

## India'Song

India.Arie

Too much hypocrisy in this old southern town for me  
Way back in 1619 began this tragic story  
Thrown into slavery stand the crime was the color of skin  
Never to see the light of the past again

R: I wanna go where the mountains are high enough to echo my song

I wanna go where the rivers run deep enough to drown my shame

I wanna go where the stars shine bright enough to show me the way

I wanna go where the winds call my name  
The winds are calling India India India

It's a typical Savannah day  
So I take my guitar to the park and I play  
Sitting up under the live oak trees  
The strangest spirit came over me  
Is this the tree where my brother was hung?  
Is this the ground where his body was burned?  
God gave to me the gift of song so I dedicate this one

R:

Superiority, prove how you better than me  
Wasting precious time on racist mentality  
This is only the beginning  
the flesh will be pushing up daisies in the ending  
Spirit knows no color either you're a hater or a lover

R: