

FREEDOM RIDER

Music & Lyrics by Monty Powell

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[administered by Selma Avenue Music (SESAC)]

I was born in north Georgia

1961

Too young for the fight

That had already begun

When it was John, not Joe Lewis

Prowling the ring

Fightin' for his life

Without takin' a swing

And the shame I still feel

In my shattered southern soul

It's like I called that man the N-word

It's like I punched him in the nose

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Freedom Rider, Freedom Rider

I didn't smell the burnin' fire

Fell the white fist fall

Freedom Rider, freedom Rider

I wasn't there to sit beside ya

While 'ol Jim Crow called

But I heard the call, and I saw

The world get brighter

By the light in the eyes of every

Freedom Rider

Now there's a confederate soldier cemetery on

my Grandfather's farm

We were proud of our dead boys

We didn't mean any harm

But the thought of one of those muskets

Might have added one second more

To the tickin' clock of justice

Sets my divided house at war

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Freedom Rider, Freedom Rider

I didn't see the fresh slashed tires

Feel the tear gas sting

Freedom Rider, Freedom Rider

I'm just a broken-hearted writer with a song to sing

And if that means anything at all

My one desire

Is to be worthy of the fierce love of

A Freedom Rider

Well they sent our Cherokee brothers

On a lonesome trail of tears

And our 16th blood line still feels so betrayed

But Indians were cool

Not kids we knew in school

Or handymen, or janitors, or maids

Freedom Rider, Freedom Rider

No Mississippi prison power ever bruised my skin

(Why must we bleed to win?)

Or turned it black for even an hour

So I could leave this ivory tower

Join your Gospel hymn

So I'm late joinin' in

But if you add me to the choir

I will raise my voice in praise

(Alleluia)

Say a prayer for your dark days

(Pray for everyone)

Pray for the ones who really are the slaves

Freedom Rider