

Freedom For the Stallion

Allen Toussaint

Freedom for the stallion
Freedom for the mare and her colt
Freedom for the baby child
Who has not grown old enough to vote.
Lord, have mercy, what you gonna do about the people who are praying to you?
They got men making laws that destroy other men,
They've made money "God"
It's a doggone sin,
Oh, Lord, you got to help us find the way. Big ship's a-sailing, slaves all chained and bound,
Heading for a brand new land that some cat said he upped and found.
Lord, have mercy, what you gonna do about the people who are praying to you?
They got men making laws that destroy other men,
They've made money "God"
It's a doggone sin.
Oh, Lord, you got to help us find the way. Some sing a sad song
Some got to moan the blues
Trying to make the best of a home
That the man didn't even get to choose
Lord, have mercy, how you gonna be with people like John and me
They've got men building fences to keep other men out
Ignore him if he whispers and kill him if he shouts
Oh, Lord, you got to help us find the way
Oh, Lord, you got to help them find the way
Oh, Lord, you got to help us find the way.

Songwriters

ALLEN TOUSSAINT Published by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>