

Open Letter (to A Landlord)

Living Colour

(v. reid, addition lyrics by t. morris)

Now you can tear a building down

But you can't erase a memory

These houses may look all run down

But they have a value you can't see...

This is my neighborhood

This is where I come from

I call this place my home

You call this place a slum

You wanna run all the people out

This what you're all about

Treat poor people just like trash

Turn around and make big cash

Chorus: now you can tear a building down

But you can't erase a memory

These houses may look all run down

But they have a value you can't see

Last month there was a fire

I saw seven children die

You sent flowers to their family

But your sympathy's a lie

Cause every building that you burn

Is more blood money that you earn

We are forced to relocate

>from the pain that you create

Chorus

We lived here for so many years

Now this house is full of fear

For a profit you will take control

Where will all the older people go?

There used to be when kids could play

Without the scourge of drug's decay

Now our kids are living dead

They crack and blow their lives away

Chorus

You've got to fight

You've got a right

To fight for your neighborhood!

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