

# Those Three Are On My Mind

Harry Belafonte

I think of Andy in the cold wet clay  
Those three are on my mind  
With his comrades down beside him  
On that brutal day  
Those three are on my mind

There lies young James in his final pain  
Those three are on my mind  
So I ask the killers, "Can you see those three again?  
Those three are on my mind"

I see dark eyed Michael  
With his dark eyed bride  
Those three are on my mind  
And three proud mothers  
Weeping side by side  
Those three are on my mind

But I'm grieving yet  
And for some the sky is bright  
I cannot give up hoping  
For a morning light  
So I ask the killers, "Do you sleep at night?  
Oh, those three are on my mind"

I see tin roof shanties  
Where my brothers live  
Those three are on my mind  
And the little burnt out churches  
Where they sing we forgive  
Those three are on my mind

I know of Tom paints water tree  
I know the price of liberty  
Now I ask the question that is deep inside of me  
Did they also burn the Courthouse  
When they killed those three  
Those three are on my mind

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