

# Legacy

## Pierce Pettis

It is a legacy  
It was handed down to me  
Poor dirt farmer  
Skinny mule  
Parched the red clay  
Like it was the red sea  
It is a legacy  
Both me and You

You are a black man  
I am a white man  
Both come from southland  
Both doing the best we can  
Well the grim reaper  
Is my brother's keeper  
The way my brother was kept  
Small wonder Jesus wept

Is it a legacy  
Passed down to you and me  
What we're taught to believe  
We never question these things  
It is a legacy  
It's a wild and bitter seed  
Blown across those fertile fields  
Where the roots run deep

Both got calloused hands  
Blue collared working men  
Down here in Bubba land  
What's in a name  
Both living rent ot rent  
Some owe the government  
We are quite different  
We are the same

It is a legacy  
Passed down to you and me  
What we learn to believe  
We never question these things

It is a legacy  
A wild and bitter seed  
Blown across those fertile fields  
Where the roots run deep

Sundays we congregate  
Praise Jesus pass the plate  
Sitting in our Sunday best  
Singing hymns and wiping sweat  
We learn the golden rule  
in separate Sunday schools  
Our house long divided against itself

It is a legacy  
Passed down to you and me  
What we choose to believe  
We dare not question these things

It is a legacy  
It is a wild and bitter seed  
Scattered on those fertile fields  
Where the roots run deep

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Lyrics submitted by Isabella.

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