that I do.

What is economic status, and tell me what is race?
Who decides to Classified taxonomy of grace?
If one man gets less than another is it true,
That he is all that different,
That he is less than you?