

## Alabama '69

Humble Pie

I come from Alabama and I work a ten pound hammer  
And my womans picking cotton for the bossman on the hill  
They work us till they break our back  
And beat us cos our skin is black  
I guess I'll have to slave till the whip is in the grave  
When will we be free  
I wanna walk down any road  
And feel we have our liberty  
From day to day we live to die  
The scars across my back don't lie  
Ain't there anyone out there  
To hear my freedom cry  
Now I believe a man's a man who earns his pay as best he can  
The colour of his skin don't mean that he ain't just like you  
But white folk here don't give a hell  
They think that we were born to smell  
Of sweat and dust and dirt  
And pull a plough until we die  
When will we be free  
I wanna walk down any road  
And feel we have our liberty  
These shoes I'm wearing every day  
Got holes the size of Frisco Bay  
I'm praying for the time  
When there will come a judgement day  
You all know how long it is since Lincoln made their promices  
That one day we would walk alone the white side of the street  
But there was some bad folk around  
Who got so riled they shot him down  
And there ain't a cop in town  
Who wouldn't do the same for me  
When will we be free  
I wanna walk down any road  
And feel I've got my liberty  
When will we be free  
When will we be free  
When will we be free  
When will we be free