

## 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