

# Born and Raised In Black and White

Mark Collie

The wind blows hard across the Texas planes  
Makes some people go insane  
While others quietly pray for rain  
That's where we came from Two boys playing in the burning sun  
One with books, one with guns  
Mama calls but just one comes  
The other one runs In a crystal sense of wrong and right  
We were born and raised in black and white  
One learned to pray, one loved to fight  
We were born and raised in black and white  
We were born and raised in black and white Brother took to the gospel road  
Spent his whole live saving souls  
When he looked at me his blood ran cold  
He didn't even try I had no dreams, I had no plans  
But a gun felt good in my right hand  
The warden asked, How come you killed that man  
I said, I don't know why Welcome home said the hot moonlight  
We were born and raised in black and white  
One lives to pray, one prays for life  
We were born and raised in black and white  
We were born and raised in black and white Someone handed me a cigarette  
They offered me my last request  
I asked my mortal soul be blessed  
By someone close to me He came to me with trembling hands  
He swore he'd never understand  
I said it's just what life had planned  
It's destiny Don't waste your tears on me tonight  
We were born and raised in black and white  
I chose the dark, you chased the light  
We were born and raised in black and white  
We were born and raised in black and white The wind blows hard across the Texas planes  
Makes some people go insane  
While others quietly pray for rain

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