

Persecution Smith

Bob Seger

He rises every morning but he don't look at the sun
He reaches in the corner where he keeps his loaded gun
Then he checks the firing action as he straps it to his chest
Plans an ambush for the mailman even though it's all in jest
He's here he's there he's everywhere He's found uptown and underground
Unlike my friend flicker you know he's not a myth
He's Persecution Persecution Persecution Smith

He's found in every protest march you'll see him looking on
He'd soon join in to help but he thinks it's all in fun
Cause he isn't color blind not to mention no one's fool
He knows how things should be but he ain't out to change no rules
His eyes can't see like you and me His voice can't speak but only shriek
His brain it is like jelly his muscles they are stiff
He's Persecution Persecution Persecution Smith

You can't walk down the street no more without him walking by
You can't go to sleep at night without hearing him cry
You can't read a newspaper without reading about him
You can't escape him the crowd for he will be among them

He's here he's there he's everywhere He's found uptown and underground
In Watts California you know who he was with
With Persecution Persecution Persecution Smith

When you finish with your ideals and you finish with your dreams
When you finish your crusading and no longer hear the screams
When you're finished trying to picture a world with people free
When you're finished looking up and the down is all you see

Then make your goal the first foxhole And hide your head beneath your fist
Cause you won't be alone my friend you know who you'll be with?
With Persecution Persecution Persecution Smith

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