

The Mean Between Extremes

Ours

Yesterday's sorrow
Not forgot in tomorrow
Stolen just like a baby
In a world full of maybes
For the thought of a dollar
And taught hate of a color
Born two days 'til we play the routine
Of a game that's so old and obscene

Today all the troubles exceed
As the media helps destroy dreams
With a duke and a reverend it seems
We can't find the mean between extremes
Then go

I've heard too many white boys
Talk of nights with a black toy
And they return to work the next day
And they think in a different way
They talk of a less man
Of a cheap and oppressed man
Funny how it seems that some never even see
What's been built and been taught to believe

Is it thought that some races don't bleed?
Or that pain is just something for me?
If you think that, then brother you'll see
The blood will just spill to eternity
Hey

Is it thought that some races don't bleed?
Or that pain is just something for me?
With a duke and a reverend it seems
We can't find the mean between extremes
All right