

## No Words to Say

Mr. Mister

I grew up in the South in the turbulent time  
Not a bad time for a white boy  
The country was changing in a peculiar way  
And all around me was a sound  
Growing sweeter and more murderous all at once  
And the people tried to hide their eyes  
From the chaos and defiance that was changing them all  
And the years passed and not a word was spoken  
The years passed, the silence never broken

Quietly, they lead their lives  
Of desperation, no words to say

There were those who know the tables would turn  
Running out into the burning streets  
And hoping to hear the words  
Of a prophet or a sage who might come along  
And straighten out the mess they had made  
The injustice and cruelty by their own hands  
Of the ones of another shade

Quietly, they lead their lives  
Of desperation, no words to say  
Silently, they turned their heads  
Their eyes unopened, no words to say

Then one day there was heard a thunderous chant  
The voice they feared grew louder and louder  
And the day had come at last

Quietly, they lead their lives  
Of desperation, no words to say  
Silently, they turned their heads  
Their eyes unopened, no words to say