India'song

India.arie

Too much hypocrisy in this old southern town for me
Way back in 1619 began this tragic story
Thrown into slavery the crime was the color of skin
Never to see the light of the past again

[Chorus]
I wanna go where the mountains are high enough to echo my song
I wanna go where the rivers run deep enough to drown my shame
I wanna go where the stars shine bright enough to show me the way
I wanna go where the wind calls my name
The wind is calling India India India

It's a typical Savannah day
So I take my guitar to the park and I play
Sitting up under the live oak tree
The strangest feeling came over me
Is this the tree where my brother was hung?
Is this the ground where is body was burnt?
God gave to me the gift of song so I dedicate this one

[Chorus]

Superiority, who have you better than me
Wasting precious time on racist mentality
This is only the beginning
Because we'll be pushing up daisies in the ending
Spirit knows no color either you're a hater or a lover

[Chorus]

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