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 fromTwo boys playing in the burning sun
One with books, one with guns
Mama calls but just one comes
The other one runsIn 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 whiteBrother took to the gospel road
Spent his whole live saving souls
When he looked at me his blood ran cold
He didn't even tryI 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 whyWelcome 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 whiteSomeone handed me a cigarette
They offered me my last request
I asked my mortal soul be blessed
By someone close to meHe came to me with trembling hands
He swore he'd never understand
I said it's just what life had planned
It's destinyDon'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 whiteThe wind blows hard across the Texas planes
Makes some people go insane
While others quietly pray for rain

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