

This Is My Country

The Impressions

Some people think we don't have the right
To say it's my country
Before they give in, they'd rather fuss and fight
Than say it's my country
I've paid three hundred years or more
Of slave driving, sweat, and welts on my back
This is my country

Too many have died in protecting my pride
For me to go second class
We've survived a hard blow and I want you to know
That you must face us at last
And I know you will give consideration
Shall we perish unjust or live equal as a nation
This is my country

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