

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