

Jesse Owens

Trevor Tanner

Ooh, ooh, yeah!

Ooh, ooh, yeah!

Ooh, ooh, yeah!

Way down South in Tornado Alley there's a town with a funny name
Where folks don't drink on Sunday, 'cause they all've been born again
There's Cadillacs, shotgun racks and Satellite TV,
Hey good looking, what you've got cooking, strange fruit on a darkwood tree

Ooh, ooh, yeah!

Ooh, ooh, yeah!

Some folks dream in colour, some in black and white
Some folks think the dream is done, you just got to fight the good fight
Does it bother you when you scream and uuh!, when the tide is rolling in
Can you suppress that prejudice, just as long as they win yeah

Ooh, ooh, yeah!

Ooh, ooh, yeah!

Have you heard of Jesse Owens, Alabama son
Born and raised in your cotton fields, you could say he was born to run
All the way from the USA to Berlin, Germany
Jesse ran for his homeland in the face of his enemy
And if Jessie would sit on this place, not far from where he came
Where the KKK still hold sways, seems like some things never change

When the ghost of Jesse Owens rise above this town
Make a mighty hurricane, blow it to the ground, yeah!

Ooh, ooh, yeah!

Ooh, ooh, yeah!

Ooh, ooh, yeah!

Just remember Jericho when you're praying to the Lord
Remember Jesse Owens, wait for your reward

Lyrics submitted by overmatik.

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