As for the help you called for Nobody seemed to answer The difference in man is no more Than being a priest or dancer.

. . . .

You really don't know what they're after They cling to the things that they see best And drown in their tears of their laughter.

If you see fit to fight Whether you're black or white How many hope to keep the devil outside How many hope to keep the devil outside.

You've been given your name and your number Right from when you were a baby I look at the earth and I wonder What have they done to her lately.

If you see fit to fight
Whether you're black or white
How many hope to keep the devil outside
How many hope to keep the devil outside.

Love dies hard You will never hear me say That the world will not See a better day See a better day.

If you see fit to hide
The stakes of the men that died
How many hope to keep the devil outside
How many hope to keep the devil outside.

If you see fit to fight
Whether you're black or white
How many hope to keep the devil outside
How many hope to keep the devil outside.