

## Bang the Drum

Linda Perry

One day we'll run away  
Build a house made of straw and clay  
Worship every moonlit night  
While we bang upon the drum  
Plant seeds to grow the trees  
That will supply the needs  
To raise a wall of segregation  
While we bang upon the drum  
A social enemy has prayed upon thy faith  
A loss of dignity  
Is getting in thy way  
Real soon the sand dunes  
Will blow across every afternoon  
Blinding us with a grain of salt  
As we bang upon the drum  
We'll plant our feet in land  
Far surpassing machines of man  
Thanking mother for this revelation  
While we bang upon the drum  
A common legacy  
Has graced me with new faith  
A needle and a thread  
Has woven my new fate  
One day in the afternoon  
One day in the afternoon  
One day we'll run away  
Build a house made of straw and clay  
Worship every moonlit night  
As we bang upon the drum  
A social enemy has prayed upon thy faith  
A loss of dignity is getting in thy way  
One day in the afternoon  
One day in the afternoon