

Alabama '69

Humble Pie

I come from Alabama and I work a ten pound hammer
And my womans picking cotton for the bossman on the hill
They work us till they break our back
And beat us cos our skin is black
I guess I'll have to slave till the whip is in the grave
When will we be free
I wanna walk down any road
And feel we have our liberty
From day to day we live to die
The scars across my back don't lie
Ain't there anyone out there
To hear my freedom cry
Now I believe a man's a man who earns his pay as best he can
The colour of his skin don't mean that he ain't just like you
But white folk here don't give a hell
They think that we were born to smell
Of sweat and dust and dirt
And pull a plough until we die
When will we be free
I wanna walk down any road
And feel we have our liberty
These shoes I'm wearing every day
Got holes the size of Frisco Bay
I'm praying for the time
When there will come a judgement day
You all know how long it is since Lincoln made their promices
That one day we would walk alone the white side of the street
But there was some bad folk around
Who got so riled they shot him down
And there ain't a cop in town
Who wouldn't do the same for me
When will we be free
I wanna walk down any road
And feel I've got my liberty
When will we be free
When will we be free
When will we be free
When will we be free

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