

What do you say to the child
Whose god is in the T.V.?
And what do you say to the man
Who blames the world on T.V.?

They don't even know how to sing my song
But they won't even try it
With me, with me, with me

Who is standing over playing like
The teacher
Harnessing the learned
Who try but can't leave her
I want to beg the liars to lay down
Their sirens
That play like the angels
To my deep desire

Free my son
Let him walk right through the rain
Free my son
Make him waterboy
Free my son
There he stands down on the shore
Free my son

What do you say to the man
Who treats her like a mother?
And what do you say to the man
Who treats him like a father?

"Come and see my heart. Come inside
And learn"?
Come and see my soul, it's like yours,
I say it's just like yours"?

Who is making over
Idolizing princes banishing the dreamers with
Barbed-wire fences
And telling all the children who run to
Her feet
That they have no vision
And love's all diseased

Free my son