

Those Three Are On My Mind

Harry Belafonte

I think of Andy in the cold wet clay
Those three are on my mind
With his comrades down beside him
On that brutal day
Those three are on my mind

There lies young James in his final pain
Those three are on my mind
So I ask the killers, "Can you see those three again?
Those three are on my mind"

I see dark eyed Michael
With his dark eyed bride
Those three are on my mind
And three proud mothers
Weeping side by side
Those three are on my mind

But I'm grieving yet
And for some the sky is bright
I cannot give up hoping
For a morning light
So I ask the killers, "Do you sleep at night?
Oh, those three are on my mind"

I see tin roof shanties
Where my brothers live
Those three are on my mind
And the little burnt out churches
Where they sing we forgive
Those three are on my mind

I know of Tom paints water tree
I know the price of liberty
Now I ask the question that is deep inside of me
Did they also burn the Courthouse
When they killed those three
Those three are on my mind

Those three are on my mind
Those three are on my mind